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THE

Churchman's Companion.

THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XX.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1879.

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THE

Churchman's Companion.

PART CXV.] THIRD SERIES. [JULY, 1879.

ROSWALD, THE BUILDER.

BY EUPHEMIA E. G. BUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "OUR YOUNG LADIES," ETC.

"Never at even, pillowed on a pleasure,
Sleep with the wings of aspiration furled."

MYERS.

THE sunset hour in an old city which was set in an amphitheatre of pointed hills. In a narrow street, by the river which flowed between it and the ruined cathedral, stood a quaint corner house, superior to its neighbours in nothing but in the exquisite cleanliness and order exhibited in its least detail. The flower-bed on either side of the door was full of the sweetest spring blossoms, amid which the singing-birds were forgetting their winter troubles and quarrelling, or else calling to one another in long-drawn, tender notes. They fancied they were in the country!

Somehow the smoke from the surrounding chimneys hesitated to descend on this little garden, it went elsewhere.

"Child, where are you?" cried the mistress of the house in high-pitched and somewhat irritable tones, "there is dust, absolute dust lying on the window-seat in the wainscoted parlour, and you are resting!"

The "child," a tall womanly-looking maiden of about nineteen, came out of her chamber in the roof and ran down the stairs at this summons.

"I am sorry I forgot the parlour window-seat, Aunt Deborah, but I was not exactly resting, that is to say"—she stopped, a little confused.

"If you were not resting, you were idling, that is very certain, Gwladys."

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Gwladys had often wondered why an aunt was not so good a thing to have as a mother. When her mother died and Aunt Deborah came, as she said, to fill a mother's place, the girl had been prepared to render her filial obedience, which would indeed have been exacted whether she was prepared to render it or not, but filial love soon cried itself to sleep, such a long sleep, Gwladys thought it!

Aunt Deborah was young, pretty, and hard, to herself as well as to others. Her life had been narrow and disappointed. She said now that she had consecrated it to duty, the duty of protecting her niece, and teaching her housewifely arts, which were to pleasure no one, for Miss Deborah Watkin was particular whom she admitted into her house, and although she said she liked company, regularly took exception to all Gwladys' friends, and seemed to have none of her own.

"Not idling, Aunt Deborah," said Gwladys, gently.

"What were you doing then?" The question was jerked out in a manner so inquisitorial, that the girl's colour rose.

Must she tell what she was doing? It seemed hard.

"I was only saying a little prayer," she said, in a tone of excusing herself for having done something ill-timed.

"Prayers at sunset? Do you mean to say that you forgot them till now?"

"It was not a forgotten prayer, Aunt Deborah," but Gwladys did not seem inclined to say more.

"Not a prayer you forgot to say in the morning, then I suppose it was your night prayer said beforehand?"

Gwladys shook her head.

"You don't mean to tell me that you pray three times a day? Some people might call it pious," said Miss Deborah; "but to me I own it sounds like wasting time. The parlour window-seat goes undusted to pay for it."

"It shall not again," said Gwladys, speaking very low and taking out of a cupboard a little square of dark blue cloth, with which she prepared to visit the neglected spot.

"Stay, Gwladys, since you do pray sometimes out of hours, as I may say," observed Miss Deborah, grimly, "what is it that you pray for? You can't have your mother back again, but is there anything else that you haven't got and yet which you think it reasonable to ask for? We shouldn't go to GOD with all our idle desires, you know."

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"It was not an idle desire. I was praying for our dear ruined Cathedral." There were tears in the eyes of Gwladys as she paused on the threshold to say this.

"Praying that it might be re-built, I suppose? Well, of all the useless supplications," said Miss Deborah, not finishing her sentence, but leaving the end to be guessed at. "Who do you suppose has money enough for doing it?"

"I leave that to GOD."

"Where you had better have left it in the first instance, I think."

"I don't know. I have noticed that prayer that is not for oneself, prayer for benefits which will come to others, is answered sometimes in very unexpected ways."

"Then in that case perhaps you won't object to put up a prayer for something good to come to me? I want a lodger for the parlour floor. We have never been so long without one, and the landlord will soon be expecting his rent."

"You wish me then to pray that GOD will send you a lodger?" asked Gwladys slowly, and strange to say, a shudder which she could not control passed through her frame.

"Yes, certainly."

"I will pray that if a lodger does come he may be heaven-sent," answered Gwladys very gravely, and she went to the window-seat and made it as bright and fair as was the rest of the house.

She looked across the silvery line of the river to the roofless turrets and aisles, which she loved. It was so long since the hand of the spoiler had laid them waste; was it in the least likely that GOD, Who had seemed to forget them for hundreds of years, should remember them in answer to her prayers?

Everything is possible to the faithful and childlike soul. Gwladys felt that it was, as she lay down to rest that night, and although she had forgotten to pray for a lodger, she did ask that the sound of the chisel might be heard once more upon the stones of the ruined Cathedral, in short, that a builder might come.

The vague dreams that are apt to possess a maiden's soul, clustered for her around the old pile, and came back to her filled with mysterious sweetness, the richer that they were so unshared.

The few companions she had, never seemed to concern themselves about it; their plans were for every-day matters—a picnic, a dance, a new pattern of embroidery, the preparation of a gay dress—these

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things and others like them were sufficient to occupy the minds and draw colour to the cheeks of those of her old schoolmates who kept up an acquaintance with her now.

The lodger came. She was an old lady who had been soured by reverses, and Miss Deborah found it hard to put up with her. Gwladys waited upon her, listening to her complaints, devising remedies, nursing her, reading to her, walking with her. When the winter arrived the lady left her comfortable lodgings for a new house in the city, but she begged Gwladys to come and see her sometimes. "You have made me better," she said, parting from the girl with regret.

Miss Deborah was jealous of the friendship between the two, and saw no reason why Gwladys should take any steps to pursue it. Not till the new year came did she give her niece a holiday, which set her free to visit Mistress Pringle, who expected her, and sat waiting with a mince pie and a glass of sherry wine, to give that good little girl a treat, she said to herself.

Gwladys was not pretty, except with the innocence and freshness of youth, but had some beauty, as most modest, gentle girls have, only she had never learned how to set it off by dress and ornament. Her aunt bought all her clothes for her, and ordained how they were to be made, and when they were to be worn, and Gwladys thought it nice to be spared the trouble of deciding on the colour of a ribbon or the exact texture of her Sunday dress, but ninety-nine out of a hundred young wills would have rebelled against the arrangement as tyrannical.

Draped in brown stuff, with a single ribbon across her coarse straw bonnet, Gwladys looked both ugly and beautiful, shadow and sunbeam, as she glided into the room, and, her eyes radiant with health and youth, presented herself before Mistress Pringle, who astonished her not a little by drawing her close, and kissing her.

"I wish you would come and live with me, my child," she said.

Gwladys looked around on various evidences of refinement and taste, noted with passionate longing, tinged with a little awe, that a small musical instrument with keys of ivory and ebony, stood in a corner of the room, and answered, forgetting perhaps that she was well descended by her mother's side, "Ah, but I am not a lady, it would not be fitting."

"It is not for me to say that I would make you one, for only GOD can do that," said Mistress Pringle, gravely, "perhaps by implanting in your bosom the spirit of holy fear, and a readiness to offer small

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courtesies, forgetting self in the effort to relieve the necessities of others, He has already done so."

"Ah, no, for I have not a lady's education. I can speak no language but my own, I have never handled a pencil or a paint-brush, and if you were in your kindness to seat me before those ivory keys they would be dumb to me. I cannot be a lady," said Gwladys, whose imagination always represented gentlewomen as highly accomplished in all known arts, especially that of music, which seemed to her alike mysterious and glorious.

"Those things are not essential, valuable though they undoubtedly are, in enabling us to employ ourselves, and to give pleasure to others. You have one qualification, Gwladys, which I never knew equalled save in one, who has passed from our sight, and whose tones we shall never hear more: you have a soft and true voice, which I often think of, when I am ill, and desire to have the Bible read to me."

"It is the easiest thing in the world to read," returned Gwladys, much surprised.

"To read well? I doubt it. She who has gone—"

Mistress Pringle stopped as if interrupted by some painful emotion.

"She who has gone?" repeated Gwladys. "Forgive me, but you have spoken of this lady before,—never as dead, only as gone,—whither?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell. But she is not dead; my spirit, I fondly hope, will know when hers is departing. When she was nearly as young as you, Gwladys, she committed a great error, and her whole after-life was not thought sufficient to expiate it. Do you think that was not hard?"

"Dear Mistress Pringle, it was most hard," said Gwladys, her eyes full of sympathy.

"Hard for her, who was then under the influence of evil advisers, but whose character has altered, since, to a fairness and purity, which none of us, her old pupils, can rival; and equally hard for us who looked upon her withdrawal, almost as the evanishment of the sun," said Mistress Pringle dreamily.

Gwladys suffered her to sink into silence, not daring to disturb her painful reflections, by any further observation. The short winter afternoon was closing behind the hill-tops, before they spoke again.

"Child," said the lady,—she had a kinder manner of pronouncing the word than Aunt Deborah, so Gwladys willingly answered to it;

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"what was that you told me once of your having a shuddering fit before I came, and your aunt told you to pray for a lodger?"

"It was nothing—a mere momentary tremor—think no more of it, or I shall suppose you to have been offended," said Gwladys anxiously; "I must have been growing foolishly self-conscious, I ought to have taken no note of such a little thing. You are not angry with me, Mistress Pringle?" she repeated, as she rose to go.

"No; but, Gwladys, be sure of one thing—*I* was not the lodger from whose coming you unconsciously recoiled."

"You believe she has yet to come?"

Mistress Pringle was silent for a moment; then she repeated, "*I* was not the lodger," and let go the hand which Gwladys had given her.

The girl could not linger. She longed to ask what Mistress Pringle meant, and whether she was to anticipate some great change in her life, which she was to welcome doubtfully, and which she was to part with—and yet never wholly part with—reluctantly; but awe and shyness prevailed, and she went home with the question unsolved.

Perhaps Mistress Pringle could not have solved it. Most likely her words were simply the expression of a natural distaste to the idea of the existence of any mysterious antipathy between her own character, and that of the fresh young girl whom she had learned to love; but to Gwladys they seemed to contain an augury, and when she next heard Miss Watkin lamenting the emptiness and desolation of the parlour floor, she said nothing, but prayed with greater earnestness than before, that whatever lodger came might be heaven-sent.

Spring visited the city; and the restless desire of movement and variety, which it brings to the young, affected Gwladys in the narrow street. She saw glimpses of the silver river, through the irregular gaps which occurred here and there, between the neighbours' houses, and it seemed to her to be winding on towards the hills, in whose noble pine woods her imagination was busy, tracing the forms of carved stall-work, rood-screen, and open roof. She shut her eyes, and pictured to herself the band of foresters who should select and cut down the noblest of the trees, and thought she should love the river more than ever, if it was used to float the timber to be employed in this great work.

But all her ponderings she kept to herself, as also this—that she was greatly borrowing her imagery from the dealings of Hiram, King of Tyre, with King Solomon, in the building of the Temple, and not

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in the very least considering what was likely, or according to the rules of common life.

The long Lenten day had been inexpressibly dreary; the rain beat against the windows, and Miss Watkin forbade all church-going. Gwladys had been saddened by this, and by a report of the illness of Mistress Pringle. She was busy in her garret-chamber conning over the Penitential Psalms, in which she found echoes that gave a very real response to many of the feelings of her own heart, when her aunt called her from below.

She went down and found Miss Watkin in parley with two men in dripping cloaks, as they had come in out of the storm.

One she recognised immediately as the pastor of the church which she and her aunt commonly attended; the other—young, sunburnt, with a pleasant face, dark smiling eyes, and white teeth, was a stranger.

"Come forward, Gwladys, and thank our good Dr. Waynflete," said Miss Watkin in her kindest manner; "he has brought us the lodger we have been wishing for; an architect, and—"

"A builder, madam," interposed the young man, hastily. "No architect would lay stone upon stone, or spread mortar, as you shall presently see me do." Then turning to Gwladys, who, although she had not spoken, seemed to have a special attraction for him, he added the explanation which he had not previously given.

"I and my workmen have it in charge to rebuild your old cathedral. The necessary steps have been gone through, as Dr. Waynflete will tell you, and during its progress, I have asked leave to shelter myself here. Though perhaps you would hardly have chosen that strangers should touch the building which you must love so much, I hope you will find it in your heart to give me a welcome."

It seemed to be of some consequence to him to learn her mind upon the subject, for having spoken thus, he waited, till slowly and hesitatingly she gave him her answer.

"If you are going to restore it to its former state I can but thank you. That has been a dream of mine."

"I thought it had been," muttered the new comer.

"But while we are talking here, I must not forget that your rooms are still to see," broke in Miss Watkin. "Going, Dr. Waynflete? Well, you may rest assured that we will take all possible care of our lodger. Mistress Pringle was pleased; ask her if she was not."

Miss Watkin then led the way to the two chambers in which were

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assembled nearly all the precious things in the house, and which were truly the pride of her heart.

The lodger, who gave his name as Roswald, and as his new landlady made a pause, expecting a surname to follow, added hastily, "Roswald the builder," expressed himself as more than contented with his quarters, and obeying a gesture from Miss Watkin he removed his cloak, gave it to her to be dried, with the frankest air imaginable, and within ten minutes was seated at her favourite table drawing corbels and buttresses, a little to the annoyance of Miss Watkin, who thought it would have been more natural and provident, if he had first asked her to give him the food and fire, which in pity to his inexperience, she had already commenced to prepare for him.

"I shall wait upon Master Roswald myself," she said to Gwladys; "that will relieve you of a disagreeable duty, will not it?"

"Of a duty? yes," said Gwladys, but she said to herself that *all* duties were not disagreeable; it was a mistake if Aunt Deborah thought they were.

Could this new comer be the lodger against whose approach her heart had seemed to warn her? Surely not.

After supper Roswald put on his working dress, and went out, he said, to see how the men he had brought with him were lodged. In time Gwladys saw something of these men, as they carted stones to the old close, and fashioned wreaths of ivy out of the solid blocks, which made the capitals of the pillars, and two or three very striking peculiarities of manner and deportment struck her in them. They, like their master, made friends with no one, spoke seldom, never jested or laughed, behaved altogether with the seriousness and sobriety of those who feel that they are engaged on a business weighty and likely to be of long duration. This was remarkable in so large a body of men, and the evidence of the people in whose houses they slept and took their food, agreed with all she observed.

Miss Watkin and her niece continued to see very little of their lodger. Every morning at six the sound of his hammer or chisel was heard among the rest. It was one of the most foolish of all the fancies which Gwladys ever had, that she learned to distinguish the sound of his tools when they were in motion from that of the others. It is in her favour that having learned his trade abroad, and his tools being more curiously tempered than were those of his subordinates, he might have produced a slight variation in the not unmusical cadences. Moreover,

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though slightly made, his arm was of quite exceptional strength, which might make the descending blows heavier and more certain. He never seemed to spare himself, leaving off when the others left off, at nine, coming in then to break his fast on the bread and milk which was all Miss Deborah ever thought of providing for him. At his work again first of any, leaving it last; and after supper sitting till late in the night correcting drawings, or making fresh ones, reading the costly and quaint old books, which through Dr. Waynflete he was allowed to withdraw at pleasure from what remained of the ancient Cathedral Library, and writing what was understood to be a nightly report of progress, to this address,—

"The Lady Antonia,
"Cybele;"

then would follow the name of some foreign seaside town, which latter portion of the address was frequently changed, so that the great lady, his correspondent, appeared to be a confirmed wanderer, never staying in one place.

"You work very hard, Master Roswald," Gwladys one day heard her aunt remarking, and catching a glimpse through the open door, of the young strong face, with its wavy hair and deep clear eyes, she could not but marvel at his answer.

"The time is so short."

It is not only the old who die; "yet surely," thought the girl, "if he is referring to death, it cannot be his own death."

In this her reasoning was correct. Though he lived in daily preparation for the coming of the stern yet gentle angel, it was not his own time, but that of Lady Antonia which he pronounced so short.

When Sunday came, Gwladys thought the builders would rest; but with the earliest peep of light they all met at Church, to receive the Blessed Sacrament in obedience to the parting injunction of the Great Master Builder CHRIST.

Roswald joined her as she left the church, and walked home with her, keeping silence all the way,—yet it was a silence in which there was companionship. "When will it be given us to meet at the cathedral altar amid many more worshippers?" was her thought; his, "Shall we know one another by the heavenly altar—she and I? If not, why should we be together now?"

In the evening he came out of his chamber, and asked leave to sit with Miss Watkin in her parlour.

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"Your own is better furnished, sir," she said.

It came natural to her to give him this title of respect, yet he had announced himself to her as a mere builder. Gwladys never thought of giving it to him, it seemed as if her youth and his youth meeting constituted a level on which they might approach each other; though he was evidently a man of education, and she a home-bred maiden; yet never forgetting the difference which superior culture on his part had created between them, her manner towards him had just that tinge of reserve which is most graceful.

"Perhaps, except in one particular," said Roswald, following Miss Watkin.

"I cannot imagine in what particular," she said, glancing round the homely apartment, with its dark high chairs and tables furnished with faded and coarse needlework, its staring family portraits, of whose purely *artless* character she was not unaware, and its frayed though spotless carpet.

But he had made his way to a piece of furniture which Miss Deborah commonly used as a sideboard, removed the japanned tray and white crochet cockatoo, the draught-board and *Encyclopedia* which commonly lay there, lifted the cover, and pointed to a key-board.

"We shall have some music now, shall not we?"

Miss Watkin shook her head; it was long since she had touched an instrument. Tears came into the eyes of Gwladys. It was dumb for her. Roswald closed it disappointed,—not then could he venture to say that he would teach her.

When next Gwladys went to see Mistress Pringle, the lady seemed already to be aware of her news respecting the cathedral, which was not remarkable, since the whole city was full of it. She also knew about Roswald the builder.

"But I did not send him to you, Gwladys; always remember that *I* did not send your lodger to you."

Gwladys was much struck by her eagerness in saying this. It was as if she had been accused of having done something the expediency of which was doubtful.

"Whoever sent him to us, I think he must bring a blessing on the house," she said.

Mistress Pringle looked to see if there were any trace of consciousness in her manner, but there was not. "Why?" she asked sharply.

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"Because he is—that is, he appears to me to be—so good."

"You are like the other maidens, caught by a handsome face."

Gwladys showed considerable surprise, but no embarrassment. "I did not know it was handsome, I only thought of its being good."

Mistress Pringle glanced at her to see if her simplicity was feigned, for she had known Roswald, and the impression which his face in its youthful beauty was wont to create in former years. However, she said nothing, for Gwladys was evidently unprepared for any further remark or explanation.

Roswald the builder was a man difficult to know, in spite of that frank face of his, but this was because he carried in his breast the secrets of another. Also, he really had no time for spending on acquaintances. Yet partly, no doubt, because of a certain power of attraction which existed between them, he and Gwladys did at last learn to know one another.

He had been in the house for full six months, when one evening, Miss Watkin having gone out and been detained on business, a messenger arrived in hot haste, and asked for Master Roswald. He was in the house, and Gwladys went to summon him.

She found him sitting at a table, which was covered with books, plans, and writing materials. His supper had been pushed aside untasted, and he was apparently absorbed in thought, which was not entirely of a pleasing nature. To her surprise he started on seeing her, and she began to fear that her presence was unwelcome.

He went at once to see the messenger, and after a rapid conference with him, sent him away with a letter, and then joined Gwladys, whose pity had been excited by the messenger's plight,—for he had ridden hard, and his dress was travel-stained,—and who had been offering cordials, which were however silently and sadly rejected.

"You evidently are not aware," said Roswald, "that we who are on this service, have pledged ourselves to abstinence."

Gwladys wished to ask what service? but he anticipated her question.

"The time is coming," he said very gravely, "when I may tell you what service. Most vain were all our hopes that *she* would live to be told that the work of restoration was completed. It will still take years, and her days, she tells me, are drawing to a rapid close. Will you pray for her?"

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"For Lady Antonia? Is she the lady of your love?" inquired Gwladys very shyly.

"Yes."

Gwladys drew back a step. She had not expected so direct an answer.

Roswald did not go on. It never seemed to occur to him to wonder how she knew anything about Lady Antonia, or why she spoke to him, a builder, of the lady of his love,—a homelier way of naming her, might surely have been more natural; the girl had been reading romances!

"I wanted to consult you about something, only I had not the opportunity," she said hurriedly; "yesterday I was twenty-one."

"You had a birthday, and I gave you no good wishes! Yes, I did," said Roswald, catching himself up quickly, "every morning when I wake, I give a good wish to you, who I dare say never think of me. Would you like to hear what that good wish is?"

"Yes, very much," she answered, and he noticed that she would not say whether she ever thought of him, or no.

"It is that you may come to the Temple whose Maker and Builder is GOD. I mean," added the young man, as though understanding that she might possibly consider this an extraordinary wish for him to express, "that since you have so loved His material Church, and have so watched its rebuilding, I believe that it cannot be, but that He will think of you in that Day."

"And of you too," she could not help saying; "you who have actually piled up the beloved stones, with your own hands. Ah, why cannot women do those things?"

"They have in past ages. Delicate women have banded together, and used their slight strength to drag weights of stone, marble, and choice timbers, through forests, and over mountains: but in these days GOD works by other means."

"The land is at rest; the men are not gone to the wars, and the women must not usurp their privileges," said Gwladys, on the defensive, and feeling strangely excited.

"Their step must not grow heavy with over-care, neither may their hands become broad and hard with toil," said Roswald, looking down at hers which were soft and white, and full at that moment of embroidery threads. She noticed that his, originally finely formed, were rough, and seamed with scars. Gwladys thought his tone sarcastic, and wished that she had a horny palm to show.

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"I can't help my hand looking useless," she said, a little pleadingly.

"It does not look *useless*,—it does not even *feel* useless," said Roswald, stretching out his own, and enclosing hers for a moment in a firm, light grasp. "It is a fine tool meant for fine uses. It could make a great deal of lace and embroidery if it tried."

"It has tried."

"Will it try now for the cathedral? When we at last set up our altar, shall it be your needlework that helps to make it fair?"

He was smiling down upon her encouragingly; "You did not know that your needle could be put to such noble uses,—is it so?" he asked, as she forbore to reply.

"I am afraid that it cannot. I am going out to service, and my time will belong to the lady who employs me," she said, her face clouding over.

"To service?" he repeated, and his tone was manifestly disappointed. "Why, what need can you have for such a thing? Pardon me, but I understood from Miss Watkin—"

"You understood from my aunt that I had an independence of my own, with which when I became twenty-one I might do as I liked. Now what I should like to do, what I have resolved all my life on doing, is to spend it on the furniture of the Cathedral. It will not go far," said Gwladys, "but it might buy an Altar-piece, and a set of books, or—Aunt Deborah says that some organs do not cost more. It would be strange indeed, would it not, if I who can make no music myself, were to be the means of bringing it to the House of GOD? Forgive me for troubling you with these details," said Gwladys, feeling chilled, as having waited for a reply none came. "I consulted Dr. Waynflete, and he said you were the proper person for me to speak to. No one else need know."

"No, it is not a story for any one else," said Roswald, and he paused.

"Then you will accept the money. You will make no difficulties?"

"I dare not refuse it. But I must remind you of two things. First, service is no inheritance. You are giving up your living, and may not always be able to work for it."

"I am young and strong, and I have faith," she answered, smiling.

"You have an aunt who needs you."

"There you are mistaken; she does not need me. The lady to whom I am going, needs me far more—Mistress Pringle."

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"I used to know Mistress Pringle. Do you think she would let me call upon her?"

"She is not quick to make new acquaintances, but I think she would admit an old one," replied Gwladys, discreetly.

"Then she will admit me, and I will obtain from her leave for you to use your embroidery frame."

"But I shall not have the means to buy patterns, good ones are so expensive."

"I thought you would come to me for your patterns," he answered. "Give me the privilege of being your designer."

"Gladly; and now," she said, "tell me, have you any other reason to urge against that which I so much wish?"

"I have another, but I hesitate to name it to one so innocent and ignorant. I am told that the men in your city, almost without exception, look for dowers with their brides."

"Quite true, but as none of them has chosen me for his bride, that does not affect me," said Gwladys, wondering at herself for being able to speak so calmly about her future prospects to one young in years as Roswald undoubtedly was, although so thoughtful and steadfast.

"It may affect you any day though," said Roswald.

"No," said Gwladys, very quietly. "It cannot. If these are all your objections, they are disposed of."

"You mean," said Roswald, replying to the former portion of her speech, "that he who seeks *you* will seek you for yourself alone?"

"I mean that it is useless for any one to seek what no one will have," said Gwladys, her cheeks suddenly growing aflame. "My dower is of no manner of consequence to any man on earth, therefore in giving it up, as I do from this day, I shall not wrong any one."

Roswald looked at her and sighed. "You have not vowed to lead a single life, have you?" he asked.

"I have never taken any vows upon myself except my baptismal and confirmation vows."

"Nor I," he said eagerly. "Yet I, like you, have given—" he checked himself.

She would have liked to ask what it was he had given, but evidently he had not chosen to tell her, so she must wait.

(*To be continued.*)

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FAITH IN THE HOLY TRINITY.

THOUGHTS FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

"Such as the FATHER is, such is the SON, and such is the HOLY GHOST."—*The Creed of S. Athanasius.*

"We must, (saith S. Basil) as we have received, even so baptize, and as we baptize, even so believe, and as we believe, even so give glory."—*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Book* v. 42.

ON the Great Festival of the Holy Trinity, we were told by Holy Church of the Thrice-Holy, GOD the FATHER, Who has made us, GOD the SON, Who has redeemed us, GOD the HOLY SPIRIT, Who has sanctified us. They are three Persons in one Godhead, Consubstantial, Co-eternal, and Co-equal. This is a very great mystery and a very great Christian Truth. We cannot understand it now, we may by-and-by through JESUS CHRIST, if we hold firm unto the end.

Some there have been who have denied it, and these men the Church has ever deemed heretics, and they have perished miserably.

In the very early ages of the Church, when there began to be Patriarchs and Bishops of CHRIST's Church in every then large and great city throughout the world, and our dear LORD had spoken in a vision to Constantine, "In hoc signo ☧ vinces," this great Truth was almost totally denied by men, who called themselves after CHRIST's own dear Name.

It had seemed that the Truth, as it was in JESUS, and what had been spoken by Him, had failed, and the Evil One had indeed come and sown to great purpose, tares amid the wheat, and the tares were fast growing up, and Christian men were fast falling away from the faith in our LORD, for some there were, who said that *there was a time when the Son of God was not;* making our dear LORD not equal to the FATHER.[1] And as I said almost all the then Christian world believed this lie, for a lie it was; had not He Himself said in the days of His Flesh, "I and My FATHER are one," meaning *one* from all eternity, inseparable from the FATHER? And amid all this contention, one there was, who, alone of all men, stood firm for the truth, the great Athanasius, the Patriarch of Alexandria. Truly it was one against many, and, in spite of persecution, and being driven about here, and about there, away

[1] ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων ἐστίν.

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from the Patriarchate of Alexandria, out into the deserts, and among the hermits, so bravely and so constantly he affirmed it to be a lie, that at last it came to be a proverb, "*Athanasius contra mundum*," Athanasius against the world. But in the end, as is always the case, the truth won the day, according to that saying, which is written, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*," "Great is the Truth, and mighty above all things."[1] And, so it came to pass, everywhere at last, it was owned by men, as it is by Angels, that our dear LORD is equal to the FATHER "as touching His Godhead." And to this day we say it at the end of our hymns, and this we affirm one to the other, when we say "that hymn of Glory," "Glory be to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST." And the outcome of this denial was the Nicene Creed, which the holy Fathers, and the Bishops of the Church composed, moved by GOD the HOLY SPIRIT, and that creed also which is commonly called the Creed of the Great Patriarch, Athanasius.

Yes, my dear friends, these Creeds are our heritage, the bulwarks of our most holy faith, bright and shining lights amid the darkness of error, and superstition, the war cries of JESUS and His Church.

Now the man who first set this wrong notion abroad, concerning our dear LORD and His FATHER, was called Arius, and after him his followers were named Arians. There are Arians at this present day, men whom we should call Unitarians; so you see how even now, when the world is growing toward its end, these ancient heresies, like ancient death in some plague-stricken graveyard, crop up ever and anon to disturb and distract the peace and the quietness of CHRIST'S Church, and how that the evil, which men do, lives after them.

Now it came to pass that when this man, Arius, this heretic, this denier of the Oneness of the FATHER, and the Only-begotten, this false priest of CHRIST'S Church, had thought that he had gotten himself the victory, and had the Emperor Constantine on his side, believing the false lie he had taught; and that lie was going to be proclaimed as the Truth in all the Churches of the Empire, and Arius was to go himself in state on the morrow to the great Cathedral of S. Sophia, the Holy Wisdom, where the aged Patriarch of Constantinople had been ordered to receive Arius into the full communion of the Church; it fell out that all men learned how true it is "that man proposes and that GOD disposes." For on the Sunday before the day appointed for the reception of this man, S. Alexander was summoned before the

[1] Esdras iv. 41.

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Emperor, and had been ordered to comply with his wish, namely, that Arius should be received into the Cathedral; and, because he refused, the Emperor grew angry. And now look what the Saint does; silently he goes from the Great Man's presence, answering him not a word, and from thence he seeks a higher, and a more holy Presence. Straight to the High Altar of his Church he goes, and there falling down, he beseeches CHRIST, the LORD of all, and the King of kings, to deliver His Church, and his prayer has been handed down to us. It is this. "If Arius communicate to-morrow, then let Thy servant depart, and destroy not the righteous with the wicked, but if Thou sparest Thy Church, and I know that Thou sparest it, give not Thine heritage to reproach and to ruin, and take Arius away, lest if he enter into the Church, his heresy seem to enter in with him, and henceforth religion be counted for irreligion." Thus it was the Saint prayed before his GOD in His House, at that time of the day, when years long gone by, his LORD and Master had offered up His soul unto the FATHER on the Cross outside the City's gate. And He, who through His Apostle struck Elymas, the sorcerer, with blindness, and rewarded according to his desert Alexander, the coppersmith, heard him from His Holy place, and He was there to stretch out His never failing Hand, and to deliver His Heritage from reproach.

For behold, the shadows of the evening had scarcely fallen across the sky, ere a rumour had gone abroad through the streets of the city, that in the great square of Constantine, Arius, the heretic, had been seized, and struck down with a deadly disease, and so it was, the wrath of GOD had been poured out, and the bowels of the heretic had gushed forth, as it had been erst with the Apostate Apostle. And now, to this day we hold the Catholic Faith, in its entirety, through the grace of GOD, and the firmness of S. Athanasius, and the prayers of S. Alexander.

It is a true story. It happened many years ago. It is a story taken from Church history. Let us take it well to heart, and let us know that GOD is able to take care of His Own, and also let us try as far as we can to hold, to keep and preserve to ourselves, and our children, that which our LORD Himself has so dearly purchased, and which the Saints have handed down to us through many a bitter and hard struggle. It is a lesson for this season, and when we say the "*Gloria*," we can think of this great fight for the Faith, and of S. Alexander's prayer, and how it was answered.

And when we think of the great mysteries of CHRIST's dear King-

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dom, let us be humble, and not discouraged, because we cannot understand them, for our understandings are limited and finite.

It often happens that ever and anon there rise up amongst us men of high intellectual powers, endued, we think, with the wisdom of the Most High, and sometimes it happens that these great intellects use their wisdom wrongfully, and pervert it from the right way, and try to look into those things, which the Angels of GOD dare not look into, and they are highminded, and puffed up. Of such as these the Apostle speaks, when he says, "if a man have all knowledge and all learning and have not *charity*, he is nothing."

Let us therefore not be discouraged. It is not always earthly wisdom, that most profits, for "the wisdom of this world passeth away," and "GOD has chosen the weak things of the world, yea, and things which are despised, to confound the mighty."

The Church's Hymn says,

"Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain.

"Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto CHRIST the King,
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing."

NON NOBIS, DOMINE.

"FAILED."

CHAPTER I.

VARTILLY is a little out-of-the-way French village, far removed from railways or steamboats, leading its tranquil life, and sleeping peacefully through its long years, scarcely touched by the finger of nineteenth century civilization, hardly knowing anything of the great world that lies under the same sky and within the limits of the same land.

It has its own "world of interests" for all its quietness. The church forms the centre of that world, the Curé, with his broad-brimmed hat shading a benevolent face, holds the key to most of them,

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and keeps the whole village *en rapport* with itself. Who is baptized, married, buried, these are the great interests, and the Curé as he passes down the sunny white road stays for a moment or two and has a little gentle gossip with some of his people as they stand at their doors; or else he enters and sits down, talks, nods his head, is grave or gay as the case may be, and then goes home to the *presbytère* which is behind the little grey stone church.

The fêtes wave through Vartilly as well as through the large towns. Ever and anon there is a great twining of garlands and bouquets, an erection of *reposoirs*, a clanging of bells, a faint scent of incense on the air, a passing to and fro of the people in their best clothes, the baker making an extra quantity of *brioches* and *galettes*, and the processions surging through the one main road and up the narrow streets. But besides these there is little to break the monotony, and when Madame la Ballière, who, as all the world knows, is widow of Monsieur la Ballière, who once lived in Versailles, goes *aux eaux* every summer, all Vartilly turns out to see the departure, and wish her a "*bon voyage*," as it does on her return to greet her as "*la bien venue*."

Madame la Ballière's house formed the corner of a narrow street which adjoined the road. Vartilly, I must explain, stands as a village on either side of a long white military road; the narrow streets, of which there are few, lead up from it. This house of Madame de Ballière's was ugly, and utterly devoid of any architectural grace. The windows were long and narrow, and there were *persiennes* painted pale grey, like the door, which Madame had put up to shade the rooms when the sun was strong.

The old lady lived rather a lonely life at Vartilly. She usually sat downstairs in a room on the groundfloor called the "*salle*." The *parquet* was always very much polished, and beyond a few chairs, Madame's work-table in the window, and the round table covered with oilcloth, where she took her meals, there was very little furniture in the room. Over the chimney-piece was a looking-glass very near the ceiling, and below it a picture of Madame as she was at seventeen. Not a very pretty picture, but through the bad painting and the unartistic dress of white muslin with short waist, there was a charm of the long-ago youth that outlived and shone through the ugliness of the whole. At seventeen Madame's cheeks had been soft, and if they were a little pale, they suited well with the jet black hair and dark eyes which looked at you still from the picture.

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About six months before that picture was taken, Augustine Lenage had just come home from the convent where she had been educated,—home to Paris, and her father and mother, and the big hôtel in the Champs Elysées. One day she was sitting knitting, when her father opened the door, and looking pleased and important, bade her come down stairs at once.

"*Viens, Augustine, viens vite voir ton futur. Laisse donc ton tricot,*" he added as Augustine was obeying, knitting in hand.

Then she went down stairs, her large dark eyes kindled with a strange light of expectancy and curiosity, and her "*futur*" was introduced to her. He was a tall man some years older than herself, with burnt gold hair swept away from a fine forehead, very Saxon blue eyes, and a grace of manner and a charm so subtle and undefinable that Augustine was won at once.

They had a few brief interviews in the *salle de réception*, and long before they were married, Augustine, though she never dared confess it even to herself, was very much in love with Michel la Ballière.

Then there was the marriage at S. Roch, and the *corbeille* of the bride was the chief topic of conversation among Madame Lenage's acquaintances for at least a week. It was so superb, so charming, the dresses were angelic, the lace *à quoi rêver*.

Augustine and her husband lived a happy life at Versailles, mixing very little in the great gay world of Paris that surged so near them, having interests and occupations into which they put their whole hearts and souls. Both were thoroughly in earnest as to the purpose of life. "To the glory of GOD" was the *cachet* set upon all their actions, and it was also the end of their hopes.

Madame la Ballière devoted herself very much to work among the poor, and Monsieur painted. He worked away never hopeless of ultimately being a great painter, and of painting pictures—that was his great longing—for churches. But after a few years of his married life he died. Died, thinking that he might, had he lived, have been one of the noted artists of the day; died ignorant that he possessed little or no artistic talent. But he had talents for other things if he had none for painting. He had the power of making people love him, and very often he led them on from that to love their GOD; unknown to himself he had done much good, and left a memory that lived pure and fresh in the hearts of his wife and his little son Michel.

After his death however trouble had come. The bank in which

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nearly all Madame's money was placed failed, and she was left with only a small income. Her father and mother were dead, and she removed at once to Vartilly, a small place she had once heard of as being cheap and secluded, and there she lived with Michel. She had to sell nearly all her furniture, keeping only what was absolutely needful to furnish the house that she got for the small sum of three hundred francs a year, and her heart was very sore when she parted with it. One thing however she packed carefully herself, and that was the picture that La Ballière had done of her so many years ago.

She valued it very much, and she hung it over the chimney-piece, and her love for her dead husband covered its many sins against art and beauty. Michel went to the Lycée in the nearest town, and only came home for the holidays, when he walked about Vartilly in his tight clothes and gilt-edged cap, to the admiration of the villagers and to the pride of his mother's heart. Those were the happiest times in her even life, when Michel came home. She and her one maid, Margot, a faithful *bonne*, who followed her mistress in weal or woe, had plenty to talk of after his visits. All his doings and sayings were treasured up and remembered; and thinking of them sweetened many a lonely hour when Margot was at the stream washing, and the house was still and empty. Then as he grew up he showed that he really had a great talent for painting. His father had loved it, but had no talent. And now his son had inherited the passion for the artist's life, and had also a spark which was ready to be kindled, of real genius. His father had been rich, and all that he had wanted was, to succeed as an artist, quite apart from any mercenary considerations; but Michel the younger had besides his talent, a need for making it serve the subordinate part of gaining money, and that as a secondary consideration he kept in view.

Time passed on, and he went to Paris, and studied hard there, and all the while Madame la Ballière lived on at Vartilly, looking to his regular letters as the sweetest earthly pleasure, and every now and then having a flying visit from himself, which made so many red-letter days in her life.

We have all of us our calendar of saints, the names whereof are not to be found in any list on earth, we know that they are saints, there is something that tells us so; not only by watching their holy lives and their good actions, by seeing their likeness to their Master in their every day life, and by noticing how all is guided in their words and

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manner by what He would have them to do. There are times when we seem to touch them very closely, and to know by that touch that there is an ineffable grace in them, which makes them what they are. We are in awe of the traces of the Hand of GOD so visible on them, and we, taking courage, pray that as they are helped and strengthened so we may be also. So we have our saints, whose names will be proclaimed at the last as they are in Heaven written now, and we, too, whilst here, have our red-letter days when a stream of heavenly light seems to illumine our pathway.

So Madame la Ballière thought of her Michel. He was one of her saints, and his visits were like holy days to her.

It really was not only a mother's pardonable fondness and pride which made her think him so good, there was in him a simplicity and devotion which was as rare as it was singularly lovely. To love his SAVIOUR and to work and live for Him above all things was his supreme desire. His religion soared far above the shackles of infinitesimal rules and multitudinous forms. His heart and love was in the right place, and what was rule and form to others did not do more than mark out the outlines filled up by him with an ardent love and a true spirit of devotion.

Madame la Ballière, as I have already said, went *aux eaux* every summer. This line of action necessitated the house being left in charge of old Nanette, who took care of it all during Madame's absence. All the winter through, Madame la Ballière economized so as to be able to go for her summer trip, which usually extended over the lengthened period of one fortnight. She burnt less fire in the *salle*, and sat over her *chaufferette*[1] cheerfully, thinking that so many more francs saved in wood were going towards her little fund for her expedition.

The place she went to was Aune-sur-mer. It was a small village about twenty miles off, little frequented, and not much known. A frightful place it was, but Madame liked it. She enjoyed the sight of the sea and the one rock, and the sweep of shingly beach, and the salt smell in the air; and the sight of the half-dozen people who came from the nearest town, and who walked about in their bathing dresses and oilskin caps, and bathed to their heart's content.

One summer's day, Madame la Ballière was going as usual. She stood at her door dressed, with her glazed leather bag on her arm, her

[1] A wooden box, containing hot charcoal, used as a kind of footstool.

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umbrella in her hand, and her thin-soled, high-heeled boots on. She was tall and slight, and there was not much likeness between the picture over the chimney-piece and herself. The cheeks pale then were now sallow, the jet black hair white as snow; but the eyes were dark, tender, and lovely as of old, and there was a grace in her movements, a refinement in her well-shaped feet and narrow white hands that marked her out as belonging to a family who had been long ago amongst the high ranks of the *ancienne noblesse*.

Her voice was low and sweet as she gave her orders to Nanette, who stood in the doorway in her sabots and short blue skirt, and her manner as she was speaking to the people who gathered round was very winning.

Nanette, with her high cap and wrinkled face, was shading her small eyes with her hand as she looked towards the horizon, when at the end of the long white road she at length discerned a cloud of dust. This betokened the advent of the diligence, and soon the rumbling of the wheels was heard, the jingle of the bells, and the cracks of the *conducteur's* whip, as he thinks that sound very important and impossible to be separated from the entrance to any town or village.

They drew up at the inn near, and one or two alighted and got some beer, or if they had any desire to see the Church, they crossed the road and pushed aside the felt curtain and entered. Madame la Ballière secured her seat in the *coupé*, Margot went in the *intérieure*, and the two light boxes are handed up and pushed under the tarpaulin which covers the heavily laden roof, and then they are off; the children running after scream out for *sous*, and the echos of "*bon voyage, madame,*" "*amusez-vous bien,*" ring in her ears for a long time after they have left the *paroisse* of Vartilly.

It was only the beginning of June; Madame generally did not go till September, or sometimes in August; rarely as early as this year; but Michel had written to say that he was coming to spend the last week in June with his mother; and Madame la Ballière, hoping he might stay on for two months, decided to get her trip over first.

Once, long ago, she and her husband had been to Aune-sur-mer, and that was why she had such a fondness for the place. Once since she had left Versailles she had revisited it, and gone to see her husband's grave. But that did not seem to her to recall him as the little village of Aune-sur-mer did. There she could think of the happy days

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when they were together, and that silent grave was only eloquent of death. And so Madame spent her fortnight at Aune-sur-mer, enjoying herself in her quiet way.

Chapter II.

Michel was now twenty-three, and he was very like his father both in face and disposition. He had the same blue eyes, with their wonderfully earnest expression, the same coloured hair, the same fascinating manner that had so won Madame la Ballière when as a fresh convent-child she had first seen her *futur* in the big *salle de réception* in the Hôtel Lenage.

But Michel had genius. There was no mistake about that. He felt the strange stir and glow within him, which he knew came not only from a passionate love for his art, but from the creative power that he really possessed. He worked hard, and soon he was enabled to hope that he would climb to some height on the hill he was desirous of ascending.

But his great desire was above all things to do some work for his Lord and Master, and in consecrating to Him his talent he felt that perhaps it might be granted to him to achieve it. He thought if he could only paint pictures that would do good, that besides raising men's hearts and minds as all true art must, they might uplift their souls to God, how happy he should be.

There was somewhat of the spirit of Fra Angelico, who painted only after preparing himself by fasting and prayer, in Michel la Ballière. Even in the few small pictures that he had already done there was in them something transmitted from the grace in his own life, the beauty of holiness in his own soul. And looking back to them, it must be confessed that for Michel's hopes there was very strong foundation. It did seem likely, nay, most probable, that his work would be a great one, that as a painter as well as a worker for his Lord he should succeed.

The long June days were coming to an end, and Michel felt that he must take his promised holiday.

"Leave all your things as they are, I will look after them," said an artist friend of his, who had come back with him the evening before he left to have some supper.

"Yes, in this room," said Michel, looking round at the poorly furnished room. "But the studio, I think I shall take the key of that."

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"Yes; oh, I meant only of this room, of course," answered Henri. "How long will you be gone, *mon ami?*"

Michel threw himself down in his chair, and shook back his hair, which was growing thick and rather long over his eyes. He smiled as he answered.

"My mother wishes me to stay two months; but I hardly think I can spare the time."

"Two months—ah, no, friend, believe me you will never stay away so long from your painting."

"I must try, though; my mother is lonely, and I confess that I long to earn more, so as to be able to have her to live here in Paris."

"Would she like to do so?"

"Oh, yes, to be with me for one thing, and then I should get her a nice apartment *au second*, and she would be very happy—that she would."

"Well, I must be off. Can I do anything for you?"

"On second thoughts, I will leave my studio key with you. Will you wait for it now?"

"Yes."

"Then I will go for it. Stay there, please; I shall bring it to you." So saying, Michel went out of the room, and went up to the small, sky-lighted attic, dignified by the name of the studio. Pushing open the door he stood still for a moment, and then in the June twilight he went round and examined all his pictures. There was a gentleness in his way of taking them to the light and looking at them, that was even greater than usual. Then he left the room, closed the door, and turning the key he gave it to his friend. The next morning he left Paris for Vartilly.

Vartilly looked much the same as ever when he got out of the diligence, and went over to his mother's house. The curé was walking down the road, old Nanette was standing in her doorway, and her tiny grandchild, little Jules, was playing on the step with some cherry-stones and a bit of stick; the bells were ringing for Vespers, and the summer sky was perfectly cloudless and blue.

Madame la Ballière was rejoiced to see her son. She laid her white hands on his shoulders, and looked into his dear face. His blue eyes met hers frankly. Why should they not? He had done nothing that he was ashamed of; he was truly a good son, and a GOD-fearing man, and peace and content were visibly marked on his countenance.

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They went up stairs; for whenever Michel was at home, Madame used the *salon* which opened with folding doors into her bedroom.

The salon was papered in light grey, and it boasted of a good many ornaments, some of which were of value and had belonged to Madame's ancestors. These she had not had the heart to sell when she parted with her furniture at Versailles. There was an old Dresden cup, a Louis Quinze clock, a pair of Sèvres vases, and some bronze candlesticks, on the chimney-piece.

The tables were high, and had very slender legs, the chairs had upright backs, and the seats had faded crimson velvet cushions, the curtains were of clear muslin, and there were two pieces of carpet a few inches square, which Madame had à l'Anglais, as she called it, on the *ciré* floor.

The room was a very uncomfortable one, but Michel and his mother were fond of it, and they sat and talked there until Margot called them down to dinner, which was served earlier on account of Michel's journey. The dinner was simple and good; soup as soup only is in France, *haricot de mouton*, and plenty of fruit with thin claret, the latter got out in honour of Michèl. That was the meal, but how they enjoyed it these two!

Over their fruit Michel talked to his mother of his hopes of becoming a great artist.

"Thou wilt do good work for GOD yet, my son," said Madame, listening, her eyes filling with tears of joy as she heard Michel's words.

"If He allows me," said Michel, reverently.

"All can work for Him," said Madame la Ballière, meditatively.

"Yes, *ma mère*, but sometimes it is long before we can do much," said Michel.

"Trust to Him, *mon fils*, He will *give* thee what thou hast to do."

So on they talked, and in the evening they took a little walk, and coming back happy and tired, Michel went to bed early and dreamt he was painting a fine picture that was going to be hung—but here his dream got confused, for he heard noises in the road, and awoke to find a stream of lurid light across his room.

Jumping out of bed he ran to the window. There, opposite was old Nanette's house on fire. Happily it was detached, for the flames were high and the fire was raging. In a few minutes Michel was dressed and in the street. Two or three neighbours were there helping to quench the fire, and Nanette stood sobbing, and wringing her hands.

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Suddenly a voice that rose clear above the noise, startled them all. "Where is Jules?"

Jules! the little grandchild, he had been forgotten. Nanette screamed as she turned to the neighbour who had spoken. But almost before she could speak, Michel, who was standing near, said, "Where is the child? quick, tell me."

"Up in that story, you can't reach him, monsieur."

"*Which* story?" asked Michel, quickly.

"There," and Nanette pointed to the window.

"Quick! a ladder," said Michel, and in a minute one was brought.

A dread silence fell on all. There was only one man there besides Michel, and he was old and lame. With the light of the fire playing on his face, his eyes bright with the excitement of a daring purpose, his hair swept back from his forehead, Michel never looked so grand or noble as when he planted the ladder against the window and swiftly mounted it. He vaulted into the room, the flooring had not given way yet, and Jules in his cot was sound asleep, the smoke having deadened his senses. Hardly knowing what he was doing, Michel felt round until he found him, and standing at the window he let the child drop into a blanket some women held for him. Then he prepared to descend.

Quick as he was the fire was quicker, for part of the ceiling fell in at that very moment, and the people below shrieked as they saw him fall back again into the room, and then struggling forward he stepped down the ladder, saved almost miraculously. His life was safe, but his right arm was broken and burnt terribly, and when he came down he fell senseless to the ground.

He was very, very ill for many weeks, and then when he got better his arm and both hands were so maimed that he could never use them any more. Never again could he paint, and his whole constitution had received such a shock that he felt that he was to be on the sick list for some months. So it proved in the end. Michel did get quite well, but he could never resume his art.

His friends in Paris were furious when they heard how he had lost his power.

"Such a quixotic thing to do; to go into a burning house to save a child, and risk losing the use of his hand! Well, he is a greater fool than I took him for," said one man who had great hopes of him.

"It is a failure and caused by himself," said another.

And he, did he feel that he had failed? Yes, as a painter, assuredly

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he had, but was it so also in his wish to do some work for GOD? Yes, *he* thought he had failed there too, until in the midst of his sorrow a gentle voice whispered, "You may have failed in the work *you* wished to do, but GOD gave you a grander, better work in saving that little child's life. Be content." And he was content.

He had failed in achieving his work for GOD as he had hoped to do it. He had failed in being able to support his mother, indeed he was a burden to her, a very sweet one she felt it, but still a burden all the same. He had failed from an earthly point of view most certainly, but in all reverence we may say that GOD looking on his life found it brave, self-denying, and good, and "His greatness flowing around" its incompleteness it had *not* failed.

Never a regret had he that he had gone up that ladder, not one. He grieved at first that he had to relinquish his life's work, that was all, that he had failed. But he had *not*.

L. E. DOBRÉE.

S. MARY MAGDALENE.

JULY 22.

"And He said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."—S. Luke vii. 50.

SHE deemed young life made up of joy, and revelry, and song,
And so alas! 'mid fatal snares, soon fell the thieves among;
Yet in a corner of her heart slept memories of a day,
When with the pure and loved 'twas sweet in GOD'S Own House to pray.

Watching the slanting sun-rays burnish many a household vane,
The wanderer in wild remorse oft smote her breast in pain;
For not a door in all the city oped to let her in,
Except in haunts where wretched outcasts hid their woe and sin.

Out of the world—'twas but a plunge—where darkling yawned a grave—
When lo! the SON of GOD passed by—All Powerful to save;
And the look of pitying grief in His Holy Searching Eyes,
Pierced the poor sinner's bleeding heart—for *He* did not despise.

The weeping woman stood behind Him as He sat at meat,
And with ointment rich anointed, and kissed His Sacred Feet;
First washing Them with tears, wiped with softly flowing hair,
Which veiled her face bowed down in shame and agonized despair.

The gem once beautiful was dim—the Heavenly stamp effaced—
But JESU'S Hand restored—and on His Crown the Jewel placed:—

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"She loved much"—and trembling heard forgiveness and release,
Pronounced by Him Who said, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Ye weeping penitents to-day, take comfort as ye read,
The deathless Record, that inspires a hope on which to feed—
For the Good Shepherd counts His sheep, and calleth on the lost—
He bought them—who can realize at what tremendous cost?—

C. A. M. W.

DEAN HOOK.[1]

In the early part of this century, the members of the Established Church of England enjoyed a legal and political superiority over all Dissenters, to an extent which is now unknown in any Christian land. By law a Nonconformist could not hold office under Government, nor could any Jew, Quaker, or Romanist, sit in either House, even if he were an hereditary peer. Yet the Established Church languished in its law-protected ease, and Dissent flourished, and included in its ranks many learned, energetic, and earnest, though mistaken men. It was illegal for a Romanist priest to celebrate Mass in England, as it is still illegal for a Jesuit to live in Great Britain; and in supporting her patron the State, in endeavouring to stamp out Romanism, our branch of the Church had almost forgotten her Catholicism. The clergy were paid irrespective of their labours, which were often light indeed, for Church-rates were obligatory, and the law could punish those who refused to attend public worship on Sunday; while some of the best livings were held by non-residents, even Deans and Bishops; and the whole work might be undertaken by a curate, without any other assistance. In 1828, there were many parishes in which a church service was only held once in the week, being alternately on Sunday morning and afternoon; there were large town parish churches which contained no seats for the poor; and in Leeds parish church, and probably many more, the old Presbyterian mode of administering the Holy Communion was still practised, and the Sacred Elements carried to the congregation in their pews. At S. Philip's church in Birmingham and the neighbouring parishes, the friends of those who could not afford to give a hatband or a fee to the officiating minister, were buried with

[1] The Life and Letters of Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. By his son-in-law, W. R. W. Stephens, Prebendary of Chichester, &c. &c.

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only half the appointed office, and public baptism was generally administered at the house of the parents, if they were not too poor to pay for it.

The men who first succeeded in rescuing our Church from the slough of indifference and Erastianism, in which she had been involved since the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty; who reminded her of her pure Apostolic descent, and that she had no affinity with Lutheranism or Calvinism, but claimed greater antiquity than Romanism, and moreover, retained the doctrines which had been held by Cranmer and Laud, and which, men in ignorance that they were found in their mother Church, were every year going to seek in the Church of Rome; these expounders must be allowed to have effected a reform as complete, and far purer, than that of Luther, or his colleagues on the continent; and among these distinguished names one of the foremost is Walter Farquhar Hook.

So late as 1649, laws were passed periodically in both Scotland and England to oblige laymen as well as priests to keep the fasts, especially the fast of Lent; but at the beginning of this century a man was termed a Methodist who either fasted, read his Bible, or went to Church more than once on Sunday; although throughout the darkness of the seventeenth century there had never failed to be a voice crying in the wilderness, even if it had often proceeded from the ranks of the so-called Evangelicals; and its followers, disgusted with the coldness of the Church of England clergy, had in many instances gradually fallen away to Dissent or Rome.

The father of Dean Hook was Rector of Saddington, Epworth, Hertingfordbury, of S. Andrew and S. Nicolas in Hertford, and of Whippingham in the Isle of Wight, before he was made Dean of Worcester, which he held with the Rectory of Bromsgrove and Vicarage of Stone, till his death in 1828. He was elder brother to Theodore Hook, the witty friend of the Prince Regent, and married the daughter of the Court Physician, Sir Walter Farquhar, at whose house in London their eldest son, the late Dean Hook, was born on March 13, 1798. Young Walter Hook was educated at Winchester, where he formed a life-long friendship with the present Lord Hatherley, and thence proceeded to Christ Church, having been presented to a studentship by the Prince Regent. He had been intended to study for the bar, but at his earnest request was allowed to prepare for Holy Orders, and on Sept. 30, 1826, was ordained to the curacy of Whippingham, where

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he preached his first sermon the following Sunday. On his father's elevation to the Deanery of Worcester, he was presented to the perpetual curacy of Moseley, a parish held with the Deanery, and a year afterwards combined with it the lectureship of S. Philip's, Birmingham, which was four miles distant. Here he began his early reforms, one of them being to insist on reading the whole Burial Service at the funerals of the poor, gratis, and meeting their coffins at the churchyard gate; and here was his first experience of church work in a large town in which he was afterwards so particularly successful; but Birmingham was not destined to be long the scene of his labours, as in 1829 he was offered the Vicarage of Holy Trinity, Coventry, whence in 1837 he was removed to the more important parish of Leeds.

In 1829, Dr. Hook was married to Anna Delicia Johnstone, of whom her son-in-law writes, that

"Few have more nearly fulfilled the description of the virtuous woman drawn long ago by the Wise Man, 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' . . . The depth and fervour of her religious feelings may be known to all who read the 'Meditations for Every Day in the Year,' which were composed by her, or 'The Cross of CHRIST,' which she compiled, although appearing as they did under the editorship of her husband, they have commonly been ascribed to him. . . . . Without her it is probable that he never would have become what he was, or have accomplished the things that he did."

Humanly speaking, her death accelerated his, which occurred at the Deanery of Chichester (where he had been installed in 1859) on the 20th of October, 1875.

The history of the early struggles of Dr. Hook with Dissenting churchwardens, and lax congregations, who came to church in the morning, but had been accustomed to attend meeting-houses in the afternoon, contains striking instances of the low ebb to which the spirit of Churchmanship had then fallen, and the consequent prevalent irreverence towards holy places and holy things. His letters of counsel, to say nothing of his many published sermons, are remarkable for the clear and straightforward manner in which he explains the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church, showing that those who accused him of Romanising propensities were themselves endeavouring to Socinianise

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the English Church, and pointing out the real and all-important differences which exist between Anglo-Catholics and Rome. A letter from the poet Wordsworth to thank him for the receipt of a sermon called the "Novelties of Romanism," observes:

"You point to the additions the Romans have made to the ancient faith which the Reformation endeavoured to restore, and which we hold. Now much the greatest part of the particulars which you select are in conversation at least disclaimed by almost every Romanist of education, clergy, or laymen, with whom it has been my fortune to converse. And this is one of the strongest objections I have to their religion. I accuse it boldly of having many faces, and two the direct opposites of each other; a face for the cultivated mind, and another the reverse of that for the great body of the ignorant. I have lived nearly four years of my life abroad in countries where Popery was the prevailing religion. I have carefully observed its operations. I have no hesitation in saying that the bulk of the people who belong to it do believe, or at least act as if they believed, in those additions."

Writing to his mother in 1835, Dr. Hook says of his sister:

"Let Georgiana glory in being called a Papist while she holds not Popish but Catholic principles. All the great divines of the Church of England from the blessed martyr Laud down to Bishop Butler, and from Bishop Butler down to our own times, to Mr. Rose, all have been called Papists, though they have hated the Pope, and done more service against Popery than all the ultras, who really act on Popish principles."

And to Lord Hatherley he writes in 1830:

"My studies have lain among the primitive writers and in the study of the early antiquities of the Church, and my principle . . . . . is to endeavour to render the Church as conformable as possible with the primitive model. Hence I differ from such divines as Paley; he would make such alterations in the Church as would render it more comprehensive, taking, if I may so say, a political view of it, and this seems to be the object with most of the Church reformers of the day. For this purpose he would do away with many primitive customs to which those who think with me are attached. Thus he looks to what must be impossible, owing to the lax state of discipline, a union with Protestant Dissenters. Now we look not to this, but by (if any alteration is necessary,) even a return to some of the usages discarded at our Reformation to conform more and more to the primitive model; that thus, when the Roman Catholic churches abroad gradually attempt to reform themselves, or what is yet more likely, when the Church of Greece, to which I mainly look, begins to reform, they may see that this can be done without running into that discord and confusion which is certainly the disgrace of Protestantism, and as certainly makes it stink in their nostrils. The Greeks abominate the Pope, but our disunion they abominate equally. They dread reformation on

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this account; ours is the only Church which shows that the Church can be reformed . . . . and we prevent them from feeling an inclination to reform, by so many of our countrymen in those parts making common cause with all Protestants."

"We must be very careful," he writes again, "not to send men over to Rome by decrying our own Church," which is done by some of the Broad and Low Churchmen when they deny her Catholic origin, and trace her no further than the Reformation.

"Although England is the first and most glorious nation in the world, and the Church of England the best and purest Church that has ever existed from the Apostolical times, we of course have our faults. I have no objection to their being pointed out, but whenever you find fault, look out at the same time for an excellence and a virtue, or at least show that a greater fault exists in the apostate Church of Rome."

The support given by Dr. Hook to the newly constituted Bishopric of Jerusalem, which was to enclose within its fold Anglicans, Lutherans, and Calvinists, and was warmly opposed by Dr. Newman, then a member of our Church, and by the Oxford party, was looked upon by many as a departure from his principles, but his primary consideration was to give the Roman and Eastern Churches in Palestine the wholesome spectacle of a Church which had reformed herself, and unlike the Lutherans and the Calvinists, had yet preserved her Catholicity, while the primary consideration of Frederick William IV. of Prussia, who first proposed it, and supplied half the funds, was publicly given out to be political and commercial advantages, but privately to his friends, the hope that it might lead to an episcopal succession being obtained through our Archbishop for the United Evangelical Church of Prussia. The king allowed himself to be laughed out of the idea by his advisers, and since then German Protestantism and Anglo-Catholicism, which were forcibly united for a moment in this measure, have travelled still further apart, while the hopes of Dr. Hook have been entirely frustrated by the character of the two Bishops who have been appointed to Jerusalem by England and Prussia alternately, and who made common cause with all Protestants against Romanism and every branch of the Eastern Church. The Broad Church party had hailed it as a beginning towards the effacement of religious distinctions, and a measure which must lead to a union with English Nonconformists; but although they triumphed in the choice of the two Bishops, we may quote the testimony of Dr. Newman him-

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self, that it has been so far innocuous, and its outward effect for either good or evil has been a blank.

The differences between Dr. Hook and the clergy of the district church of S. Saviour's, Leeds, was one of the most distressing episodes in his life, and appears to have partly originated in the indiscretion, or mischief-making spirit of a mutual acquaintance, but the sad circumstance which followed on the foundation of a Church, built as a humble offering by a penitent to his Redeemer, that in the first six years nine out of the fifteen clergy attached to it joined the Church of Rome, sufficiently proves that he had ground for alarm, and was a fact which brought down the thunders of the Evangelical party upon the vicar of Leeds, whose teaching it professed to believe could have had no other result. In reality, perhaps owing to the above-mentioned cause, the clergy of S. Saviour's had from the first resented the advice or remonstrances of Dr. Hook, and had adopted a Roman Breviary and other Roman practices, till the Bishop (Dr. Longley) intervened, after the vicar had already protested against an Anglican Church being turned into a nursery for Rome. He had at once the pain of finding that his influence, which was generally so great over all around him, was powerless to prevent dangerous innovations in the part of his parish that he had surrendered with the most sanguine expectations to the ministrations of the clergy of S. Saviour's, and that at the same time, while their practices were likely to cause a reaction in a town which under his auspices had been imbued with a most hopeful Church spirit, there were many who blamed him entirely, and on the other hand some complained that he had not given these clergy his full support.

In a letter to Lord Hatherley, dated 1833, Dr. Hook makes this allusion to Keble:

"Talking of sacred poets, I hope you have read, and often recur to the 'Christian Year,' written by a most holy man, an acquaintance of mine at Oxford, Mr. Keble. He is a man the most meek, the most humble, and yet the most gifted with genius and learning of any I ever met with. He went to Oxford at fourteen, and carried away all the honours, and prizes, and lately refused to stand for the headship of his college, though almost certain of succeeding, that he might be the comfort and support of his aged father and relieve him from the cares of his parish by acting as his curate."

Again he speaks of the celebrated Jewish convert, Joseph Wolff, in 1839:

"Wolff has a small living not far from this. . . . His opposition to the Re-

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cordites so embittered them that they spread abroad the report of his being mad, but he is in fact a man of the greatest genius, of much learning, and of the most delightful enthusiasm . . . He was the bosom friend of Irving, but never became an Irvingite . . . he was always so catholic, that by his brother missioners, he was deemed a papist, and perhaps neither Irving nor your humble servant were ever more hated and abused by the Recordites. To me he is one of the most fascinating companions I ever met with, and as to orthodoxy, he is a regular Oxford Tract man . . . Of course we must make allowance for much eccentricity and for foreign notions, especially for his love of spitting, and his dislike of cleanliness. I think it right to befriend him, the rather since in the deep malignity of my evil heart, I was one of those who most wickedly from mere newspaper reports used to revile him; yes revile a man suffering hardships for CHRIST, while I was lounging comfortably at home. I acted in the same way by poor Irving, who was certainly mad at last; but I did so when he[1] was quite in his right mind, and I often think of my then malignant wickedness, when I read these various lies which are told of myself, and I kiss the rod, and recognise the justice of the punishment."

Dr. Hook spoke with equal regret of having followed the lead of one who has since gone over to Rome, in the opposition which was raised to the elevation of Dr. Hampden, and he therefore declined to join in a protest against the legal decision concerning Dr. Rowland Williams and Mr. Wilson for their publications in Essays and Reviews. He likewise refused to sign an applauding letter to Prince Bismarck on the expulsion of the Jesuits from Prussia, on the ground that although justifiable if necessary for political reasons, it would not have been justifiable if the Prussian Government had been only actuated by sectarian motives; and that for non-Germans to send their congratulations would be to deem it a sectarian act, which he believed was the intention of neither the Emperor of Germany nor his Minister. We can only allude briefly to the extraordinary exertions in raising funds, and the personal generosity, which enabled Dr. Hook, though far from a rich man, to superintend the erection of S. Peter's Parish Church in Leeds, and to maintain its splendid choir, besides the building of ten smaller churches and seventeen parsonages in the same town, the restoration of Holy Trinity Church, Coventry, and the re-building of the spire of Chichester Cathedral. He obtained time for his literary labours by rising at five and sometimes four in the morning, and working till breakfast at nine o'clock, after which he devoted the rest of the day to his duties as a parish priest. In this way he completed the Ecclesiastical Biographies,

[1] Edward Irving, founder of a sect. Wolff was the father of Sir H. D. Wolff.

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the Church Dictionary, and numerous theological works; but his "Archbishops of Canterbury" was not begun till after he had been appointed to the Deanery of Chichester, when he was already sixty-one; though it bears few traces of being the work of a worn out man, which was the description he gave of himself some time before he undertook it. Several years prior to being offered the Deanery of Chichester by the late Lord Derby, his name had been twice proposed for a Bishopric by Lord Aberdeen, and he was given the refusal of the Deaneries of Canterbury, Winchester, and S. Paul's, when he considered himself too old to change his post.

We must conclude with an extract from a speech at a meeting of the S. P. C. K. in Leeds in 1840, concerning India, where, says his biographer,

"he had the sagacity to foresee that the false and timid policy adopted by the Indian government of trying to conciliate the goodwill of the people by patronizing their heathenism, and dissembling, if not repudiating our own Christianity, was fraught with peril to the stability of our tenure; a presentiment which was indeed fearfully verified by the outbreak of the Indian mutiny. 'Till very lately,' he said, 'no native convert could be employed by the British Government, though the native idolater could. Is this the way to support religion? Look to the Island of Ceylon. When the Dutch were in possession, they built churches and schools, but when England came into possession we thought that bad policy. The churches were neglected, the schools were suffered to decline, the former system of idolatry was re-established, and its priests had increased salaries awarded. Those who would condemn a religious establishment in England, who would diminish the income of the Christian clergy, were found to advocate an idolatrous establishment in Ceylon. And this was considered good policy. It is well indeed that we no longer profit by the pilgrim tax, but we still pay £6000 a year to support the old idol of Juggernaut. Look at what was done last year. Nineteen of our soldiers refused to take part in some Hindoo idolatrous ceremony; of these nineteen, one was a Mohammedan, the rest were Christians. They were all put under arrest. The Mohammedan pleaded conscience, and *he* was suffered to go free. The Englishmen pleaded conscience too, but they were put in prison, that is to say, those who were in authority feared the Mohammedan population, but they did not fear the Christians' GOD, Who, though unseen, will surely punish, and His punishment seems even now impending . . . . Let the Church in England implore a merciful GOD to avert the impending calamity. Let us bestir ourselves to make the Church in India more efficient, so that if our nation shall be cast out, the Church of CHRIST may still exist there—I trust under native bishops.'"

J.

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THE LAMB.

"And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the Elders, *stood a Lamb as it had been slain.* . . . ."—Rev. v. 6.

OH! Holy, Spotless Lamb,
Before the Throne!
These sin-stained hearts of ours,
To Thee are known.

And Thou art coming, LORD!
We hear Thy Voice,
And knowing all our sin,
Yet dare rejoice.

For there is but One pure,
In Whom are we
Accepted in Thy Blood,
We welcome Thee!

We plead no merit, LORD,
No good in us,
In Thee we hide, and seek
The FATHER thus.

Come, JESU! clothe Thy Bride
In "raiment white,"
That she may see and bear
"Our" FATHER'S light.

And when from earth's dark clouds
Thy judgments cease,
Let GOD'S own Light reveal
Thy Bow of Peace.

E.

"UNTEMPERED MORTAR."

BY DARLEY DALE.

CHAPTER I.

IN SCHOOL.

IN a certain country-town, which I will call Witford, stands a fine old Norman Church, and close to the Church are some new schools, of red brick, with pointed windows, and though not large, it is a pretty block of buildings with one large school-room, a class-room and

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a little house for the mistress adjoining; the exterior leaves nothing to be desired. Both the church and the schools stand well, on a rather steep hill in the centre of the town, and on the particular Sunday afternoon in which my story opens, a troop of children were running, and jumping, and hopping and skipping, and in short doing everything except walking up the hill to the schools.

They rush helter-skelter into the large school-room, boys and girls together, and some of the quiet ones subside into their respective classes, while others of the boys betake themselves for a game of hide-and-seek into the class-room, two or three amuse themselves with bullying a new comer, others are apparently supplementing their dinner with another course of bull's-eyes and peppermint-drops, others are eating their dessert, and shying their nut-shells into neighbouring classes; the elder girls are talking in groups as hard as their tongues can go; one little girl, very shabbily dressed, is crying, and sitting apart from the rest of her class, who are gathered round another child, evidently airing a new dress and a very smart hat for the first time, much to the admiration and envy of her companions. There is a perfect Babel of tongues, and what with the chattering, and the stamping of hob-nailed boots on the bare boards, to say nothing of cat-calls and whistles, which seem to come from every corner of the room, it is almost impossible to hear anything.

By a table in the middle of the room stand a group of teachers, talking earnestly, and under great difficulties, for the noise is deafening. "Silence," shouts Mr. Palmer, the superintendent, in a deep bass voice; but he might as well have held his tongue, for no one takes any notice of his observation.

"Really, Mr. Palmer, the children get worse and worse, I don't know what has come to them, the noise is simply deafening. There is not a doubt about it, we must take some steps to keep more order; it is utterly impossible to teach in this room, something must be done, my boys are getting quite beyond me, I can do nothing with them," said Miss Slater, a middle-aged lady, with a very brusque manner.

"Yes, really we must have a new system, the girls are as bad as the boys, they seem to take no interest in anything, and look upon the Sunday School as a place to get as much fun out of as possible," said Miss Scott, a pretty, clever looking, lady-like girl.

"I am afraid our new Rector will not be pleased with the state of affairs," said Mr. Palmer. "I am told he takes much interest, and

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has had a great deal of experience in Sunday Schools. He has sent me word that he will visit us this afternoon."

"The fact is, Palmer, you are not half strict enough, I never stand any nonsense with my boys; if they are troublesome I box their ears the first time, and expel them the second, and my class is the quietest in the school," said young Dr. Cleveland.

"But it is one of the smallest, Dr. Cleveland," interposed Miss Slater, "and I can't bear expelling a child, it is so like telling it to go straight to the bad altogether."

"Better one boy should go to the bad than the whole school, which will undoubtedly be the case, unless there is more discipline than at present," replied Dr. Cleveland.

"Well, of course there is something to be said on both sides, it is a very difficult question," said Mr. Palmer in his deep bass, as though he had not the slightest intention of solving the difficulty.

"It is very disheartening," said Agnes Scott, who was younger than her sister; "I am afraid we are not doing much good."

"Here is Mr. Leverson," said Miss Slater, "we had better go to our places."

There was a momentary lull as Mr. Leverson entered the school-room, for he had only been at Witford a week or two, and this was his first visit to the Sunday School; and a clergyman was a rare apparition on the scene, the late Rector having left them to look after themselves while he read his newspaper. The hubbub, however, was soon resumed until the superintendent, having previously locked out the late comers, and hushed those who were playing hide-and-seek out of the class-room, rang a bell, and shouted "Silence" previous to giving out the hymn. This hymn was the most creditable part of the devotional arrangements at Witford school; the children all took up the tune, and sang it lustily, if not musically, but their conduct during prayers was so irreverent that I do not care to describe it.

One of Dr. Cleveland's boys was particularly troublesome, and no sooner was the order to stand given, than three or four sharp blows followed by a cry of pain echoed down the room, and Mr. Leverson saw Dr. Cleveland take his seat, after inflicting this punishment. He then began to hear his boys their lessons, with his eyes flashing, and a most indignant look on his face.

There were three classes without teachers, but upon inquiry Mr. Leverson found they *had* teachers, only they were generally late.

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"Miss Hazlitt and Miss James are sure to be here, but Miss Barker is very irregular, and they are all often late," said Mr. Palmer.

"I know Miss Hazlitt, but I am surprised to hear she is a teacher; and who are Miss James and Miss Barker?" asked the Rector.

"Miss James is the daughter of the veterinary surgeon, and I really don't know who Miss Barker is, she lives in that large house in High Street: I believe her father was a merchant, he is dead now: here she is, she teaches the second class of girls."

Mr. Leverson looked round, and saw a rather dashing young lady enter the room; she went to her class, and to his surprise, the girls crowded round her, and began to examine her dress, which she exhibited for their benefit; Mr. Leverson was not near enough to hear the conversation which took place, but he felt sure the dress of Miss Barker was the subject of it, from the admiring glances of the children, and also from the fact that different parts of the dress were touched in succession by teacher and pupils. But Mr. Leverson's attention was diverted from Miss Barker's method of Sunday School teaching by the entrance of Miss James, whose advent was the cause of much nudging and whispering on the part of the girls, and various exclamations of surprise, and derisive admiration from the boys.

Miss James was rather small and not bad-looking, at least nature had made her pleasant looking, but bad taste and fashion had conspired against her, and between them had turned out a figure that all sensible people would pity or despise. She had a quantity of dark hair, which was cut in a fringe over her forehead in the detestable fashion of the present day. Miss James's fringe was rendered still more odious by being supplemented by little flat curls plastered against her cheek; at the back her hair hung down in a great rough pigtail finished off with a flaring bow of pink ribbon; on the top of her head was an arrangement of pink ribbon, coloured flowers, green leaves, and a very untidy white feather, which I beg to be excused from classifying under the head of either hat or bonnet, as I really do not know to which family it belonged. Her dress was bright blue, furbelowed out with a paler shade, and the train, which was very long, elegantly finished off with some torn and dirty white muslin frilling. She had a variety of jingling articles round her waist, which made anything but music wherever she went, and she had earrings and locket of imitation pearls set in gilt. Miss James had undertaken the third class of boys, and the happy urchins who had the privilege of being

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under her tuition were having rather a nice time of it when she arrived, this Sunday afternoon. The excitement caused by her entrance having subsided, Miss James asked her class what lessons they had learnt; and three or four boys having stammered through the collect for the day, she proposed to hear them their Catechism, but a chorus of dissentient voices greeted this proposition. Miss James laughed at this and said she was never fond of the Catechism when she was a little girl, and asked what the boys would like to do.

"You read to us, teacher," was the unanimous reply.

Accordingly, Miss James produced "Peter Parley's Annual," and treated her class to an account of some one's "Adventure with a Tiger."

Mr. Leverson was so interested in Miss James's performances that he took up a position behind her chair for a few minutes, to hear what she was reading to her scholars; the thread of her narrative was broken by continual interruptions from Miss Slater, who sat on the opposite side of the room and who taught the second class of boys.

By degrees Mr. Leverson's attention was diverted from Miss James to Miss Slater, who appeared to be preaching an excellent sermon to her class, having taken the gospel for the day for her text; every minute she paused in her discourse to correct one of the boys; and "Sit still, Tom—Put away that apple, Jim—Don't talk, Walter —Leave Bobby alone, John—Don't whistle, William—Sit down, George," were constant and apparently almost mechanical observations from Miss Slater. She was never at a loss for a word, and never stopped except occasionally to push a boy back on to his seat, or to speak sharply to an unusually obstreperous pupil; she never asked any questions, and all her boys were expected to do was to sit and listen to what Mr. Leverson could not help mentally characterising as an excellent sermon. The boys seemed to experience considerable difficulty in performing their duty as listeners, and as the afternoon wore on, they became more and more fidgety, till at last Miss Slater was obliged to pause in her preaching to scold, which was apparently rather more difficult to her, and she continually reiterated two statements, the first, that they were very naughty boys, and the second, that she was ashamed of them.

Mr. Leverson moved slowly on to the next classes; on his right hand was the younger Miss Scott with a class of little girls, and on his left he recognised Miss Hazlitt, who had come in late while he was

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watching Miss James. He felt very curious to know Miss Hazlitt's notions as to the duties of a Sunday School teacher, for he had already met her several times, and she had struck him as being a very charming girl, very lazy, very worldly, and very unlikely to be a good teacher. She was leaning back in her chair, trying to be as comfortable as circumstances would permit, fanning herself slowly as the children repeated their lessons; she made them all say their lesson over twice, for no other reason that Mr. Leverson could discover than to spin out the time; this over she proceeded to mark them, and as this threatened to be a long performance, Mr. Leverson turned to the next class to see how they were getting on. The children were rather troublesome, though one or two seemed interested, and were watching the sweet face of their teacher, who was talking earnestly to them in so low a voice, that Mr. Leverson could only catch a word here and there, and he passed on. The next class was the first of the girls, and was taught by the elder Miss Scott, who was talking very energetically.

"Next week, girls, I am going to have a new plan altogether; instead of learning the collect you are to learn the gospel, and when you have said it I shall explain it to you."

"Are not we to find out the texts for you any more, miss?" asked one of the girls.

"No; I am going to try a new system; you don't seem to get on with our present plan."

"This is only the second Sunday we have tried it, Miss Scott."

"I know, but this plan gives me the trouble of correcting your books at home; and I have no time for that: this new way will be much less trouble to me; and you will learn more. At any rate we will see how it works; if it does not succeed I must think of something else. Now we will go through the Catechism."

Mr. Leverson next turned to the other side of the room to look at Miss Barker's class; the discussion on dress had ceased, but the girls were still hanging about their teacher, who was talking to them about their homes, asking for their parents, and apparently seeming to be on intimate terms with them all. The children meantime appeared to be taking mental notes of their teacher's dress and manner, which after the imitative manner of children, they would undoubtedly at some future period endeavour to reproduce.

The girls seemed both to admire and like Miss Barker very much,

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but when, as Mr. Leverson approached, she told them to sit down and read the second lesson for that evening, they showed no signs of obedience: he, observing this, remained close to the teacher's chair, and on Miss Barker promising to read a story to them if they were good, the girls very reluctantly began to find their places; this took about five minutes, and at last the reading began; one girl stood up and gabbled through a verse while the others carried on a conversation in loud whispers; when the first girl had finished her verse, she sat down and up popped the second, and so on all through the class as quick as possible, till about the sixth girl's turn came, and then she cast a swift glance round the class to see how many had read before her, so as to know which was her verse; all the remaining girls did the same, for there were twelve in the class, and all the time the talking and laughing formed an accompaniment to the reading.

Mr. Leverson waited till all the class had read a verse each, and then he asked in a very grave tone if they knew what book they were reading.

"The Bible, sir," was the answer.

"Yes, I am aware of that, but I thought you could not be; go on reading, and don't let me hear even a whisper, or see such a thing as a smile on any of your faces, till you have finished the chapter."

Miss Barker and her pupils all looked very much astonished at this, and I don't know who was the most relieved when Mr. Leverson moved on to the next class. This was a large class of infants, both boys and girls, and was taught by a little girl of thirteen or fourteen, a niece of Miss Slater's, who lived with her. The child seemed quite in her element, pushing, and pulling, and shaking, and thoroughly enjoying her temporary sovereignty over fourteen unhappy infants, who found it utterly impossible to keep anything like quiet for one long hour, with nothing to do except now and then, perhaps five or six times in the course of the afternoon, to say a verse of a hymn in chorus; and listen to questions from their juvenile teacher, to which they gave random answers.

"Now, who was the good man who was saved when the world was drowned?" asked Florence Slater, anxious to show off her pupils' knowledge to Mr. Leverson.

"The serpent," promptly replied a small boy, for which he was shaken, and the question repeated.

"Cain," cried one, "Abel," suggested another, "Jonah," said a

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third, rolling off the form on to the floor in his desire to make his happy suggestion heard, and bursting into a howl as he fell; the others laughed and clapped their hands, and apparently thought it a capital joke evidently performed for their edification.

"You have rather a hard task there, I am afraid, have not you, Miss Florence?" said the Rector.

"Oh, no, thank you, I like it," replied Florence, "but Totty Jones is so fat he is always tumbling. Don't cry, Totty, or I must turn you out of the room."

"Will you let me tell them a story?" said Mr. Leverson, and pulling a chair forward, he sat down, and in the simplest words he could use, told them the parable of the lost sheep, making it into a long story.

"Once upon a time," said Mr. Leverson, "there was a little lamb named Totty, and it lived with its mother and a lot of other sheep in a fold. Now there was plenty of beautiful green grass in the fold, and a stream of pure water ran through it, so there was no occasion for the sheep to go out of the fold. And these sheep had a Shepherd, who was very kind to them, He fed them when they were ill and unable to feed themselves, and He led them down to the brook by shady paths to drink, and He carried the little lambs in His arms; but He told them all that they were only safe inside the fold, if they strayed outside they were in danger, because there the great lion, who was always roaming about in search of prey, might catch them and kill them. But some of the sheep would not listen to the Good Shepherd's voice, but strayed out of the fold and were lost. Little Totty, however, was a very stupid, obstinate little lamb, and was determined, in spite of all his mother told him, and in spite of what the Good Shepherd said, to go out of the fold, and as he, stupid little fellow, said, to see a little of the world. So one afternoon about an hour before sunset, Totty ran away from his mother, and got out of the fold through a gap in the fence; he cut and pricked himself very much in getting out, for there were brambles on the other side of the fold, but he was so pleased to be free, as he called it, that he did not feel the cuts and scratches. When he got outside the fold he scampered as fast as he could over a green sward, in which however there were a great many pools, and he splashed himself very much, and made his white wool very dirty. However, Totty could not stop for such trifles as these, so on he went. Presently he came to a steep hill, and he thought he

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would run a little way down this hill just to see how it felt, it looked so tempting; however he found when once he had started down the hill he could not stop, and indeed he did not feel inclined to do so, it was so exciting and pleasant, so he tore on down, down, down to the bottom. There he fell into a ditch, and scrambled out in great pain with mud and mire sticking to his wool, and sore and bruised by his fall; he went along much slower after this, but he got tired of the road, which was very stony and cut his feet, so he turned into a large wood, thinking the mossy ground would ease his tired feet. He had not gone very far in the wood when he thought he heard the lion roaring, and remembering what his mother had told him, he set off running as hard as his poor little tired legs would carry him. In his fright, however, he forgot which way he had entered the wood, and took the wrong path, and only got further and further into the wood at every step he took. At last he was so tired he could run no longer, and he fell down panting and exhausted at the foot of a tree; soon he heard the lion roaring again, and now it sounded as if the lion were very close to him, but he was so weak after the chase he had had, that he could not get up and run away again, and in a minute or two he saw the lion coming straight towards him. And now just as it seemed impossible for him to get out of the lion's way, he heard a voice, such a kind, gentle voice, calling him by his name and saying, 'Come unto Me.' The lamb had often heard that voice before, although he had not always obeyed it, and he knew directly it was the Good Shepherd's voice, and turning round he saw Him standing a few steps away from the tree he was lying under. The lamb tried to move to go to the Shepherd, but he was so frightened, for the lion was roaring quite close to him, that he could not get up. When the Good Shepherd saw the little lamb trying to come to Him, He stretched out His arms in the shape of a cross, and the lion saw Him and ran howling away, for he was afraid; and then the little lamb took courage and stood up and crept slowly and painfully to the Good Shepherd's feet, and lay there at first blinded by the dazzling light that came from His figure; and then the lamb remembered all the pools and mire he had been splashing into, and when he thought how he was covered with mud, and his white wool quite black with the mire, he felt terribly ashamed of himself, and crouched down at the Good Shepherd's feet and dared not raise his eyes from the ground. He lay trembling for some minutes, and then the Shepherd spoke again and said, 'It is I,

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be not afraid,' and then the little lamb ventured to open his eyes, and he saw a large wound in each of the Good Shepherd's feet, and he was sorry that he had run away and brought the Shepherd such a long painful journey to fetch him, and he crept closer and licked the wounds. And as soon as the Shepherd saw the lamb was sorry, He stooped down, and as He touched him the lamb was cleansed and his wool became white again, and then the Good Shepherd lifted the poor little tired lamb gently up in His arms, and carried him back to the fold."

The children listened attentively as Mr. Leverson told this story, partly because they stood rather in awe of a stranger, and partly because he knew how to engage their attention. When he had finished, he rose and left the class, telling Florence Slater to explain to them Who the Good Shepherd was. He now moved slowly down to the other end of the room, as there was a class there he had not yet visited. As he passed Miss Barker's class he found that both she and her pupils had got tired of reading the Gospel, and Miss Barker was now reading a story aloud, the children hanging round her. Miss Scott was still dilating upon the new system she was going to adopt next Sunday, while her sister's class was getting very tired and troublesome, and Agnes Scott herself seemed to have exhausted all she had to say, and was reading a chapter of the Book of Job aloud to the children.

"Your class seems a little troublesome, I fear, Miss Scott," said Mr. Leverson.

"Yes, indeed they are very carnally-minded, they only listen when I read the historical parts or Genesis; they don't care for the more spiritual books; I am reading Job now, and they are very deaf to the Word," replied Agnes.

"Do you question them on what you read?"

"Oh, no, I don't hold with much teaching; this is recreation now; I have spoken to them about 'the things which belong to their salvation,' previous to reading to them; but there are only one or two out of the class who are really awakened, and they are indeed GOD'S children; the rest are still heathen."

"But surely they are all baptized, are they not?" asked Mr. Leverson.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so; but of course a mere outward ceremony like baptism, and that when they were infants, has no power to make

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them children of GOD, they are still vessels of wrath, until they have received the Word."

"But, my dear Miss Scott, baptized children are undoubtedly GOD's children; they may be rebellious children, and if they wilfully remain in ignorance and sin, they may provoke Him to cast them out; but surely I need not tell you that by Baptism they became 'children of GOD, members of CHRIST, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven,' as you teach them in the Catechism."

"I don't teach them anything, I read the Word to them, and I endeavour to speak a word in season to them, and I wrestle in prayer for them that they may become Christians; but I consider the Prayer Book a remnant of Popery, and only to be used with great caution," answered Agnes Scott.

"Are you not a member of the Church of England?"

"I belong to no sect, I attend the Church Services here because my parents wish it, but I can worship anywhere, so long as the pure Gospel is preached."

"I cannot stay now, but I must have some further talk with you, if you will allow me, at another time. I will call upon you in the course of the week."

So saying, Mr. Leverson moved on. As he passed Miss Hazlitt's class, he saw she was leaning back in her chair, listening to the tale the children read aloud in turn, and looking very much bored by her exertions, which were not great.

He now came to the boys' classes; Miss James had finished her "Adventure with a Tiger," and was now asking her boys a few Scripture questions, and laughing at their inaccurate and ridiculous answers. She had a book containing Watts' Catechism in her hand, or I am not sure that she would have known whether the boys answered right or wrong.

Dr. Cleveland was summing up, what Mr. Leverson could see had really been an excellent lesson, on the Gospel for the day, and by dint of pertinent questioning, he managed to get it all out of his boys; and if Mr. Leverson had not witnessed that little episode at prayers, he would have been perfectly satisfied with Dr. Cleveland as a teacher.

Next to Dr. Cleveland's class on the opposite side of the room was the fourth class of boys, taught by a poor girl named Ann Morris, the daughter of a milkman, who lived quite a mile from the church and schools. Although she lived so far off, Ann Morris was never absent

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from her post, no matter what the weather might be, and she was always in time. She had had very little education, having been taken away from school when she was only twelve years old, to nurse her mother, who had been paralysed for eight years; Mr. Leverson had already seen Ann when he called to visit her mother. Her class was a large one of troublesome small boys, who were now wearily spelling through a chapter of the Bible.

"Are your boys good, Ann?" asked Mr. Leverson.

"No, sir, they get tired, poor children, and they make a noise and disturb Dr. Cleveland; he has just turned one out of the room; but they learn their hymns nicely, sir, and they know a good bit of the Catechism. You see, sir, I think it is partly my fault, as they are so fidgety, for I can't explain the Bible to them, and they get tired of reading it; and I have no books to read to them," and poor Ann looked ready to cry.

"I can lend you some books, and you are by no means the only person who finds teaching difficult; but I hope to find a way to help all the teachers in this very soon, so don't be discouraged. We have ten minutes yet before prayers, would you like me to question the boys on what they have been reading?"

"If you please, sir, for if I knew how, perhaps I might do it myself," said Ann.

"I am sure you could," said Mr. Leverson, as he proceeded to question her class until the bell rang for prayers; then he gave notice that there would be a Teachers' Meeting at the vestry on the following Thursday, after the five o'clock service, when he hoped all the teachers would make a point of being present.

THE CHURCH.

VI. The West Window, (Magdalen Chapel, Oxford.)

"He cometh to judge the earth."

Pause and look upward, ere thou pray,
A moment gaze on yonder pane,
Telling of that triumphal day
When He shall come in clouds to reign.
When 'neath His footsteps reeling
The clouds shall backward curl,

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When in the skies angelic hands
The bannered Cross unfurl.
When death and Hades trembling
Shall hear the mighty sound,
And on the left, and on the right,
Burst through the world His blood-red light,
And the trumpet sound through the realms of night,
Pierce to earth's furthest bound.

Behold He cometh! Zion, raise
Thy weary eyes to see
The dawning of the day of days,
The Prince of Calvary
Comes to the dread tribunal,
Behold the thrones are set!
The Ancient of Eternal days,
The Son of Man, the LORD of Grace,
Are here for judgment met.
Around them blaze the stars of morn,
The sons of GOD are earthward borne,
The reapers o'er the trembling corn
The scythes of judgment whet.

Like quivering motes in sunbeam ray,
So in the blaze of judgment fly,
The angelic host in bright array
And fill with light the rending sky;
Below, from many a churchyard ground,
From many stricken battle fields,
Pale forms are torn, the deep profound
To swell the host its booty yields,
And louder rings the trumpet's peal:
Earth groans to let her captives break
The iron bonds, the leaden seal
Which held the sleepers none might wake,
Till He, Who died that man might reign,
Resumes His mighty power again,
Bids Hades burst her icy chain,
And death's dark ministers of pain
Sink in the burning lake.

As when to earth the Spirit came,
Was heard a rushing mighty wind,
And shone with tongues of living flame
The leaders of redeemed mankind,

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The blast, by angel pinions fanned,
(Mid whirling clouds and flaming sky)
Bears up the Saints to CHRIST'S right hand,
And gleams in fiery radiancy
On every brow the token sweet;
Pale dazzled eyes the symbol greet,
And, at the SAVIOUR'S nail-pierced feet,
Ten thousand times ten thousand meet
Their loved and lost on high.

Pause and look upward, ere thou pray,
A moment gaze on yonder pane,
Speaking of that triumphal day
When He shall come in clouds to reign.
When 'neath His footsteps reeling
The clouds shall backward curl;
When in the skies angelic hands
The bannered Cross unfurl;
When death and Hades trembling
Shall hear the mighty sound;
Then kneel, and ask that JESUS' might
Preserve thee through the weary fight,
And in the Judgment morning bright
His mercy fence thee round.

ACCIPITER.

KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

"The mightiest Chiefs of British song,
Scorned not such legends to prolong:
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PART I.

I CANNOT say whether the old story of King Arthur and his knights is to be called a myth, a teaching allegory, or a poem in prose, but I know this; that of all the picturesque and fanciful treasures of literature, it is one of the most beloved, and that it would not be well for us to know nothing of the noble king and his valiant knights. Have not our

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greatest poets loved to ponder over the Arthurian legends, and keep them alive in our memory?

As we read the old story we are conscious of wandering in a lovely dreamland; and yet sometimes all seems strangely vivid and true. Can it be, we ask, that King Arthur, so renowned, never lived at all? And that his knights, his lovely queen, and all the fair ladies of his land never trod this earth? Who was Merlin the magician? Was he perhaps a wild bard who indeed lived and breathed, and whose soul was at times so entranced by his own strange flights of fancy that he spoke with confidence concerning the future and the unseen? Was there ever so tender and fair a damsel as Elaine? Did ever knight equal Sir Lancelot? Who so faultless as the beautiful youth, Sir Galahad? And lastly we ask—What was the Holy Grail?

Without attempting to answer conjectures and questions which are indeed unanswerable, let me land you at once on the enchanted island of the mystic king.

King Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon, Pendragon signifying *Chief Ruler* of the British: his mother was Igraine, a "fair lady and passing wise," who was the widow of a mighty duke of Cornwall, called the Duke of Tintagil.

A few days before the birth of Arthur, the prophet and magician Merlin, who had helped Uther to gain the love of the fair Igraine, came to him, saying that he must part with the babe as soon as it was born; that the babe was to be given to the care of the faithful knight, Sir Ector, whose lady would well guard the king's child. "And when the child shall be born," said Merlin, "let it be delivered secretly to me at the postern-gate of the Castle, unchristened." With these words Merlin left the king. When the time came that the prince was born, King Uther commanded two knights and two ladies to carry the child bound in a cloth of gold to a poor man who stood at the gate. So Merlin took the child in his arms and brought it to Sir Ector and his wife. And Merlin brought "a holy man to christen the child, and named him Arthur."

Two years after this, King Uther died. And as he lay dying, his lords by Merlin's advice asked him; "Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days?"

And he answered them that Arthur should be king, and he left him his blessing. So Uther died; and the fair Igraine made great sorrow, and all the barons with her.

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Now no man, save Merlin, knew where to find the young king, and the whole country fell into confusion; for many wished to be king in his stead. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and advised him what to do: he told him to gather together in London by Christmas-time all the mightiest of Britain's lords, knights, and warriors. And at Christmas-time they all came and they assembled in the largest Church in London, and there they prayed. And when the people came out of Church, they beheld in the churchyard, a great block of marble which was not there before; and stuck in the marble was a sword, naked to the point. And round about on the marble were written these words in golden letters: "Whoso pulleth out this sword from the marble is right-wise born King of England." And as they read, many tried to pull it out, but none could move the sword. So the Archbishop said: "The king is not here! GOD shall make him known." Now it so happened that Sir Ector rode through London at about this time to see the New Year's tournament, and with him was his son, Sir Kay, and by his side was the young Prince Arthur; but Sir Kay knew not that he was a prince. And Sir Kay had forgotten his sword, and he said to Arthur, "I pray you return to my father's house and fetch me my sword." And Arthur rode fast to Sir Ector's house in London, but when he arrived, the sword was not to be found, for Sir Ector's wife and all the people with her, had gone to see the tournament.

"I will ride to the churchyard," said Arthur, "and take that sword that sticketh in the stone; for Kay my brother shall not be without a sword this day." So Arthur handled the sword, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone. As soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he told his father, saying; "Sir, lo, here is the sword of the stone, whereupon *I* must be king of the land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword he returned again and came to the Church, and he made Sir Kay solemnly tell him how he came by the sword; and he told how Arthur had brought it.

"How gat ye this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

And Arthur told him all.

"Found ye any knights about this sword?" asked Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

Then Sir Ector told him that by this of the sword he knew that he, Arthur, should be King of England.

"Now, let me see," he said, "whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again."

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"That is no mastery," said Arthur. And so he put it into the stone. And Sir Ector tried to pull it out; and Sir Kay tried; and they could not.

"Now, shall ye try again," said Sir Ector.

"I will well," said Arthur; and he pulled it out easily.

And when Sir Ector and his son saw this, they both fell on the ground, and kneeling on one knee bowed their heads before Arthur.

And Arthur said, "Alas, my father, alas, my faithful brother! Why kneel ye to me?"

And then Sir Ector told him, how Merlin had brought him, and at whose command: how he knew he was of high degree, but he knew not that he was the king's son. And Arthur was grieved to learn that Sir Ector was not his father. But Sir Ector said: "Will you be my good and gracious lord when you are king?"

And Arthur promised to keep Sir Ector and Sir Kay always near him.

Then they came to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and told him how Arthur had lightly drawn out the sword. And the Archbishop called all the mighty men together, and they tried to pull out the sword; but none could prevail: and they tried again on Twelfth Day and at Candlemas, again at Easter, Pentecost, and Christmas; but none could pull it from the marble.

So Arthur pulled out the sword before their eyes. And all the people cried aloud, "We will have Arthur for our king!"

And they prayed him to forgive them all. And Arthur forgave them. And he took the sword, and offered it up upon the altar. And he knelt down in the church, and prayed: and first he was made knight, and then he was crowned king.

Part II.

As soon as Arthur was king, he began to set in order many things that had gone wrong since the death of Uther. And many complaints were made by lords, knights and ladies, and also by the poor. And Arthur listened to all, and sent none away without a hearing. And the king made Sir Kay his seneschal, or chief officer.

Arthur had not long been on the throne before a crowd of enemies rose up against him, and fought fiercely. Now the sword Arthur had pulled out of the stone was bright as lightning; it was named *Excalibar*, which means "cut steel." Merlin charged him never to draw it from

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the scabbard which sparkled with jewels, except when he found himself in danger of death.

"Sir," said Merlin, "fight not with the sword ye had by miracle, till that ye see ye go with the worst; then draw it out and do your best."

So Arthur very rarely drew it forth; but when he did, Excalibar flashed so brightly in the eyes of his enemies that they were amazed and dazzled; for it "gave light like thirty torches."

One day when Arthur was fighting with a deadly enemy and was sore set upon, he drew out Excalibar from its jewelled scabbard: it flashed in the eyes of the enemy, who fell back stunned; but as he fell, he dealt such a hard blow that he snapped the bright sword in two, and it clashed like fire; and Arthur was grievously wounded, but not unto death. So Merlin fetched a holy man, a hermit, who healed his wound, and soothed him with holy words and prayers.

When Arthur was strong again, he rode forth with Merlin; and as they rode, he said, "I have no sword."

But Merlin told him he knew of a sword that should be his. And he led him to a large lake, and bade him look forth into the midst of the water. And behold, Arthur saw above the water a hand and an arm, clothed in glistening white; and in the hand was a sword bright as Excalibar.

"Lo," said Merlin, "there is the sword that I spake of."

And there was a lovely lady walking by the side of the lake.

"What damsel is that?" asked Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin. "Speak ye fair to her, and she will give you the sword."

"Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that, which yonder arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine."

And the lovely lady told him he should have it, if he would give her a gift when she should ask it. And Arthur promised.

"Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword and take it, and the scabbard too, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So Arthur and Merlin alighted, and tied their horses to two trees; and they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it by the handle and took it away with him. And the arm and the hand went under the water.

Now Arthur for the most part was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin. So it fell on a time that King Arthur said to Merlin:

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"My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife; and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice."

"It is well done," said Merlin, "that ye take a wife; for a man of your bounty and nobleness should not be without a wife. Now, is there any that ye love more than another?"

Arthur answered, "I love Guenever, the daughter of King Leodegrance, who holdeth in his house the Table Round that ye told me he had of my father, Uther."

And Merlin sighed, and was in great sorrow when he heard that Arthur loved Guenever; for it was told him that Guenever was loved by Sir Lancelot, a knight of high renown; and Merlin knew that Guenever loved this knight with all her heart.

And Arthur said, "This damsel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find."

"Sir," said Merlin, "as of her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest alive. But if ye loved her not so well as ye do, I could find you a damsel of beauty and of goodness, that should like you and please you; but there, as a man's heart is set, he will be loth to change."

"That is truth," said Arthur.

Then Merlin told him that Guenever loved Sir Lancelot; but Arthur said he wished to have Guenever for his own dear queen. And Guenever was more beautiful than words can tell.

And Merlin went forth to King Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king. And Leodegrance said:

"That is to me the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And I would give lands to Arthur if he wished them, but that he hath lands enough, him needeth none." And he said, "I shall send him a gift shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round the which Uther Pendragon gave me."

And Leodegrance told Merlin that there ought to be seated around the Table a hundred and fifty knights of great nobleness and honour.

"And as for me," he said, "I have myself a hundred good knights, but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days."

And so King Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly with great royalty, what by water and what by land till they came nigh unto London.

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When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever, he made great joy, and said openly, "This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so dear to me. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than right great riches."

And in all haste the king gave commands for the marriage and the coronation. And then he told Merlin to go through all the land, and find fifty noble knights for the Table Round. And Merlin sped through all the land, but could find only twenty-eight. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury was fetched, and he blessed the table, and the knights' names were written in golden letters over each chair. And Arthur's nephew said to the king, "Sir, I ask that you will make me knight that same day you shall wed fair Guenever."

And Arthur said, "I will do it with a good will; for I must by reason you are my nephew, my sister's son."

Now Merlin advised Arthur to send for all the children that were born on the past May day; "For," said he, "by reason of one of those shall ye be destroyed." So Arthur sent that he might see them. And all were sent in a ship to the king; and among them were many lords' sons. And it so happened that on its way the ship crashed against a castle rock and broke in sunder, so that the babes were lost all save one: this one was Mordred. And one who dwelt near the castle took the babe, and fed and clothed him till he came to be about fourteen years old, when he brought him to Arthur's court. Now all the lords and the people were angry because the babes born on May-day were lost. But the most part blamed Merlin, and not the king; and some held their peace for dread, and some for love. But when King Ryons of North Wales heard the tidings, he was very wroth, and thought to send an army against the king. And this is why King Ryons was more displeased than other men.

King Ryons once sent a messenger to Arthur, saying, "King Ryons hath overcome eleven kings, and so he had trimmed his mantle with kings' beards; for they all by his command did him homage by cutting off their beards for him. King Ryons now asketh for King Arthur's beard; for there lacketh one place on his mantle, wherefore he sends for thy beard; or else he will enter thy lands and burn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard."

"Well," said Arthur, "thou hast said thy message—which is the most villainous message ever sent to a king; also thou mayest see my

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beard is full young yet to make a trimming of it. But ere it be long he shall do homage to me on both his knees: tell him I will have his head without he do me homage."

And he said much more. Then the messenger departed.

"Now is there any here," said the king, "that knoweth King Ryons?"

Then answered a knight named Naram: "Sir, I know the king well: he is a passing good man of his body as few be living, and a passing proud man; and, sir, doubt you not he will make war on you with a mighty force."

"Well," said Arthur, "I shall ordain for him in a short time."

Now after a time, Merlin fell in love with a beautiful maiden, one of the "ladies of the lake." And her name was Nimue. And she persuaded Merlin to teach her many enchantments, and to tell her many prophecies; and she made him swear to her that he would never work upon her any of his enchantments. But Nimue loved Arthur the king, and she grew weary of Merlin's love; for he followed her about and would not leave her. And Merlin said to King Arthur:

"I shall not live long, for all my crafts and magic; I shall be put in the earth quick." And then he prophesied to the king many things that should happen; and he warned him to take good care of his sword and the jewelled scabbard. And he told him he would miss his Merlin, and that he would gladly give all his lands to have Merlin again.

"Alas!" said King Arthur, "since ye know your fate, wherefore prevent ye it not by your enchantments?"

"Nay," said Merlin, "this may not be."

And so he departed from the king. And Merlin was always with Nimue; and Nimue was afraid of him because of his enchantments.

And so on a time it happened that Nimue persuaded Merlin to go under a rock where he had told her there were horrible wonders and great dangers; and Nimue knew he would never more come forth from that rock. So Merlin died.

Arthur fought more battles than I have time to tell you of, and by the enchantment of his wicked sister, Morgan le Fay, he once lost his good sword Excalibar. Morgan le Fay, jealous of her brother, sent a knight named Acolon to kill Arthur with the sword Excalibar. But Nimue, loving the king, stood by, and helped him by the magic arts she had learned of Merlin while yet in life. And the sword fell from

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the hand of Acolon; "whereupon Sir Arthur lightly leapt to it;" and he saw that it was his own good sword.

"Thou hast been from me all too long," he cried; "and much damage hast thou done me."

Arthur now battled with many enemies, and conquered them all. Ryons perhaps was one of the kings he conquered; but this I do not know, as his name is not mentioned after the message he sent. Arthur delivered people from bondage, helped many of the poor; defended ladies in danger and distress, and made himself beloved by all his people. Often he travelled through forests and mountain-passes alone, or with one friend: this was dangerous for so great a king, as many were sending forth armies against him. "And when the knights heard of his adventures, and how he was safe through them all, they marvelled that he would jeopard his person so alone. But all men said it was merry to be under such a chief that would put his person in adventure as poor knights did."

In Malory's book we read that Arthur went to Rome, and made conquests there; but returning to his own dear country, he landed at Sandwich, where his lovely queen, Guenever, was waiting for him on the sands.

And at this time it is, that Sir Lancelot comes to court; and he was made one of the Knights of the Round Table; and Guenever does not forget him, but shows him favour and courtesy. "And in all tournaments and deeds of arms, he passed all the knights; nor was he ever overcome, save by treason or magic; and it is certain he loved the queen above all other ladies and damsels all his life." All ladies loved Sir Lancelot; especially did one damsel love him from her heart, this was Elaine, called the "Fair Maid of Astolat." But Sir Lancelot told her he could never wed. And Elaine saw how Sir Lancelot slew giants, broke open strong castles, and let the prisoners free, held tournaments with the other Knights of the Round Table and overcame them all, fought with dragons, and was loved of the King Arthur, and she heard how he was called the "Flower of all Knights."

Now at the Vigil of Pentecost the Knights of the Round Table were all assembled at Camelot with the King: and after the holy service the tables were set ready, and then there entered the hall a fair gentlewoman who came before the king and asked for Sir Lancelot. And the king said: "Damsel, GOD thee bless! Yonder you may see him."

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And the damsel said to Sir Lancelot;—"I come from King Pelles, and I conjure you to come hereby into a forest."

"What will you?" asked Sir Lancelot.

"You shall know hereafter," replied the damsel.

And Sir Lancelot went with the fair gentlewoman, and they rode till they came to a forest, and to a great valley, whereby they saw an abbey of nuns. And there came twelve nuns which brought with them Galahad, the which was passing fair and well made that nowhere in the world men might find his match; and all these ladies wept.

"Sir," said the ladies, "we bring you here this child, the which we have nourished, and we pray you to make him a knight; for of more worthier man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood."

Sir Lancelot beheld that young squire, and saw him seemly and demure as a dove, with all manner of good features, that he thought of his age never to have seen so fair a man of form. Then said Sir Lancelot, "Cometh this desire of himself?"

He, and they all said, "Yea."

"Then shall he," said Sir Lancelot, "receive the high order of knighthood as to-morrow at the reverence of the high feast."

That night Sir Lancelot had passing good cheer, and on the morn at the hour of prime at Galahad's desire, he made him knight, and said: "God make thee a good man; for beauty faileth you not as any that liveth."

And now we read of the Sangreal,[1] or Holy Grail. This was a sacred dish of emerald, loved unspeakably by all of the Christian faith, and whoso saw it was healed of their wounds, and they were made holy and were lifted above earthly things, and were "no longer earthly knights and lovers." When the knights heard of the Sangreal, they went forth to seek it with that same courage which had so well become them in the field of battle, and in knightly adventure. But in this search their worldly courage proved quite useless, and here, even Sir Lancelot failed again and again. But the holiest among the knights had caught glimpses of the Sangreal. Sir Gawaine and Sir Bors once saw it afar off. So one day when all the knights and King Arthur were seated at the Round Table, Sir Gawaine arose and made a vow before them all, that he would forsake everything he had in

[1] [The most generally received Legend respecting the mystic Sangreal affirms it to have been the Cup used by our Lord at the Institution of the Holy Eucharist.—Ed. C. C.]

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this world, and go forth in search of the Sangreal, that he might see this holy thing openly. And all the other knights made the same vow. So King Arthur "sorrowed much," at losing his Knights of the Round Table. And he said to Sir Gawaine: "Ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship of the truest of knighthood that ever met in any realm of the world."

Then he said many of them would die in the quest of the Sangreal, and would never meet more in this world, and the tears filled his eyes, and he said of his knights: "I have loved them as well as my life; I have had a custom to have them in my fellowship."

Yet for all the sorrow of the king, the knights departed, their hearts being set on the quest of the Sangreal; and every knight took him the way that him best liked.

And as they journeyed in search of this holy thing, they had bright dreams, and sometimes sorrowful; and they went through many dangers and many disappointments, till some said: "We are well nigh weary of this search." But still they went on their way, and often they thought they were about to find it. Once Sir Lancelot stood at a door waiting and hoping because he knew the Sangreal was on the other side of the door: and he tried to open the door, "but he might not." And he tried again mickle to undo the door. Then he listened and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thing. "And he kneeled down beside the door and prayed. And with that he saw the door open, and there came out a great clearness, that the house was as bright as all the torches of the world had been there." And after this, Sir Lancelot saw more; and other knights who sought, had glimpses of the Sangreal; but he who had seen the least of the battle field, Sir Galahad, the youngest, the most innocent, and the most virtuous of all knights, saw the Sangreal more clearly and openly than they all; and having seen it, the earth grew dim to him and he no longer wished to live. And he was taken out of this world; and the knights greatly mourned Sir Galahad.

So after the quest of the Sangreal was fulfilled, and all the knights that were alive were come again unto the Table Round, there was great joy in the court, and in especial King Arthur and Queen Guenever made great joy of the remnant that was come home; and passing glad was the king and the queen for Sir Lancelot and Sir Bors. For they had been passing long away in the quest of the Sangreal.

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NOTES ON THE PRIMITIVE LITURGIES.[1]

BY DAVID BURNARD JONES.

(*Continued from page* 470.)

IX. (*continued.*) THE LITURGY OF S. JAMES, FROM THE INVOCATION TO THE DISMISSAL.

§ 77. *The Invocation of the Holy Ghost.* In the Syriac version the following occurs after the Great Oblation: "We also, O LORD, sinners and Thy feeble servants, give thanks to Thee, praise Thee, for all and on account of all things." To this the people respond: "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, and we worship Thee, we give thanks to Thee, and pray Thy pardon: O LORD GOD, have mercy upon us, and hear us."

It is not a little curious that this doxology appears in the Liturgies of S. Chrysostom and Greek and Coptic S. Basil. Was it originally in Greek S. James, or did Syriac S. James (Jacobite) borrow from Coptic S. Basil (also Jacobite)? We have already noticed a similar, but fuller passage at the beginning of the Preface in Greek S. James, and its connection with the *Gloria in Excelsis* and a Jewish formula.[2]

Notice another point—the expression "for all and on account of all things," so remarkably like the terms in which the Great Oblation is expressed in the Liturgies of SS. Mark, Chrysostom, Basil, Cyril and Gregory. Can it be that—after Justinian had written around the altar, in letters of gold, the sentence, "We offer unto Thee Thine own, of Thine own,"—it was inserted in those Liturgies, and that S. Chrysostom has retained the older formula from S. James—"offer unto Thee this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice"—in addition to the new one? If the reader will turn to p. 114 of Neale's English edition, he will see what we mean—that the words from "in behalf" to "moreover we," look like an interpolation.

The Syriac rite has also, at this place—after a short commemoration of the B.V.M.—the following exclamation, said by the Deacon:

"How terrible is this hour: how dreadful this time, my beloved, in which the living and holy Spirit comes from the sublime heights of heaven, descends

[1] *Addendum.* P. 466, line 20, after "it occurs" add "at the end of the Great Intercession (from which S. Paul quotes elsewhere,)" in close connection, &c.

[2] Another Jewish prayer, quoted by Freeman, II. p. 294, agrees still more closely with the Liturgy.

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and rests upon this Eucharist which has been placed in the Sanctuary, and sanctifies it. With fear and dread let us stand and pray. The peace and security of GOD the FATHER of us all be with us. Let us shout and say thrice, *Kyrie Eleison.*"

A similar exclamation occurs in the Syro-Jacobite Liturgies, and also, curiously enough, in that of Nestorius. We shall point out a possible significance of this fact when we come to speak of the Edessene family of Liturgies.

After this the Invocation follows, which is expressed in all but identical language in both versions. It is given at pp. 51 and 52, of Neale's Translations, and opens as follows :

"Have mercy on us, O GOD, according to Thy great goodness, and send upon us, and upon these proposed gifts, Thy All-holy Spirit . . . that [He may hallow, &c.]"

We would ask the reader to notice that the passage which occurs where we have placed the three points, is in no way essential to the whole. From this fact, and from the style of the language, we are inclined to think it a (Post-Athanasian) insertion. It is found in the Syriac. It is worth noticing how easily late work may be inserted, and yet not affect the older material, and also how easily it may be detected.[1]

§ 78. *The Great Intercession.* After the Invocation, and the short enumeration of the benefits of Communion, the Great Intercession opens with the words "We offer [them[2]] also to Thee, O LORD, for Thy holy places;" and includes, (1) The places where our LORD dwelt, especially Jerusalem ("Sion"); (2) The Catholic Church; (3) Bishops and Orthodox; (4) Christians travelling by land or sea, suffering persecution, in sickness, "vexed of unclean spirits," in tribulation or distress; (5) The conversion of the erring; (6) Peace in the Church and world; (7) Seasonable weather and fruits; (8) Those who bear fruit and do good deeds; (9) Those who bring oblations; (10) The Celebrant and Deacons; (11) The Saints who have pleased GOD from the beginning of the world, especially the B.V.M.; (12) The faithful departed. It concludes with a petition that the ends of the worshippers' lives may be Christian, well-pleasing to GOD, and blameless.

[1] A long section had been prepared on the quotation in 1 Cor. ii. 9, in accordance with our promise on p. 199. It has been omitted, because more space has already been taken up than the Editor could well spare.

[2] This word is not expressed in the Greek. The Syriac repeats the expression of the Great Oblation, "this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice."

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There are some two or three points which the reader should notice in studying[1] this section of the Liturgy.

In the first place, Mr. Hammond has only marked two cases of verbal agreement with the New Testament in the Greek rite—one consisting of three (strictly *two*) words from 1 Tim. iii. 13; the other a passage ("rightly dividing the word of Thy truth," 2 Tim. ii. 15) which in SS. Mark, James, and Clement always follows the mention of Bishops.

Next, between (11) and (12) in the Greek the Angelic Salutation is inserted and two short addresses to the B.V.M. The merest tyro could tell that they were insertions, from their interruption of the sequence of the Prayer. The thoughts in the last seem, Dr. Neale says, "to be borrowed from the magnificent sermon of S. Proclus, delivered at Constantinople, March 25, A.D. 429."

Then the similarity of certain passages in the Liturgy of S. Mark should be noticed. If one is not borrowed from the other, they must each have retained phrases of an original common norm. For instance, take the following in S. James's:

"Remember, O LORD, Christians that are voyaging, that are journeying, that are in foreign lands, in bonds and in prison, captives, exiles, in mines, and in tortures, and in bitter slavery, our fathers and brethren, ... them that are in sickness or travail, them that are vexed of unclean spirits, that they may be speedily healed and rescued by Thee, O GOD. Remember, LORD, every Christian soul in tribulation and distress, desiring the mercy and succour of Thee, O GOD, and the conversion of the erring."

Compare S. Mark:

"Heal them that are vexed of unclean spirits, them that are in prisons, or in mines, or in courts of justice, or with sentence given against them, or in bitter slavery, or tribute, have mercy on all, free all . . . . To our brethren that have departed from us, or are about to depart, in whatever place, give a fair journey, whether by land or rivers, or lakes, or highways. . . . . Remember, O LORD, every Christian soul in affliction and trouble, that needs the mercy and succour of GOD, and the conversion of them that have wandered."

We have already spoken of coincidences between this Liturgy and the First Epistle of S. Clement. We may now add that the second chapter of that Epistle contains a great many liturgical allusions. It

[1] Of course we presume the reader possesses Neale and Littledale's *Translations* before mentioned. We can only quote a sentence here and there.

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opens with the expression, "Being furnished with the *viaticum* of GOD," a word which, although not Scriptural, nor of common occurrence, S. Clement uses without comment, as if familiar to his readers. And as Mr. Moultrie points out, it is not a little curious that it occurs in the sense of *viaticum of life* in the Liturgies of S. Mark and S. James. (He might have added in S. Basil also.) The word is also used by S. Clement of Alexandria, between two quotations from Scripture.[1] And the fact of its application by the Liturgies to the Holy Eucharist raises a presumption that such may be its reference here. This presumption is strengthened by the term παθήματα (pathēmata) applied to our LORD'S sufferings, reminding us of the expression παθημάτων (pathematōn) of the Great Oblation—"Remembering His *Passion*." Then, after mentioning the ardent longing for good deeds, S. Clement proceeds to say: "A full effusion of the HOLY GHOST was upon all," a phrase suggestive of the Invocation of the HOLY GHOST. And, most curiously, within the bounds of that and the Great Intercession which follows, "all the principal phrases and more than all the leading ideas" of the chapter occur—a fact which, taken in connection with the coincidences in chaps. XXXIII.—XXXV., seems to us to be, if mere chance, nothing short of miraculous. The passages are too long for quotation, but will be found in Mr. Moultrie's Essay.

One expression in the Liturgy, to which we must call attention, is this: "Have pity, LORD, on all; *be reconciled to all of us*." This is particularly remarkable, as an instance of independent theological language. S. Paul, in 2 Cor. v. 20, says, "Be ye reconciled to GOD," the Liturgy has, "Be Thou reconciled to us." The same aspect of the reconciliation is dwelt upon in the Clementine Liturgy, and in the Easter Illation or Preface—which Dr. Neale says is manifestly coeval with S. Augustine—of the Milanese Liturgy. When, therefore, we find S. Clement, in both his second and forty-eighth chapters, using the same expression, and in connection with words occurring in or suggestive of the same part of the Liturgy, it is a strong corroboration of the theory that his exhortations were designedly expressed so as to call up the words of the Liturgy to the faithful, and strengthen his plea for unity, of which that Liturgy was the sign and the means. His words are: "*Supplicating Him that becoming propitious* He may *be reconciled to us*." And just be-

[1] ἐφόδιον ζωῆς ἀΐδιον, *Strom.* iv. 6, 33. The Liturgies have ἐφόδιον ζωῆς αἰωνίου.

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low: "[Blessed are all they] who *direct their way* in *holiness* and *righteousness*, *bringing* all their work *to its end* without confusion." And in the next chapter (xlix.): "In love all *the elect* of GOD were *made perfect*. Apart from love, nothing is *well-pleasing to God*." He had said in Chap. ii.: "Supplicating Him to become propitious," and joined to it expressions found in the Liturgy.

The Great Intercession contains, at its close, the following clause: "Remember, O LORD, every just spirit *made perfect* in the faith . . . And *direct*, LORD, O LORD, in peace *the ends of our lives*, so as to be Christian,[1] and *well-pleasing to Thee*, and blameless; *collecting us under the feet of Thine elect*, when Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt, only without shame and offence:[2] through . . . . JESUS CHRIST; for He alone without sin (ὁ μόνος ἀναμάρτητος) hath appeared on the earth."

This is referred to by S. Jerome (c. A.D. 378,) when he says: "Daily the voices of priests celebrate '*ho monos anamartetos*.'" Both in the Greek and Syriac this is said by the priest.

After petitions for acceptance and forgiveness recited between Priest, Deacon, and people, the Great Intercession closes with a doxology and the phrase, "now and ever and to all ages. *People*. Amen."

§ 79. *The Lord's Prayer*. The Priest then says, "Peace be with all," and the usual response is given. (It is worth noticing, that while the Roman alone has the actual *Kiss* of Peace at this point,[3] several rites have the salutation; as, e.g., S. James, Greek and Syriac, S. Mark, the Nestorian, &c. The Mozarabic has simply a *Dominus vobiscum*.) Then follows, after a short *Ektené*, the Preface to the LORD'S Prayer, the connection of which with S. Clement's Epistle, and with the Epistle to the Colossians, we have already pointed out. In the Syriac rite, instead of the *Ektené*, the Deacon makes a long exhortation, called the *Catholica*. While he is doing this the Priest makes a fraction, &c.

The mention of "boldness" or "confidence" being given to the worshippers, occurs in almost every rite which retains the LORD'S Prayer itself.

In the Liturgies of S. James, Mark, Chrysostom, Basil, and Adæus,

[1] Cf. S. Mark, Syriac S. James, and S. Cyril.

[2] Readers of Bp. Andrewes will recognise this passage.

[3] The LORD'S Prayer was formerly said *after* the Fraction. Its present position is due to S. Gregory.

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as also in the Armenian, Indian (Malabar), and Gallican rites, the Prayer is said by all the people. The Coptic rites seem to imply the same custom. In the Mozarabic the people respond "Amen" to each clause (except that for "daily bread," to which they reply: "For Thou art our GOD;") and the Roman, alone, apparently, of all Liturgies, confines it to the Priest, the people responding: "But deliver us from evil," an arrangement which was also adopted in the Sarum Use and first Reformed Prayer Book. The Clementine Liturgy has not the prayer at all, and the Ethiopic not till after Communion, and then without the usual *Preface* and *Embolismus*, properly so called.

The *Embolismus* is all but universal. Its literal meaning is an "intercalation" or "insertion." It consists of an amplification of the sentence "Deliver us from evil," applying it to Satan, the evil one. See § 32.

Mr. Freeman considers that the original position of the LORD'S Prayer was at the beginning of the Liturgy, and that it was probably removed to its present position in the second century, at the time of the rise of the *Disciplina Arcani*. It seems to us more likely that the LORD'S Prayer was said at both places. Mr. Freeman argues that the Western *Litany* is simply a development of the Embolismus, a point upon which we cannot now dwell.

§ 80. *From the Prayer of the Inclination to the Communion.* After the *Embolismus* the Salutation "Peace be," &c., is again given, after which the Deacon exclaims, "Let us bow our heads to the LORD," and the people respond, "To Thee, O LORD." Then follows the *Prayer of Inclination*, or of Intense Adoration, or, as it may be equally well called, a *Prayer of Humble Access*. And to it our own prayer of that name very exactly corresponds, as it did in 1549 in actual position.

This is followed by some ritual acts, which we have alluded to in § 57, but which it will be well to dwell upon, as the rubrics, as we have them, are not clear, and also because several very important matters are connected with them.

We number the various actions.

"(1.) *The Priest lifting up the Gift, says privately:*

"Holy LORD, Who restest in the holies, ... receive the pure hymn in Thy holy and spotless Sacrifices, with the Cherubim and Seraphim, and from me a sinner, crying aloud and saying, (*aloud*) THE HOLY THINGS TO THE HOLY.

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"*People.* One Holy, one LORD, one JESUS CHRIST, in the glory of GOD the FATHER, to Whom be glory for ever and ever."

Then follows what appears to be the final clause of a Deacon's *ektené*, which Bishop Rattray considers to be misplaced. The service proceeds thus:

"(2.) *Then the Priest breaks* (κλᾷ) *the Loaf, and holds half in his right hand and half in his left. And he dips that in his right hand in the chalice, saying:*

"The union of the all-holy Body and the precious Blood of our LORD and GOD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

"(3.) *And he signs with a cross that in his left hand; then with this which has been signed he signs the other half: and immediately he begins to divide* (μελίζειν) (*the Loaf,*) *and to distribute it before all into each chalice, saying:*

"It is united and sanctified and perfected in the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST, now and ever.

"(4.) *And when he signs the Loaf, he says:*

"Behold the Lamb of GOD, the SON of the FATHER, Which taketh away the sin of the world, slain for the world's life and salvation.

"(5.) *And when he distributes a single portion into each chalice, he says:*

"A holy portion of CHRIST, full of grace and truth, of the FATHER and the HOLY GHOST, to Whom be the glory and the might for ever and ever.

"(6.) *Then he begins to divide* (μελίζειν,) *and to say:*

"The LORD is my Shepherd, &c., Ps. xxiii., and Pss. xxxiv., cxlv., and cxvii."

A comparison of the different Liturgical families seems to give the following results.—(*a*) The forms of words in (2) and (3) appear so frequently in connexion with the commixture as to lead to the inference that they must be primitive. (*b*) The Intinction and Consignation are peculiar to the Syro-Jacobite and Nestorian Liturgies, and to Greek and Syriac S. James. We may therefore conclude that after the Fraction, and at the Commixture, the Priest said, "The union," &c., and then, having dropped the fragment into the chalice, he added, "It is united and sanctified," &c. We may infer that when the developments of the Commixture, the Intinction and Consignation, had become general in the East, and were introduced into the Liturgy, they were not allowed to disturb the existing direction, but were introduced in an awkwardly worded rubric (4). And again, when (5) was introduced, the original direction (3) was allowed to remain.

The changes which the two forms of words at (2) and (3) have undergone are well worth studying. The first is found in all the Western

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rites, but developed into a prayer. In the Syriac and Nestorian rites the word *union* has been altered into *signed* and *sprinkled*. Of the second form, the first term, *united*, appears in the Nestorian, Syriac and Coptic rites, (and adapted in these last to express the union of the Divine and Human Natures in CHRIST,—some even forcing it into the service of heresy;) while its second, *sanctified and perfected*, appears in S. Mark, the Nestorian, S. Chrysostom, the Armenian, and also in the Roman, where it has been incorporated with the first, and now exists in that peculiar phrase which has caused, we believe, a good deal of perplexity—"May this mixture *and consecration* of the Body and Blood of our LORD JESUS CHRIST be to us that receive it effectual to eternal life."

These various changes seem to us to indicate two things,—(1.) The very early date at which the meaning of the Commixture was lost; and (2.) That the Greek S. James most nearly retains the original formula.

The first clear reference to the rite appears in the eighteenth canon of the fourth Council of Toledo, A.D. 633, which contains the following: "But after the LORD'S Prayer and *the union* (*conjunctionem*) *of the Bread and the Cup*, let the blessing upon the people follow," &c.

The Elevation and Fraction of the Bread are undoubtedly primitive rites. Upon the former point such writers as Bona, Freeman,[1] Scudamore and Littledale are agreed. Freeman speaks of it as "derived visibly from the Jewish heaving of the peace-offering." In the Mosaic rites the chief portions of the sacrifice were "waved before the LORD," but the one choicest part of all was "heaved up" towards heaven. And the practice is found so commonly in heathen rites, as to point to an origin in the very earliest ages. Thus the Greeks in their sacrifices under the walls of Troy are said to have "lifted up the barley-cakes."[2]

The Commixture has given Ritualists some trouble. Its origin has been ascribed to a desire to express the Risen Life of our LORD, as the Fraction expresses His Death, but the oldest rites do not express this idea. Others ascribe it to the custom of administering the Body and Blood together, by means of a spoon. Its universal prevalence,

[1] Freeman and Scudamore do not allow any connection between the Eastern and Roman rite of Elevation.

[2] Iliad, II. 410.

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however, indicates that its origin is to be looked for far deeper in the Eucharistic Mystery. Our LORD's Sacrifice was a twofold act,—His personal self-consecration, the real sacrifice of Himself, and its external manifestation before the world by the lifting up on the Cross, the mystical fraction of His Body in death, and the pouring forth of His Blood. This distinction is clearly typified in the Mosaic ritual. The burnt-offerings of the Law were followed by the "meat-offering" of flour mingled with oil, and finally by the "drink-offering" of "the strong wine to be poured unto the LORD." The ceremony of the cup of wine was regarded as the climax of the sacrificial rite, so that it was the signal to the worshippers for special jubilant adoration, accompanied with the blowing of trumpets and loud acclamation.[1] (See Ecclus. l. 14—21.) It was the same at the Institution of the Eucharist,—the Bread was offered, consecrated and administered as the central act of the rite, the Wine "after Supper." It was, however, necessary afterwards that the two species should be offered, consecrated and administered together. Thus the double aspect of the Sacrifice—its secret consecration before GOD, and its open manifestation before men—must be represented in a different way, or not at all. The former alternative has been preferred, and we find in the Liturgies certain usages by which the desired meaning is expressed. The act of Consecration corresponds to our LORD'S perfect self-immolation; the Elevation to the lifting up of His Body on the Cross; His Death is represented by the Fraction of the Sacrifice; and the shedding of Blood and Water from His Body —the climax of the Sacrifice—by the Commixture of a fragment of the Sacrifice in the chalice.

The Commixture, therefore, is the representative of the ancient drink-offering, which was the completion of the sacrifice in both Jewish and Gentile rites. Since the cup cannot be consecrated at the end of the rite, and added or united to the sacrifice, it is so united in another way. The ceremony is the completion of the great act of consecration.

[1] "No sacrifice of old, Jewish or Gentile, was held to be complete until the *wine* had been poured out upon it. Then it was that, on Jewish Festival days, the crash of trumpets announced the overthrow of the hosts of the Prince of the power of the air, as now" (that is, at our LORD'S consecration of the Cup, *after* Supper) "the like 'pouring out' was duly accompanied by the great Epinikion" (Triumph-song) "of Divine victory, 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Then it was too that, in the Gentile ritual, the 'immolation' effected by the breaking of the bread was ennobled and crowned by the 'mactation,' or plenteous outpouring of the wine."—*Freeman, Principles of Divine Service*, II. p. 372.

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§ 81. *The Communion.* After the ceremonies of Commixture, &c., are finished, the Deacon says: "Sir, bless." The priest then blesses, saying: "The LORD shall bless us and keep us without condemnation for the communion of His spotless gifts, now and ever, and to all ages." The Deacon says again: "Sir, bless." The priest blesses, as follows: "The LORD shall bless us and make us to receive with the pure tongs of our fingers the burning coal, and to place it in the mouths of the faithful, for the purification and renewal of their souls and bodies, now and ever." The allusion here is to Is. vi. 6, 7; a passage which we find other Liturgies using in the same connection. The priest then proceeds to say, "O taste and see that the LORD is good: He that is broken, and not divided, distributed to the faithful, and not consumed, for the remission of their sins and eternal life."

This last passage should be noticed, as being a flat contradiction of Mr. Freeman's assertion that the Liturgies never speak of CHRIST as present, but His Body and Blood. By his own showing, his theory supposes a variance between the Liturgies and the Fathers, a fact which alone would make that theory a difficult one to accept. But as a matter of fact there are expressions in the Liturgies which quite agree with the Fathers. If it is said that they are late insertions, we reply that they are found in each family of Liturgies. Besides, it seems to us that they are but the putting into plainer language what is implied in the *Benedictus*, which occurs in every important rite, and which in the Hierosolymitan family is sung just before reception.

This prayer being finished the priest receives, first saying the following prayer:

"LORD our GOD, the Heavenly Bread, the Life of the world, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am not worthy to partake of Thy spotless mysteries: but do Thou, Who art a compassionate GOD, make me worthy by Thy grace to communicate without condemnation in the Holy Body and precious Blood, for the remission of sins, and eternal life."

After this the Deacon who takes up the first paten, says: "Sir, bless;" adding,—after the Priest has said, "Glory to GOD, Who hath sanctified, and sanctifies us all"—"Set up Thyself, O GOD, above the heavens, and Thy glory above all the earth; and Thy kingdom remaineth for ever and ever." The priest says, "Blessed be the name of our GOD for ever." The Communion of the people follows, the Deacon first exclaiming, "With the fear of GOD, and faith, and love,

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draw near;" and the people responding; "Blessed be He that cometh in the Name of the LORD."

No words of Administration are enjoined in the Greek rite, but the kindred Clementine has "The Body of CHRIST;" and "The Blood of CHRIST, the Cup of Life;" the communicant responding to each, "Amen." In the Syriac the Priest says at his own communion the following prayer: "Grant, O LORD, that our bodies may be sanctified by Thy Holy Body, and our souls purified by Thy propitiatory Blood; and may they (*scil.*, the Body and Blood) be for pardon of offences, and remission of our sins: O LORD GOD, glory be to Thee for ever." Then he distributes the Eucharist to the Priests, (*Sacerdotibus*) Deacons, then to the laics, saying: "The Body and Blood of our LORD JESUS CHRIST is given to thee for pardon of offences, and remission of sins in each world." During the Communion the Deacon makes the exclamation, "My brethren, receive the Body of the SON, saith (*clamat*) the Church: Drink His Blood with faith, and sing glory: this is the Cup which our LORD mixed upon the wood of the cross: mortals, approach, drink of it, for the remission of offences. Alleluia, and praise be to Him, of Whom His flock drinks, and follows purity."

S. Cyril of Jerusalem (A.D. 348,) tells us that in his time the Bread was received in the hollow palm of the right hand, supported in the left as a throne, and the Chalice with the lips alone, not being touched with the hands.

"Approaching, therefore, come not with thy wrists extended, or thy fingers open; but make thy left hand as it were a throne for thy right,[1] which is on the eve of receiving the King; and having hollowed thy palm, receive the Body of CHRIST, saying after It, 'Amen.' Give heed lest thou lose any of It, for what thou losest is a loss to thee as from thine own members.[2] Then approach to the cup of His Blood, not stretching forth thy hands, but bending, and saying in the way of worship and religious ceremonial, 'Amen,' be thou hallowed also by partaking of the Blood of CHRIST."

§ 82. *The Thanksgiving and Dismissal.* The Communion is followed, in the Syriac rite, by a *Prayer of Thanksgiving*, the *Pax*, a Benediction, and a Psalm varying with the season. The Greek rite has some

[1] "Placing our hands in the form of a cross, let us receive the Body of the Crucified."—*S. John Damascene*, De Fid. Orthodox., bk. iv. c. 14.

[2] "Calicis aut panis etiam nostri, aliquid decuti in terram anxie patimur."—*Tertullian*, De Corona, c. iii.

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exclamations, a Deacon's Litany and some prayers by the Priest, the *Pax* and response. The Office proper ends (though two or three prayers are added) in this way: "*Deacon.* In the peace of CHRIST let us chant. In the peace of CHRIST let us depart. *People.* In the Name of the LORD: LORD, bless us."

(*To be continued.*)

Reviews and Notices.

Daily Bread, (Liverpool: Whitford and Co.,) is the title of a somewhat obscure pamphlet by one who thoroughly holds the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. The object of the writer is to prove that as the Eucharist is the Antitype of the Morning and Evening Sacrifice, it should be received twice daily, and that these Communions may still be Fasting Communions, according to the proper meaning of the term.

The friends of the late Mr. Gresley,—and they were many,—will be glad to possess a small volume containing a "Selection" of his last thoughts, which were painfully occupied with *The Scepticism of the Nineteenth Century.* (Masters.) Prefixed is a meagre Memoir by the Rev. S. C. Austen, which does not contain so much as a complete list of his writings, and makes no mention of the work to which, in common with his friend Archdeacon Churton, he devoted some of the best years of his life,—the Editing of "The Englishman's Library," a series containing volumes by Archdeacon and Bishop Wilberforce, Massingberd, Churton, Mr. Gresley himself, Sewell, Neale, Paget, and others who took an important share in the Revival of the last forty years. Nevertheless it does justice to the great amiability and simplicity of his character. There is also a Photograph representing him as he appeared in his later years.

The Rev. C. J. Elliott thought it expedient a short time since to try and fan the expiring embers of the attack on Cuddesden College by assailing a little book called "The Communicant's Manual," which was published *ten years* ago, with a Preface by Canon King, when he was Principal. Dr. King has now issued a Reply, (Parker,) which, if anything can, ought to fill Mr. Elliott with shame. His attack was in many ways most unfair, and the Canon plainly shows that the difference between them, when divested of all things said *ad augendam invidiam*, is shortly this,—Mr. Elliott during a long ministry, has never attempted to carry out the rule of the Prayer Book, as given in the Communion Service and the Visitation of the Sick,—and Canon King has. In other words, Dr. King is the "faithful Priest," and Mr. Elliott the unfaithful one. Controversies of this kind must open the eyes of people.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran's *Daily Remembrancer* differs from some other similar publications by commemorating the Saints of the Anglican Kalendar.

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The selection of poetry shows somewhat of favouritism, (thus no single verse by Isaac Williams is given,) but in a general way the extracts are well chosen, and the volume is very nicely got up.

The question of "Copyright" appears to be exercising a good deal of interest at the present time, and Mr. Macfie has published a considerable volume (Edinburgh: Clarke) advocating an international system, according to which, in lieu of copyright, publishers may reproduce any work after it is about one year old, by the payment of *Royalty* to the author. In this way it is supposed that editions of English works would be published simultaneously by many firms in Great Britain and Ireland, in the United States and Canada, in India and Australia, and would secure a much wider circulation, and a better return to the author. The subject is a very interesting one.

From Messrs. Masters we have received a very nice little book of *Meditations*, selected by Viscountess Hood. 'A Kempis, Bps. Wilson and Hall, De Sales, and Bossuet, and all the best devotional writers are made to contribute to it.

We are glad to see a new edition of the *Pocket Manual of Prayers*, (Masters,) originally published by Mr. Brett. They contain the Seven Hours of Prayer in a very simple form, together with various supplementary Devotions.

We quite give the managers of the Church of England Sunday School Institute credit for good intentions, but when they touch on doctrine, either from want of theological knowledge, or else because the Society is necessarily founded on a compromise, their publications become quite untrustworthy. *The Catechism on the Church Catechism* is remarkably faulty. Thus the word "generally," which both in the Bible and Prayer Book, without any exception, means by or for *all*, is here said to be equivalent to *usually*. The old mistake about *Sacrament* being derived from Sacramentum, a military oath, and the Sunday being the Christian Sabbath, are repeated. Again, the Eucharist is said to be called the LORD'S Supper (it is really not so called in Scripture) because it was appointed at the LORD'S (last) Supper. In other words, the meal and the Sacrament have the same name!

Correspondence.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of the Correspondents.*]

To the Editor of the Churchman's Companion.

Answers.

ANCIENT LITURGIES.

SIR,—At the risk of wearying your readers with what must seem like a mere attempt of two controversialists to display their superior learning, and to have the last word, I must beg space for as brief a reply to your correspondent's second letter as his many misrepresen-

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tations will allow. One of these occurs in the very first line, for I surely made it plain in my first reply that I was not merely "*not quite* convinced," but not convinced at all. And this is my position still.

With regard to the use of the vocative by the Liturgy, I do not admit that because S. Paul *need* not change such to a nominative, it follows that he *did* not, in the present instance. Such is merely the "*sequitur* of an individual theorist," an unproved "may be." So, too, the "demonstrated grammaticalness" is totally beside the question. I do not say, that the verse has no connection with its context, but—and this point I do not see that PHILALETHES has disproved—that the *ha ophthalmos*, taken in connection with the *kathos gegraptai* immediately preceding it, indicates a literal quotation, a fragment taken bodily from its context. In support of this, though I think this of itself ought to suffice, I adduce the fact that the twenty-eight (I now correct this to twenty-nine) other quotations which are introduced in this way by S. Paul, are either actually or substantially verbal, either from the Greek or Hebrew, or from both, the few apparent exceptions being supported by some existing various readings. The reasons (or some of them) for believing that the Liturgy, and not Isaiah, is the source, I have already stated.

For this reason I do not think it necessary to examine places where S. Paul does not use this formula, "It is written," but either some other, or none at all. Of the fourteen cases cited by PHILALETHES, eight are of this kind. Of the remaining six, the four following, viz., 1 Cor. i. 19, 1 Cor. iii. 20, Gal. iii. 10, and Rom. xiv. 11, are substantially verbal, your correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding. The other two, Rom. xi. 26, and 1 Cor. xiv. 21, are supported by various texts.

In the next section your correspondent has taken up a position exactly contradictory to that of his former letter. *Then* he stated that S. Paul quoted Isaiah, but, as he expresly said, "only the general idea." *Now* he tells us that it is a verbal quotation, but from the Hebrew. Which of these two very opposite pronouncements are we to accept? And why, if the latter be the correct one, did he make the other? Why, too, did he take the trouble of bringing in a number of texts supposed to show that "the quotation is as exact as others in S. Paul?"

But, even giving him his appeal to the Hebrew, it will not serve his turn. It would have been all very well if I had said that there was no *connection* between Isa. lxiv. 4 and the passage in the Epistle and the Liturgy. But I have not said this. But as it is this close connection of sense—and nothing more than this—that PHILALETHES proves, the question still remains—Did S. Paul or the Liturgist throw the passage into the form in which they both have it? For that form is not identical with Isa. lxiv. 4 (Hebrew) how closely soever it may agree with it in sense. Your correspondent himself admits this with regard to one expression, and really implies it with regard to two others. "His *ous ouk ekouse*," he says, "is a natural rendering," &c. Of course there is all the difference between a *natural* rendering and an *exact* rendering. The naturalness of a rendering may be a mere matter of opinion—a point to which I shall return directly. "His *ophthalmos ouk eide* is the exact Greek of Isaiah's *gnain lo raathah*." Here your correspondent has fallen into the old error of "unadvisedly ignoring" the word *ha*. Where did S. Paul get the *ha* from? Assuredly not from the Hebrew, nor yet from the Greek.

I am justified, then, I think, in saying that the appeal to the Hebrew will not answer my objection that 1 Cor. ii. 9, is not "anything like a *verbal* quotation of Isaiah." And I have good authority for thinking so. Bishop Lowth says: "S. Paul is generally supposed to have quoted this passage of Isaiah, 1 Cor. ii. 9: and Clemens Romanus in his First Epistle has made the same

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quotation, very nearly in the same words with the Apostle. But the citation is *so very different, both from the Hebrew text and* the Version of the LXX., that it seems very difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile them by any literal emendation, without going beyond the bounds of temperate criticism." I set this opinion against that of the "natural rendering," alluded to above.

A word about the *tou aionos*. When I produce coincidences, certainly not a whit slighter than this (in my own opinion not so slight) between the Liturgy and Isaiah, they are rejected as "baseless," while this forsooth is to be taken as "connectional evidence, which itself proves that the Apostle is quoting Isaiah's verse, the expression reminded him of it." What difference is there between the two? Simply, it seems to me, that one was convenient, the other not. I may add that the expression rather makes against the theory that S. Paul goes to the Hebrew.

But cannot these two sets of coincidences be *both* accepted? I think they can—in this way. The *tou aionos*, I can readily believe, brought to mind the passage Isaiah lxiv. 4. But the Apostle, knowing how the Liturgy improved upon it, took his *wording* from that. And this theory has in its favour that it accounts for the connection between both the Liturgy and the following verses in the Epistle. (Of course, I do not offer this as proof, that depends upon the *kathôs gegraptai—ha ophthalmos*. I say this because a similar remark in my former letter has been misrepresented.)

I do not quite know what to think of the next argument. Because S. Clement quotes 1 Cor. ii. 9, with Isaiah's ending (a very easy thing to do, especially if quoting *memoriter*,) therefore S. Paul did not quote the Liturgy! I do not see that it follows at all. It only shows, at the most, that the ending in Isaiah suited S. Clement's purpose, and I am not sure that it shows even that.

But, in truth, the real significance of the quotation of 1 Cor. ii. 9 in S. Clement's 1 Ep. ad Cor. cap. xxxiv. is so entirely lost sight of by your correspondent, and makes so strongly against his view, that I am obliged to him for bringing it so prominently forward. He did indeed allude to it before, but in a note, and without attempting to base any argument upon it, so I let it go, from lack of space to deal with it properly.

The really significant feature, then, of the quotation is, that it is one of some six or seven, all of which are found in the same part of the Liturgy. Further, not only does S. Clement quote such passages—and only such—as are found in the Liturgy, but he connects them by Liturgical expressions. Nor is this all, for the very next chapter contains a number of coincidences with the *Prayer before the Lord's Prayer*, which occurs a little further on. These quotations cannot have been borrowed from S. Clement, for one of them is the *Sanctus*.

Your correspondent also alludes to a passage in the Acts of the Martyrdom of S. Polycarp. But this does not show either that S. Paul quoted the Liturgy or the Liturgy S. Paul. The way in which the ear is put before the eye would seem to indicate that the passage is quoted *memoriter*.

Whatever, too, the so-called *Second Epistle of S. Clement* may be, it is undoubtedly very ancient. Now the eleventh chapter contains some language which appears to come from chap. xxiii. of the First Epistle, and this is followed by two quotations which occur in Chap. xxxiv., the second being the famous one from 1 Cor. ii. 9. But here, as in the Acts of S. Polycarp, the ear is put before the eye. The curious thing, however, about these passages is that they connect the passage with the Second Advent, thus reminding one of the Liturgy rather than the Epistle.

After this we are told that it is curious to find me, while objecting to S. Paul's taking the verse from Isaiah, that he differs from LXX., yet assuming the Liturgy's doing so, because it appears to borrow, and does actually borrow, from Isaiah. I confess that I cannot see the

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point of this part of the letter. I say that S. Paul's quotation is "very different" from Isa. lxiv. 4. I say that the context of the Liturgy appears to borrow, and point out that the fact strengthens my theory. I fail to see what inconsistency there is here. Again, I conceive that when the LXX. has *me athetesosi*, and the Liturgy *me athetesēs* there is a real verbal connection, and one which justifies my bringing forward the other coincidences of phrase and idea, and in holding that my argument is anything but baseless. Neither will the cavil about the words *poieo* and *upomenousin* avail. How does PHILALETHES know that the Liturgist *did* only use the LXX.? And what does he mean by saying "have given the rare rendering by *hetoimazo*?" I do not quite see the force of the word "by." If he means that whereas the LXX. has *poieo*, the Liturgy has *hetoimazo*, then I say that the objection applies with equal force to S. Paul's use of the word. And the same remark applies to the change of the word *upomenousin*. And as for the supposed awkwardness of the application of the passage—a point which is made much of in the former letter, but which I passed over as not being any argument at all—I really cannot see it, nor can I see that it really affects the question. It *is* so applied, and is the only place which can be produced as the original of the confessed quotation in 1 Cor. ii. 9. That is the point which has to be considered, and which, I hold, the awkwardness, real or supposed, does not affect.

The fact that the Liturgy of S. Mark has the passage, and supplies a different antecedent to the relative *ha*, is next adduced as convincing proof that both that and S. James quoted S. Paul, because the former being, according to me, as primitive and independent as the latter, neither can have borrowed from the other. There are two fallacies here, —first, the assertion that S. Mark, because of independent origin, cannot have been afterwards affected by S. James; secondly, the assumption that because S. Mark may have quoted S. Paul, therefore S. Paul could not have got his own quotation from the Liturgy of S. James. With regard to the first, I may remark that there is very good reason indeed to believe that the Liturgy of S. Mark, as we have it, has been affected by that of S. James, and your correspondent will find one example in the present number of this Magazine, to which I add, that not only S. Mark, but Coptic S. Gregory and S. Cyril borrow one passage at least from S. James, and that a passage which is *not* borrowed by S. Mark. S. Basil (Greek) also, has a reference to 1 Cor. ii. 9, which is probably borrowed from S. James: "That we also . . . . may become partakers of *Thine eternal good things*, which Thou hast prepared for them that love Thee." (Neale's Translations, p. 142.) Thus it is quite likely that S. Mark may have borrowed the passage from S. James.

But, even if the passage is taken directly from S. Paul, it by no means follows that S. Paul could not have taken his from the Liturgy of S. James. To assert that it does follow is simply absurd. Then look at the two cases carefully, and it will be seen that there is a very great difference between them. The context of the passage in S. James shows a connexion, both with the context of Isaiah and with that of the Epistle; the context in S. Mark does not.

I am next accused of hanging important matters on an unsupported "may-be." Had your correspondent been less eager to score a point against me, he would have seen that I did nothing of the kind; whereas he has first misrepresented me, and then indulged in a mark of admiration. What I said, and say, is, that the words "among many other citations from the New Testament, quotes Col. ii. 14," involve an entire *petitio principii*. And in the present number of this periodical I have shown that the context favours the Liturgy. In short, why I so repeatedly said "may-be," was that I desired to take the lowest ground—that my theory

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was at least as good as my opponent's. I desired to claim the least, and not the most, that I was entitled to, and the result will not encourage me to do the like again. I did *not* offer these "may-be's" for more than they were worth. One of them, I confess, I think very important—the similarity of the opening language of the Preface to the prayer quoted in my June article from the Jewish Passover, (and I might have shown a still closer resemblance in a prayer of the Sabbath Eve Service,) since it shows, I believe, that those words, at least, "are co-eval with the inspired Apostles,"—but that is not a "may-be." I may remark in passing with reference to what your correspondent seems to imply about the sign of quoting, &c., that S. Paul does not always give such sign, and that your correspondent's language generally forbids the assumption that *he*, at any rate, is "a dispassionate reader of this Liturgy." On the contrary, it is I think pretty clear that he is not,—he does not like its doctrine; and therefore endeavours to depreciate both its age and authority, precisely as Dr. Colenso and others endeavour to depreciate the Pentateuch or the Athanasian Creed. I may add that the Rev. E. F. Willis, in his learned Eirenicon on the *Sacrificial Aspect of the Eucharist*, speaking of the question under discussion, says, among other things, "What is specially to be noticed here is, that these words, as they occur in the Liturgies, naturally fit into the context; but, as quoted by S. Paul, they are quite apart from their context, so much so, that he actually begins his quotation *with a relative to which there is no antecedent. To find the antecedent we must turn to the Liturgy*. This, according to ordinary rules of textual criticism, is in itself sufficient to decide that S. Paul quotes from the Liturgy, and not *vice versa*." The italics are the author's.

We are told, too, that "the citation of the same words several times by the Liturgy is a token of its non-originality." Most persons, I think, would regard it as a token of the exact opposite. But what are the two expressions adduced as specimens? The first is: "Hallow our souls, bodies, and spirits." This occurs in different parts of the Liturgy four times, besides the cases in which the "souls and bodies" are mentioned without the "spirits." S. Paul in 1 Thess. v. 23, says: "And the very GOD of peace sanctify you wholly; and *I pray God* your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our LORD JESUS CHRIST." Now it is rather bold to assert that because these four words are the same in both, the Liturgy must be borrowing from the Epistle. The words are of such a kind, surely, as might have been used in Christian worship from the very first, and so S. Paul might be merely using a current phrase. It is perhaps not without its significance that the Liturgy always observes the same order, which is not that of the Apostle. But even if the phrase had been borrowed from the Epistle, would it follow that the passage "Eye hath not seen," &c., is? I say it would not, and for this reason. The Liturgy was in use down to the tenth century, or even later, and since all that time it was liable to be enriched from Scripture, the insertion of such passages is no proof that another passage is so added. It is a question of evidence. The same remark applies to the phrase, "For our own sins and the ignorances of the people." But as I have pointed out elsewhere, there is good reason to believe that this last is one of a number of phrases and passages which are borrowed from the Liturgy. I may add, as against the statement that the repetition of a phrase is a proof of quotation, that it is usual for writers to have certain phrases which they frequently repeat, and that the Liturgies are no exception to the rule. I believe that I could give several instances, but one will suffice. The word *philanthropia*, love to man, abounds in the Liturgies as an attribute of GOD. It occurs, in that sense, *once* in the New Testament, in Titus iii. 4, and then the context contains other expressions which

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point to the same part of the Liturgy as that in which the "Eye hath not seen," &c., is found, thus showing that your correspondent's theory is utterly wrong in one instance at least. It is also a very strong argument indeed for the Liturgical origin of the quotation in 1 Cor. ii. 9, and as such I have used it elsewhere.

Your correspondent's statement, that the Liturgy culls freely from the Epistle to the Hebrews, would require a separate letter to answer. He will find some of the reasons for the opposite view stated in my article in the present number of this Magazine and a more detailed examination of the question in the article from which those reasons are taken, which appeared in the *Union Review* for 1872, and is entitled "*The Epistle to the Hebrews and the Liturgy of S. James.*" And as to his other remark, I may observe that Dr. Neale's explanation of the difficult passage is none the less the true one for not being discovered till so lately, and that one would imagine, from his tone, that it was some heathen document that S. Paul was represented as quoting, instead of a Christian Liturgy. I may add that he is incorrect in stating that Dr. Neale based his theory on the LXX. alone. He quoted the LXX. because the Liturgy and Epistle are in Greek, as the LXX. is. But he also quoted Bp. Lowth's statement as to the Hebrew.

I have given reasons elsewhere for believing that the outline of the Liturgy is Apostolic. I have nowhere stated that the Liturgy was transmitted other than orally. My own *opinion* is that at first the Liturgy was written—and it is only an opinion; but if your correspondent thinks that there is any inconsistency in holding that S. Paul could quote an unwritten Liturgy—well, he must think so. I do not—and better scholars than I, do not. I may add, that I do not consider that it has ever been proved that the Liturgy was not committed to writing. For instance, the quotation from S. Basil is not, I think, at all conclusive. I believe that the whole point of S. Basil's language is that some things are lawful in the Church, although not part of the "Word written"—the Bible. He expressly mentions the "Apostle"—meaning the writings of S. Paul—and the Gospel; so that he is really doing nothing more than upholding Church tradition as against the notion that "the Bible and the Bible only" is of authority in the Church. The passage is too long for quotation, but that is how I understand it. And I think, too, your correspondent is incorrect upon another point. He puts in brackets, (intending doubtless, to save space by giving the Saint's *meaning*) the words "of the Liturgy." But I think that is really more than the words will bear. S. Basil is arguing, as I said, for the lawfulness of certain practices for which no authority can be adduced beyond the tradition of the Church. Among others he remembers that a certain well-known formula is not found in the writings of any Saint. And he asks, accordingly: "Which of the Saints left us in writing those words of invocation at which the Eucharistic Bread and the Cup of Blessing are exhibited?" I do not think the Liturgy, as a whole, is spoken of, but a certain formula. And the words: "We receive them from the unwritten teaching," refer to the same thing—that the formula cannot be found in the writings of any Saint, in or out of the Canon of Scripture.

And certainly the thirty-second canon of the Council of Trullo supports this view when it says that SS. James and Basil "delivering to us the mystical Liturgy *in writing* (*eggraphōs*) have appointed," &c. Of course this is only a seventh century opinion, but it is clear, which some citations are not (e.g. that from S. Gregory about the *scholasticus*.)

That "some particular words" of the Liturgies are primitive is, I believe, generally held by scholars, as, e.g., the *Sursum Corda*, &c. The *Trisagion*, too, is asserted to be so by Mr. Freeman, who also blames Dr. Neale for assigning a late date to the *Hymn of the*

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Only-Begotten Son, on the ground of some probably interpolated expressions. With regard to the former he says: "Its Jewish derivation is sufficiently vouched for by its Hebraic cast, and by its identity in subject with the" Jewish "evening prayers just referred to." With regard to the Rubric before the Lections in S. James, I would just remark that as the Clementine Liturgy mentions the Gospels, while this does not, the inference is that it is earlier than the Clementine, (and, probably, than S. Justin, who mentions the writings of the Apostles.) At any rate it is not inconsistent with so great an age. Your correspondent, by not comparing accounts, misses the significance of the wording of the Rubric.

Into the concluding part of your correspondent's letter I do not feel called upon to enter. I am obliged to him for showing me so clearly that no really sufficient objection to Dr. Neale's theory can be brought, and I hope that if I have, in this reply, seemed to speak too strongly, he will accept my apology, as I have not intentionally offended. In conclusion, I beg to say that while the words *kathōs gegraptai—ha ophthalmos* stand in 1 Cor. ii. 9, and no document can be produced which better suits the requirements of the case than the Liturgy—I shall continue to hold that the Liturgy is the source of that quotation.

Apologising for the length of this letter, which I trust you will be able to insert, as it will be my last,—Yours, &c., D. B. JONES.

Queries.

DUPLICATE CELEBRATIONS.

E. E. G. B. wishes to know the Rule of the Church, where a sick person has to be Communicated *early* on the same day that Holy Communion has to be celebrated publicly at a *Mid-day Service*, there being but one Priest available for both occasions? Also, why may a Priest celebrate *twice* on Easter Day, if he may not do so on any other day?

SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARDS.

MAGGIE wants some little reward books for her Sunday School. Can anyone tell her the names of some nice stories for girls? Price about 6d.

S. KATHARINE'S SOCIETY FOR INVALIDS.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to ask through your columns, if any one who has the Rules of S. Katharine's Society for Invalids, (*not being an Associate*,) would be so good as to return them to me? Only one hundred were printed, and I have now but few copies left owing to the many applications for them. Some of your readers may be interested in knowing that there are now thirty-one members of the S. S. K.—Yours, &c., C. LEWIN, Abingdon, Berks.

OFFER OF HYMN BOOKS.

SIR,—I have several copies of Hymns Ancient and Modern with the tunes, which I should be glad to give to any poor Church Choir, as we have the revised and enlarged edition in our church. —Address, Miss PHILIPS, Brodsworth, Doncaster.

DIOCESE OF BOMBAY, MONEYS RECEIVED.

SIR,—As I always grudge space in your Magazine for the purpose of acknowledging moneys, I meant to postpone thanking N. E. for 5s. Medical Mission, M. L. M. 10s. Mission Candidates Fund, (sent to the Principal, S. Stephen's House, Oxford,) until later; but hearing from A., asking why 5s. for Bombay Missions was not acknowledged? may I say, that this occurred through receiving this sum so late as the 11th of May, and her letter only having been received to-day, this may be too late for insertion. To send moneys direct, giving name or, at least, address, is far more satisfactory, there is no necessity for publication, in fact there is no published list of moneys received for the Diocese of Bombay. May I ask your readers earnestly to endeavour to obtain help for the Medical Mission, its very life depends upon the next few months' *pro-*

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mises of annual payments: and for the M. C. F., as whether the University men accepted by the Bishop leave England in November next for Western India is becoming a graver and graver question. The receipt of a few hundred pounds or the guarantee of annual payments—say ten at £10, or twenty at £5 each—might make all the difference. I must, also, commend the work of the Wantage Sisters at Poona to the prayers and efforts of your readers. The S. P. G. support will not continue after December. Seeing that women have in many cases access to high-caste natives who could *never* hear of the religion of CHRIST JESUS from men be they never so faithful; seeing moreover that the Wantage Sisters have already a large *family* of widows, young girls, and orphans, depending upon them, and that many of these will be the future wives and mothers of the Poona men, no words are needed to explain the import of maintaining and widening their work. —Yours, &c., A. C. MACLACHLAN, 2, Great Stanhope Street, Bath. June 11th.

WORK FOR CHARITIES.

SIR,—Having been long a subscriber to the *Churchman's Companion*, and desirous to respond to the appeals in its pages for various Charities, but without the means of doing so, I am willing to turn to account any talent I possess to procure them. I think, perhaps, among the class of your numerous subscribers there are some who will give me orders for Portraits of Saints or other subjects of sacred character, original or copied, also ecclesiastical designs in any style. Having painted the interiors of several Churches, I should be happy to execute any further orders for the same if situated in Brighton or the neighbourhood. Will forward specimens of work if desired. (Certificated student from South Kensington.)—Yours, &c., K. E. F.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Miss HICKS thanks "G. H. F." for the two parcels of cards kindly sent; also an unknown contributor for theirs. She would be glad if any other kind readers of the *Churchman's Companion* would send her some more pictures or Christmas or Easter cards to make another Scrapbook, as there is a Sisterhood anxious to have one. The Scrapbooks (7) have been sent to the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Infirmary, (Children's Ward,) the Children's Hospital at Coatham, Redcar, and others, where they are much appreciated.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S CONFIRMATION MEMORIAL WINDOW IN S. MARY'S, SOUTHAMPTON—(*now erected.*)

Miss L. PHILLIMORE (5, Arlington Street, London, S.W.,) begs to acknowledge with best thanks: Rev. C. J. Evans, £1; per Miss Jellicoe, 10s. 6d.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; Miss H. Tottenham, 10s.; A. Collinge, 2s. 2d.; M. Day, 1s.; per Miss M. Chambers, 1s. 6d.; per Miss Turner, 10s.; per Miss Launton, 1s. 6d.; Miss E. Jacob, 10s.; per Miss I. Cox, 5s.; Mrs. H. Mills, 2s.; per J. B. Gedge, Esq., 10s. The Window is large and very beautiful. £114 still required. Offerings gladly received as above.

Notices to Correspondents.

A Teacher. The question you ask is one which naturally suggests itself to the mind, but to which it is impossible that any satisfactory answer can be given. We know nothing whatever of the internal constitution of those distant worlds, and more especially we do not know whether sin has entered there to render an atonement necessary, as in the case of our fallen race,—it must be enough for us to feel certain that the Love which brought the SON of GOD to the world on which we dwell will not fail to meet the requirements, whatever they may be, of all other beings of His creation.

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THE

Churchman's Companion.

PART CXVI.] THIRD SERIES. [AUGUST, 1879.

ROSWALD, THE BUILDER.

BY EUPHEMIA E. G. BUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "OUR YOUNG LADIES," ETC.

(*Concluded from page* 14.)

"Think ye the round wounds and the gashes ruddy
Scar in GOD'S House the beauty of the saint? . . .
No! if he wake it is a king's awaking,
Fresh from the night and fairer for his rest:
Ay, and the soul to resurrection breaking,
Springs in her flower and blossoms at her best."

F. W. H. MYERS.

GWLADYS had not perhaps realised how completely the sacrifice of her property would cut her off from her former life; her aunt parted from her without much regret, and she slipped away in the dark of a winter afternoon, before Roswald had come in from his work, tightly holding her embroidery frame, on which was traced a noble pattern of grapes, wheat ears, and passion flowers, wreathed about a lamb.

Her eyes were wet with tears, and her heart sank low, she could not tell why, as she passed out of earshot of the saws and hammers, and felt that she was leaving behind her the tenderest note of music that had ever been sounded in her life. Yet it was her own doing, this seeking of service, with Mistress Pringle, who had indeed made her many overtures particularly of late, but who certainly could not coerce her.

Mistress Pringle was invalided now. She rose from her sofa as Gwladys entered her room, kissed the girl, chid her gently for her tears, and bade her welcome. Certainly it was not like going to a stranger.

Gwladys was sent away to take off her bonnet, and put on the black silk dress which was to be her evening wear at Mistress Pringle's, where she was at once installed, as reader and companion; and when supper

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was finished, and she was bid to bring her embroidery, and exhibit her progress, and Mistress Pringle inquired minutely into the shades and textures she was using, and gossiped pleasantly about the cross-stitch and tent-stitch of her youth, and the twisted and heavy skeins of corded silk, with which her grandmother worked, and her thin old cheek began to flush with the agreeable excitement of having this young listener by, the girl thought she saw what her future life was to be, lived in a strange calm, shut out from the world, not deficient in small joys, and very endurable if this new heartache would but cease.

Her thoughts went back to her aunt's cottage, and Roswald the builder coming in from his work, to supper and writing. Would he miss her yet? No, for they seldom met, and he could not know that it was her hand which usually trimmed his lamp, and laid out the tray for her aunt to carry in. He was too busy indeed, and too intent on his great purpose, which was plainly also the purpose of that dying lady whom he loved, to miss her in any case, and by the time she had arrived at this conclusion, there came a knock at the outer door, and Priss, the maid, admitted a visitor for Mistress Pringle. Gwladys started shyly back, for she felt uncertain how Mistress Pringle's visitors would treat her before they knew her position, and whether indeed, she had not better retire altogether.

But a kind voice said, "Miss Watkin bade me see whether her niece was comfortably settled, and I had an errand also concerning the outline of the new embroidery pattern. Have I your permission, Mistress Pringle, to correct it under the guidance of the embroideress herself before I leave this?"

"If you have her permission, you have mine," said Mistress Pringle, graciously, and signing to Gwladys to come forward. The girl saw that she treated Roswald as an equal, nay more, that there was a tinge of respect in her manner towards him, which their ages rendered inappropriate, except on one supposition. He was, he must be superior to Mistress Pringle in birth, or fortune, or both. He was then a rich man, perhaps a noble, who, for love of Lady Antonia, though primarily no doubt for love of One greater than Lady Antonia, had consented to put on a workman's jacket for a time. She realised this to herself with a little chill of indefinable regret, which for the moment banished her gratitude for the kindness he was showing her, in breaking through his rule of seclusion, and seeking company in the evening, only that he might cheer her on her first venture from home.

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She resigned her frame to him without a word, and watched with some curiosity while he took her needle, and set a few skilful stitches, in the most intricate part of the tracery.

"I did not know that men embroidered," she said, a little discontentedly; "you have so much else, why not leave us women our poor little needles?"

He smiled upon her, and it did strike her for a moment that the smile was not that of a man who had given all his heart away, and whose betrothed was dying. It was in fact a very radiant smile, which lit up his face, and made it handsome.

He did not tell her that men were better embroiderers than women, that would not have been polite, he said, "There are many things that you can do, of which I have no notion. Do not grudge me the power of handling your needle. I perceive that I am losing it though; labour such as mine, does not improve the fingers, for labour such as yours."

Mistress Pringle then bade Gwladys open the musical instrument for him. "Sing us something," she said, "music is the one thing in which I am no better off, now that this girl has come to me. She has not been taught."

Roswald sat down, and that being the twenty-eighth evening of the month, he sang in a sweet rich voice, the hundred and thirty-sixth, and two following psalms.

Gwladys had never heard such singing, except in Church. She thanked him with her eyes, though indeed he was not singing for her. However, he caught her rapt expression, and said to her, "If Mistress Pringle will let me, I could come in sometimes like this, and teach you to play, then you could amuse her with tunes, or aid her devotions when I am gone."

"You are not going away, surely?" exclaimed both Mistress Pringle and Gwladys.

"I must soon go to Lady Antonia. But it will only be for a short time, and another will come in my stead, the Cathedral will not be neglected."

"The Cathedral? no; it is impossible that you should leave that to be neglected. But still," said Gwladys, "we shall—"

She was about to say, "we shall miss you," but it seemed a poor thing to say, utterly insufficient for the occasion; it was better on the whole, to leave it alone.

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When he was gone, she ventured to ask Mistress Pringle if she knew who this Lady Antonia was?

"She was my dearest friend, mother, sister, adviser, all in one," answered Mistress Pringle, her mouth quivering with emotion.

"Master Roswald spoke of her as the Lady of his love," answered Gwladys puzzled, but happy.

"The only lady he will permit himself to love, my child—not in the sense of a lover courting a maiden, but of a subject merging all individual inclination, in the service of a queen."

"Ah, how I wish that I might see her," said Gwladys clasping her hands.

"My child, have I longed in vain for fifty years to look upon her face, that you should think it a light matter for you to accomplish?"

"Fifty years? then this lady that he loves is—"

"Seventy, and dying, and I must not see her! strangers minister about her pillow—that was part of the sentence, but we thought they would have remitted it, since she has outlived judge, enemies, almost a whole code of laws! What am I saying?" exclaimed Mistress Pringle. "Gwladys, do not again tempt this unruly tongue of mine; it has told you more than is right—more than you will remember, I should hope."

Gwladys made no reply, but she thought that the secret was safe with her, and I fear she did not even try to forget it.

Roswald came again, and gave her lessons in music, while he gradually effected an improvement in her style of embroidery. One spring Sunday he hurried early to Mistress Pringle's and met Gwladys just as she was setting forth to church. At first she did not recognise the workman, for his dress though quiet, was distinguished; his usually collected manner had deserted him, and he spoke in rapid sentences.

"The '*Cybele*' is at the Quay. They have relented, and now at the last have permitted her to come near enough in shore, to see from her cabin windows our gradually advancing work. She has sent a message for Mistress Pringle, and the maiden who gave up her dowry to GOD and the Church, to receive the Holy Communion with her before she sets out on her final voyage to the Haven where at last her troubled spirit shall find rest."

Gwladys did not at once recognise herself in his description, but she went in to prepare Mistress Pringle and deliver the message to her. Tears streamed down the old lady's cheeks; it was impossible for her in her invalid state to venture.

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"You must go to her, my child," she said, "you must explain to her how I have longed for this hour; how I have seen it in my dreams, and only in my dreams. To receive her summons, and not be able to obey it! Oh, is it wrong to feel this a little hard?"

"Dear Mistress Pringle, do not weep, I will not leave you," murmured Gwladys, soothingly.

"You must leave me, Gwladys; she wishes for you as well as for me. Tell her how helpless I am, and that the stroke which broke her heart, fell with almost equal force on mine. Tell her to think with me, on the one eternal meeting; and Gwladys, if she should ask what I have done with the treasure she confided to me, say I have put it out to interest for her."

"She then is the patroness of the Orphanage to which you sometimes send me?" said Gwladys; "I can tell her with a good conscience how excellently it is getting on."

"She is its patroness, but she does not know that she is. Fifty years ago, she unfastened the jewels from her hair and arms, threw them with others into a casket, and put them into my charge, to be kept against a great need. I heard nothing from her as to their disposal, and wishing to obtain for her the prayers and blessings of as many children as I could, I, when a great need arose, sold the gems, and established this Orphanage, where she is daily prayed for. Tell her this, it will please her."

Gwladys joined Roswald, and offered herself with diffidence to accompany him.

"Mistress Pringle cannot, and she has entrusted me with her messages," she said; "but surely at such a time, Lady Antonia will not care to meet a stranger."

"You forget that she has sent for you; the maiden who gave her dower to GOD and the Church."

Gwladys blushed, but made no other answer.

They walked together to a part of the city which Gwladys had never before visited. It led them to the sea wall, which was being washed with foam and spray, now growing rosy under the beams of the rising sun. Many vessels were in the harbour, amongst them a craft of stately appearance, with a gilded figure-head, the "*Cybele.*"

All this while they had not spoken. Gwladys at length ventured to glance up into her companion's face, and thought she saw by its ex-

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pression that he was not thinking of her; it was saddened, and a little stern. Roswald was bracing his nerves to meet for the first time, the lady to whose service his whole life hitherto had been dedicated, and yet he had not forgotten Gwladys.

As they passed through the water-gate, he spoke to her. "Does all this seem strange to you?"

"No," she said, "nothing seems strange."

He glanced at her face which was radiant with the morning light, and thought he had never seen it look so fair, or so contented. "That is because she imagines that she is going to carry consolation to the dying," he said to himself. "Poor little maiden, what a lovely disposition she has; I wonder if she will ever waken to wish for her dowry back, or whether GOD will reward and leave her in her present child-like state of trust and hope. If she should ever love—"

The suggestion was painful to him, why, he knew not; he never finished the sentence.

A little boat was waiting at the foot of the stair, with the name "*Cybele*" painted on its gilded sides. It was lined with dainty cushions, and two powerful seamen sprang on shore to help the lady in. Gwladys had nearly shrunk back, it seemed too rich and beautiful a conveyance for her to enter.

Roswald took her hand and stepped with her on board, carefully seating her amongst the cushions, and drawing around her a cloak of costly furs, which had been sent to protect her from the chill wind which at that hour blew across the sea.

"You are wondering at the magnificent gilding of Lady Antonia's prison bars," said Roswald, as he noted the changing expressions on his companion's face. "She would have given it all for liberty. But that is an old story, and she will soon be free now."

"GOD will set her free?"

"Yes."

A few powerful strokes placed the two voyagers alongside of the "*Cybele.*" Gwladys was handed up first, then Roswald sprang aboard, and put her in charge of a venerable lady who came to welcome the girl, and who although evidently a stranger, called him by his name, prefixing to it a title, which was new to Gwladys. She called him Lord Roswald.

This made Gwladys sad, for it showed that he was very far from her in station and position, and all his kindness to her, she argued,

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must mean nothing but the gracious condescension of a superior to an inferior, who ought not to be capable of misunderstanding it.

"I would far rather that he had not been kind to me at all," she thought; "he had no right to come amongst us in his workman's jacket. If Aunt Deborah knew!"

Then she remembered the involuntary tremour with which she first heard Aunt Deborah propose taking in a lodger, and Mistress Pringle saying with emphasis, "*I* was not the lodger!" Neither however, could Roswald be, she said to herself.

Gwladys and her guide had now descended to the cabins, and the girl found herself treated like an aged person, and implored to rest on sofa pillows of golden embroidery whose intricacies would have been a study to her, and given her many a hint for her needle at another time; a stool of blue and crimson was placed under her feet, and she was asked hesitatingly whether she was sure it would not hurt her to go fasting to the service after that row upon the morning sea, which her guide, whose name was the Lady Portia, seemed to think must have been a journey encompassed by perils.

Gwladys was totally unaccustomed to tones so gentle, actions so caressing, consideration so anxious and thoughtful. She answered timidly that she was quite well, and used to fasting at these times, and then Roswald entered, and by his presence made her feel more at ease.

There was an awestruck expression on his face, as he said, "Come," and held out his hand for hers.

Lady Portia asked Gwladys for the twentieth time if she was sure she was rested, and then let her go with Roswald to a state cabin at the further end, where at first the girl was dazzled and bewildered by the show of colour from geraniums and lilies, ranged around the broad windows, the gold and satin furniture, the exquisitely painted pictures, and silken hangings.

Gwladys glanced nervously towards the couch, but no form rested upon it.

"She is not here," said Roswald, and Gwladys noticed that agitation had almost completely taken away his voice.

An attendant put aside a curtain, and showed a door, but left Roswald to open it.

There were two persons in the dimly lighted cabin which they now entered—the priest, who had arranged a temporary altar beside the bed, and stood expectant, and the dying Lady Antonia, who had caused

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herself to be dressed, and placed in a straight-backed chair, for the last time. Her book of prayers lay on a stand near, and her feeble fingers grasped a Bible which was open at the page that tells of a land where there shall be

> "Sea no more,
> Save that of mingled flame and glass,
> Where goes no galley sped by oar,
> Where gallant ships no longer pass."[1]

Her hair was still abundant but snowy white, it scarcely shaded the ivory brow, which was strangely smooth and soft. Her lashes were long and dark, and the eyes beneath them had not faded from their original dark blue colour. Their expression was one of wistful longing, which would have been exquisitely painful to the young people now admitted to her presence, if they had not known that the desire of her life would soon be satisfied.

Roswald moved swiftly forward, and knelt at Lady Antonia's feet. One look at his face, which was glowing and changing with many emotions, and the old lady drew him into her embrace.

"Roswald! grandson!" she said faintly; but she had not forgotten Gwladys, and stretched out a hand to greet her also.

Thus Gwladys found herself kneeling—the attitude seemed natural in that moment—beside Roswald, the builder.

"At last!" said Lady Antonia; "lift the blind, Roswald. I have waited to see your work, till you could point it out to me."

Inexpressibly affected, the young man sprang to his feet and did her bidding. The sun had risen like a round red ball, and painted the stately yet unfinished structure with hues of gold and flame.

"Tell me which part of it was fashioned by your own hand?" said Lady Antonia, not looking round, the time was so short in which she might gaze upon the new and glorious sight.

Roswald seemed absorbed, and did not reply. His grandmother repeated the question, and then Gwladys said timidly, "The eastern wall, madam."

Roswald was recalled from his absorption, and their eyes met.

"To me it looks like the wall of the New Jerusalem, blazing with jewels," said Lady Antonia, reluctantly turning away her dazzled eyes. "I thank GOD for giving me the sight before I die, and through you, my grandson, whom I meet for the first time on this morning when we

[1] People's Hymnal. Hymn 329.

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must part. I must not forget either to express my gratitude to my injured country for listening to my request, and suffering me to see the fruit of your toils."

"Is it true," she continued, "that inspired by GOD, protected by His holy angels, and incited by your example, the large company of men you brought with you, are leading such innocent and holy lives as will make them lights in the city, and blessings to the widows and single women who chiefly are engaged in the business of letting lodgings here, as I understand; and who receiving them at first a little doubtfully perhaps, have quickly come to look up to them as supports, advisers, and consolers?"

"It is true, madam, but this is entirely the effect of GOD'S Grace; my example has had little to do with it. The oath, and the mocking laugh, might be quickly passed from one to the other over their work, and I be powerless to prevent it. But instead, GOD has been pleased to incline their hearts to reverence His house, so that they are silent most of their time, deeming that speech and idle jesting would interfere with their diligence."

"Sir, if heartfelt thankfulness for the mercies vouchsafed to a very unworthy servant, is any preparation for the most solemn of all services, I am ready," said Lady Antonia, turning to the chaplain, who then assigned places to Gwladys and Roswald, and in subdued tones commenced the office.

When it was over, the dying woman lay back exhausted, and the young people hastened from the cabin, while attendants were summoned to minister to her who had now reached the last stage of her journey.

"Shall we not see her again?" asked Gwladys, disturbed in her thanksgivings by the thought of Lady Antonia's sufferings.

"If she rallies at all she will send for us," answered Roswald.

They had long to wait for the summons. Lady Portia hovered over them with food and wine, and other kind cares, and when she had left them Gwladys took her psalm-book, and apparently unconscious of Roswald's presence, finished her thanksgiving service by herself. When she had laid aside her book, Roswald said to her a little reproachfully,

"We might have shared it."

Then he came and sat beside her, saying, "You have been very good and incurious, but everything cannot have seemed quite natural to you. Would it please you to have it explained?"

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"I do not ask you to explain," she answered. In truth she rather dreaded explanations, of what had seemed to her a beautiful and tender if melancholy dream.

"Then there is the less to be told. Fifty years ago, my grandmother was a young admired woman, who under bad advice, used her beauty and her great influence, to consummate a single act of treason against her country, more especially against this city, whose spires and towers are gleaming white before us now. She repented, before her betrayal, by one who had been her friend; but this availed her nothing. The most bitter self-upbraidings were listened to in stony silence by her judges; she only did not lose her life, because her friends, high in place and power, themselves proposed a new and strange punishment. She who had always shrunk with shuddering from a journey by water, was to pass the remainder of her life cruising hither and thither on the wide ocean, or coasting the shores of distant countries. The judges added to this that she was never to land, but they did not prevent her friends from making Lady Antonia's floating prison as magnificent as they chose. Her husband died of grief; her son, my father, was trained at a distance from her. She had no one to turn to but GOD, and she did turn to Him with her whole heart, and soul, and spirit, using her much leisure and her many talents to influence, first those around her, and through them an ever-widening circle in the cause of religion and loyalty. Yes. She who had once sought to injure her country, now loved it dearer far than did those who presumed to censure her. From the time that I could hold a pen, she has permitted me to correspond with her. To her, under GOD, I attribute the bias and formation of my character. She has always been the object of my most eager veneration. Before I was twelve, I wrote to her that my heart was full of her and her wrongs, and asked if there was indeed nothing that I could do to prove it. She did not at once answer, but I besieged her ear until she did. Then she told me what were her hopes and wishes about the Cathedral, and how she was restrained from offering her wealth to endow it by the reflection that it was only hers for life, and must eventually come to me. I would not be the obstacle, as you may suppose; I replied, that I wanted nothing, and that as soon as I came of age I would surrender any rights I might seem to have, and place all in her hands. She was delighted at what she called my enthusiasm, but gently reminded me that it was not likely to last. This made me pray very

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earnestly to GOD that it might last, and He heard my prayer. I felt that money was not enough to offer, but that I must also give my time and prospects; in short do for Lady Antonia what it was impossible she should do for herself. I apprenticed myself to a builder, and thoroughly learned his craft. Out of working hours I studied architecture with the best master I could find. I travelled, sketched, read, always with special reference to what was thenceforward to be the object of my life, and my grandmother's frequent letters encouraged me. When the time was ripe, all objections being silenced, and the blessing of GOD manifestly shining upon our undertaking, I obtained the assistance of several companions, some of them of noble birth, who had been moved to offer themselves, and with a picked body of workmen, we came here. I do not wish to speak of myself, but I shall never forget the feelings with which I looked upon the ancient pile which we were to make glorious, and heard you say that it had been the dream of your life, as it had been the dream of mine, to see it re-edified. One thing was sad however, Lady Antonia's fond hopes had deceived her, she forgot the many years which the original pile had taken to build, and trusted that my exertions and those of my companions would for love and reverence' sake accomplish the task so quickly that she might live to know that all was done. This was impossible, and to lighten the blow, which they saw was crushing her, the authorities have at last ordered the 'Cybele' to this port that she might see all that there was to see. You are a witness how touchingly she has borne her privation."

Roswald had hardly finished, and Gwladys was weeping bitterly at the pathos of his recital, when Lady Portia entered, and summoned them once more to the chamber of the dying.

Lady Antonia had rested, and was now better able to listen to Roswald's talk, and to receive Mistress Pringle's messages of regret for not having been able to attend her. Though she was unequal to saying much, she chose to lie with Roswald's hand in hers, and once she signed for Gwladys to give her hand also, but the girl was diffident and ill at ease, and perhaps wilfully misunderstood her.

The depth of her interest, in all that Roswald had told, showed Gwladys plainly how sad it would be to her to have to close this chapter of her life abruptly, and not to commence another like it, yet in the dim future she could not hope to be anything in the vast and splendid scheme which the young noble had laid bare to her; she had

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appeared to come into it for a little while, and she had given her heart to it, but that was of consequence to no one. She had not belonged to it from the first, she was poor and nameless, she would be quickly forgotten!

Meanwhile Lady Antonia was thanking Roswald more by looks than words, for the great sacrifice which he had made to carry out her views.

"Do not call it a sacrifice, grandmother; nothing that is done for GOD is a sacrifice."

"Then GOD has answered your prayers, and kept your enthusiasm fresh?"

"Yes, and I thank Him," said Roswald's sweet low tones.

"You thank Him for making you content to part with your inheritance," said Lady Antonia musingly, and then she drew him to her, and whispered, "Is it true that you do not wish ever to marry?"

Roswald coloured and said aloud, "Quite true."

"And this maiden," said Lady Antonia, speaking so that Gwladys might hear her. "Child, do not be afraid to tell me, you gave up your dower to adorn the Cathedral, have you quite resolved that you will not choose marriage?"

Roswald threw her a quick glance, but her eyes were bent down, and he could not read them. "Quite," she said.

"Because," said Lady Antonia, slowly, "GOD may not have meant to try you so far, and I may have been wrong to accept your self-denial. I have not parted with quite all; I have something to give still, I believe. With prudence it would suffice for one of you apart, or for both *together*!"

She looked with tender indulgent eyes from one to the other of the two young creatures, who were equal in self-devotion and in high and holy purposes.

Gwladys became pale and cold at once. Roswald answered for both.

"Put it to some other use, dearest grandmother; we do not desire it."

Lady Portia came to lead them both away.

"May not I stay for one moment?" asked Gwladys hastily, "I had forgotten to give Lady Antonia Mistress Pringle's latest message."

"It must keep," said the ancient dame, somewhat sternly, "Lady Antonia has had enough agitation for the present."

But she softened into kindness directly afterwards, and bent her

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mind to entertain the girl, who was quivering with emotion, and longing to be allowed to go home.

Roswald had told her that she must stay to the very end, in case of Lady Antonia's reviving and intrusting her with messages for Mistress Pringle; so she accepted Lady Portia's offers of refreshment; and when she was at length left alone, read diligently in the books of meditation on death and judgment, which she found upon the shelves. Her spirits were beginning to be over-wrought, and it was a great relief to her from the strangeness of everything around, when Roswald came in just as it was getting dark, and took her hand as if to lead her away.

But he did not move, and she looked into his face, and noticed that it wore a troubled, eager expression.

"Since we parted, I have been doing nothing but thinking," he said; "and—Gwladys—it seems to me, that perhaps we were wrong, you and I, when we said that we did not wish to marry, *each other!*"

Gwladys turned away and dimly thought that he was cruel. Perhaps they had been wrong, but it had passed, and could not be recalled now. Better not to speak of it, and after all, he was Lord Roswald, she only Gwladys Watkin, Mistress Pringle's companion. Both were penniless, certainly there was equality in that, but what equality? any tie between them was out of the question.

"Let me go, *Lord* Roswald," she said pointedly, and tried to draw away her hand.

He released it instantly, looking at her the while with such a reproachful gaze that her heart relented.

"The person whom you call Lord Roswald, was going to say that he loved you. That does not offend you, does it?" he asked.

Gwladys hung her head; "We must not go back," she said, "we have both declared that we love GOD better than each other."

"Surely, yes, but cannot we love Him much, and one another a little?"

Gwladys could hardly articulate "But may we?"

"Yes, Lady Antonia says she has enough for us together. Let us go and tell her that we were mistaken in our estimate of our own feelings. It will be humiliating to make the little confession, but when it is once got over, we shall feel so happy," said Roswald, again drawing her fingers into his own, and leading her to Lady Antonia's cabin.

She did not resist, she glanced up at him, timidly and yet gladly:

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was he really to hold her future in his hands? was it in preparation for this hour that she had shuddered at the expectation of his coming? Why had she shuddered, why had she not rather welcomed the approach of his footsteps?

The sunk features of the dying woman seemed to reproach her for venturing to think of any plans for her after life: a great awe came over her, as Lady Antonia called feebly. She left Roswald and went up to the bed.

"Grandmother," said Roswald, following her, "we have come to tell you that we will accept the property you spoke of, if you have no other use for it."

"It is not enough for you separately," repeated Lady Antonia.

"But together; you said that if we chose to share it—"

"If you chose to marry, children? I understood you to decline marriage."

"Yes, when we thought it interfered with our service to GOD. But now—"

"You have but one heart between you, I think you will be happiest together," said Lady Antonia, surveying them attentively. "Well, the property you speak of is not here, Mistress Pringle has it in jewels. They are very valuable and will fetch a good price. Did she ever happen to mention them to you, my child?" she asked of Gwladys.

"Yes, madam, she gave me a message concerning them."

Gwladys threw an appealing look towards Roswald, and then repeated Mistress Pringle's words, "and the orphanage is full of dear little creatures, madam," she continued, "Mistress Pringle feels so sure you will approve."

"I approve if you and Roswald do," said Lady Antonia, while a pained expression came into her fading eyes.

"Why should you think of our approval, grandmother?" asked Roswald, not comprehending.

"I did not know that Mistress Pringle had disposed of the jewels. I meant them for you."

Then they understood that their hope of marriage had gone. GOD had accepted the sacrifice which they had been disposed to make.

Roswald became all at once very angry with himself for having spoken to Gwladys, but she tried to assure him that he was not to blame.

"You thought all was secured," she said. Perhaps it was precious to her that he had thought her worthy of the "noblest of friendships,"

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and she would never have known that he had, if it had not been for the mistake with which he now reproached himself.

It was at the dawning of the next day that Lady Antonia's troubled heart found its rest. She closed her own eyes, smiling as she did so, and that brave bright smile lingered on, after the struggle had passed, and when the spirit which enkindled it had fled. Her latest act was to join the hands of Roswald and Gwladys, which Roswald felt to be so cruel a kindness that he remonstrated.

"It is of no use, grandmother, they are fated not to meet here," he said.

"They will be joined in Heaven however," said Lady Antonia slowly releasing them, and she spoke no more. Then the two parted, without other farewell than might be contained in meeting eyes, and the question from Gwladys timidly prefaced by that lofty title of which she had a kind of dread.

"Lord Roswald, shall we remember each other?"

"Yes, for ever," said the young man, fervently.

There was a stately funeral. Lady Antonia was no longer a captive, and her friends and relatives, who were many, hastened to the city to do her honour, and lay her sorrowful head on its earthy pillow, within the Cathedral precincts. That day no sound of hammer or chisel met the ear, but Roswald the builder, and his silent men, dressed as became the station from which they had been drawn, attended as mourners. Gwladys obtained leave from Mistress Pringle to go to her aunt's, and gaze from the window upon the pageant which had no sorrow in it. There was a glad look in all faces as if a burden had been taken from many hearts, for the prisoner was free, the criminal pardoned, the exile at home!

Gwladys saw no more of Roswald for twenty years, during which, she might well have thought herself forgotten. Her embroidery for the Cathedral altar was finished, but it had to be presented through another hand. Mistress Pringle's illness continued, and she could rarely endure that Gwladys should leave her side. In the stillness and services of the sick room the girl tried to hide her pain, and live for GOD, forgetting the outer world, and the thoughts and impulses which had once seemed like a part of her religion. Now and then she was able to go to the Chapel of the Orphanage close by, and pray among the children who, she never even said to herself, were fed, clothed, and taught, at the price of her happiness. She was very gentle in her

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dealings with them, and would talk to them of Lady Antonia; and bid them to pray for one, whom she called the best man she ever knew, that he might keep steadfast to the end.

They answered, "You do not ask for prayers for yourself, but we would rather pray for you whom we know, than for him whom we have never seen. We will tell you what we will do—pray for both together!'

Lord Roswald came no more to Mistress Pringle's with new designs for embroidery, and fresh harmonies to be interpreted on the ivory keys. Plainly he thought it wrong, since his devotion to the Cathedral made it impossible for him to seek employment by which he might earn the right of making a home for Gwladys, to see her, and endeavour in any way to keep alive her memories of him. She knew that this was his reason for the neglect which was only not complete, because every week when the first day was over, arrived a basket of flowers of the richest dyes for Mistress Pringle, who, as a sick person, was considered among those who should receive a portion of the blossoms which had decked the altar. That this bouquet was arranged by Roswald, and that it was intended to give pleasure to her, the sick at heart, as well as to Mistress Pringle the sick in body, Gwladys had very little doubt.

Mistress Pringle seemed to grow gradually absorbed in her ailments, and made no comment on the absence of her visitor. She profited by the sweet simple chants and hymns with which he had taught Gwladys to soothe her ear, but made no inquiries.

Not the smallest doubt that she had pleased Lady Antonia, and done the best for every one's happiness, by investing the profits of the gems in that orphanage, which was indeed the source of much blessing and comfort to the neglected little ones of the city, was ever allowed to trouble her.

Sometimes a vague thought of what might happen when the Cathedral was finished, and Roswald having made a name for himself, work, as much as he could wish for, must flow in, came across the mind of Gwladys to trouble its peace, but she prayed against it, reminding herself amongst other things, that she had lost her youth, and with it any beauty that she had ever had; that she had lived so long in twilight rooms, and apart from general intercourse as to be scarcely capable of filling her place in any more extended sphere, and that Roswald whom she always pictured as she had last seen him, in the perfection of his manly beauty and grace, was worthy of a very different bride. She tried to think of him as dead, but had to give

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that up, for if he had been dead she would have felt him to be mysteriously nearer.

The Cathedral was very long in being finished, she said this sometimes to GOD, and then chid herself for the thought, she knew how Roswald would have answered that work done for Him must not be hurried through.

So the twenty years passed, and brought her to watch beside Mistress Pringle's death-bed. Ninety years had the good old lady seen, and now the end was like to be painless.

Somebody said that the Cathedral was completed at last, but that before all the scaffolding could be removed, there had been an accident to one of the builders. Gwladys scarcely heeded, for her soul was bound up in watching the faintly drawn breaths of her dying charge.

Mistress Pringle had settled her worldly affairs, she told Gwladys, by leaving her very competent means of living, to Lord Roswald. "And I have commended you to his generous care, my child," she said, from which Gwladys inferred that she was to have nothing, or *all*, there seemed to be no middle way. Mistress Pringle had for the last time in this world, joined with the Saints "Quick on the earth, or hidden in the sod," in sacred, blest Communion, and she lay with her companion's hand in hers, when a messenger came to tell Gwladys that she was wanted at her aunt's.

"Aunt Deborah is not used to want me," she said with a whitening face, "say that I will come when *this* is over."

So the messenger withdrew, saying something of a fall from the scaffolding, and of injuries sustained, so great that only death could heal them.

Gwladys still holding Mistress Pringle's hand, knelt quietly down, and prayed that Roswald might not die before she could reach him.

About midnight Mistress Pringle received her summons. She raised herself a little, blessed Gwladys, and said very clearly, "Go to him, and tell him that I am coming too;" then she fell back silent, and Gwladys closed her eyes.

The streets were deserted as she made her way through them to the corner house, over which Miss Watkin still held rigorous sway. There was a light burning in the best bedchamber, and the shadow of a watcher lay across the blind. Gwladys thought she was prepared for what she should see there, but was it likely after twenty years, and

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now encompassed by the shadow of death, that he could look the same?

He was lying on the bed, maimed and bruised; the accident had not been kind to him or to her, it had crushed his face, which was swathed in linen cloths, stained ominously here and there, but the kind dark eyes looked at her with an expression which was at once sad, and restful, as he stretched forth his hand, roughened with long toil, to touch hers, for the first time during twenty years.

The awe with which she used to regard his rank, left her at the sight of his helplessness. She took her aunt's place by his pillow, and with trembling lips said something of nursing him, but he smiled as if to say that he was beyond the reach of care.

"My work is done," he said; "I never lost the hope that we might have a home together, and I was coming to ask you to let me prepare it, when I ran up the scaffolding for one last errand, and it gave way under me. I am sorry that my face has changed, and become a distress to you to look at, but you must remember that seams and scars are left behind in the grave, and cannot possibly follow us *there*."

"Except as signs of a most glorious fight," said Gwladys.

"There was no fight," said Roswald, "at least the struggle with one's own heart is not worth counting as such, and you see it was quickly over. GOD has given me rest before I could have dreamed of it, not in our way, but in His own, which is far better. Gwladys, beloved, do you see that my hair is grey, and my forehead, all of it that is left uncovered, has lines of thought and anxiety in it? never think of my life as incomplete, or mourn as people do over untimely death-beds."

"I do not mourn for *you*," she said, speaking with difficulty.

"But for yourself, you think the sacrifice was too great and complete for us to make?" he said, inquiringly.

We cannot tell what her answer would have been, human nature is so weak, and love, even human love, so precious, if her eyes had not turned instinctively towards a little picture of CHRIST on the Cross which Roswald had long ago hung within the curtains of his bed. She gazed as if fascinated, and answered, looking at it, not at him:

"No, it was not too great to make for Him. He has honoured us by allowing us to complete it."

Roswald died, strangely happy, Aunt Deborah said, but Gwladys knew that there was nothing strange in his joy. It seemed as if GOD

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had listened to his boyish prayers, and had preserved his enthusiasm to the very end, so that he counted position, fortune, love, life, all as nothing, that he might win CHRIST.

And in time she could take comfort, while she divided her labours between the Orphanage, where she was now able to be a daily visitor, and the Cathedral which as Roswald's fittest monument, was given into her care, to dress and deck it. The work he had not hurried over, even in view of his own marriage, but which he had done so well and strongly, that decay would be almost impossible for ages, was inexpressibly dear to her; and when on calm evenings or at glorious sunrise she lingered in the precincts, perhaps it was something more than fancy which made her stretch out her hands as if to meet a firm light clasp, as the thought thrilled through her, that the task he had wrought upon with such devotion in the days of his flesh, might still be present to his eyes, while he waited in solemn expectance beside Lady Antonia and Mistress Pringle, for her to join him in the Temple of GOD.

THE CHURCH.

VII. THE NAVE, (S. PETER'S, BOURNEMOUTH.)

PUBLIC MORNING PRAYER.

"The voice of many waters."—Rev. xix. 6.

HAST thou ever 'mid the uplands
Listened to the countless rills,
Murmuring softly through the heather,
Making music in the hills?
Hast thou heard the eddying river
O'er the shining pebbles sweep,
Or the snow-white cataract dashing
Down the misty mountain steep?

Hast thou heard the billows rolling
In the quiet summer noon,
Or the rippling forest streamlet
Laughing 'neath the silver moon?
Hast thou heard the winter torrent
Thundering down the rocky pass,
Or the storm at midnight pouring
On the bent and dripping grass?

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As the sound of many waters,
  Comes the mighty burst of prayer
From the crowded aisles behind me,
  Through the quiet sunlit air.
Angel forms above are floating,
  Angel hands are stretched to take
Vows and prayers and strong entreaties,
  Ministers for JESUS' sake.

Young men, maidens, old men, children,
  Kneel together side by side,
Mothers, daughters, sons, and fathers,
  Children of the stainless Bride,
'Neath the wings of guardian angels,
  Lift adoring hearts to Thee,
Maker, FATHER, LORD, Redeemer,
  Source of light and sanctity.

Many are the waters flowing
  To the ocean vast and deep,
Over mountain, moor, and meadow
  Countless rills and torrents sweep,
Could our ears but catch the voices
  Of those thousand rippling streams,
(Like a burst of mighty music
  Heard in poet's midnight dreams.)

But in Heaven above the SAVIOUR
  Lists the countless prayers that come,
From the many churches rising,
  Towards the high eternal home.
Not one word in vain is uttered,
  All by angel hands are stored,
Springs of grace and joy and glory
  For the children of the LORD.

What if some are soiled or weakly?
  Thou hast seen the wave that flows
Foul from murky founts or channels,
  Cleanse its waters as it goes
Onwards towards the mighty ocean;
  So in days that yet shall be,
Prayers may rise renewed and strengthened
  Towards the eternal jasper sea.

ACCIPITER.

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GLASTONBURY: PAST AND PRESENT.

". . . . From our old books I know
That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury;
And there the heathen Prince Arviragus
Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build;
And there he built with wattles from the marsh
A little lonely church in days of yore."

"Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our LORD."

TENNYSON.

OF the many spots in England rendered remarkable for beauty of scenery, and historical associations, few can compete with the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Glastonbury, interesting alike for its picturesque situation, and for the holy memories connected with it.

Situated in the midst of a fertile valley, formerly the isle of Avallon, or apple orchard (because this fruit, brought originally into Somerset by the Haedin, attained great perfection here) and bounded by the distant range of the Mendip Hills, with their sharply delineated outlines, and the mighty Tor keeping guard, as it were, over the quiet little town, it presents a pleasing spot for the eye to rest upon.

But few could ascend the steep sides of the Tor or wander amid the sacred ruins of the Abbey without having their thoughts carried back to the far distant past.

The earliest dawn of British history may be said to have shed its rays on this fertile valley, for even before the Roman invasion, the mines in the Mendips were regularly worked, and the neighbouring Glastonbury Hills were used as cattle stations by the various Belgic tribes who settled there. The Roman dominion greatly conduced to the commerce of these tribes, whose head-quarters were fixed at Axium, now Uphill, near Brean Down, where the ruins of an ancient encampment may still be traced.

But the reminiscences which are most closely associated with Glastonbury in our minds are those of Joseph of Arimathea, and these are unfortunately so interwoven with legendary lore, that after this lapse of time it becomes difficult, nay, almost impossible to discriminate between the true and the mythical records with which his history abounds.

In this age of scepticism we are being taught to doubt many of those landmarks of former time, which we have hitherto looked upon with

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implicit faith, and it is now questioned by many whether S. Joseph ever visited Britain at all. Yet when we sift the legends with which most of the interesting ruins in our country are associated we generally find that they have some historical facts for their foundation, and we may hope that this is the case with the present subject; though it is certain that many fabulous incidents have sprung from the superstitious ignorance which prevailed during the darkness of that period, still sufficient undoubted facts are left to us, to enhance the interest which attaches itself to these crumbling walls.

One of the principal traditions tells us that after the Ascension of our LORD, the Jews were so enraged against Joseph of Arimathea for the loving reverence which he paid to His Sacred Body, that he was compelled to quit Jerusalem, and soon joined the other disciples. We are then told that about A.D. 63, SS. Joseph and Simon Zelotes were sent by S. Philip from Gaul into Britain, the very name of which had only for a few years been known to civilised Europe.

Another account affirms that S. Joseph was on his way to preach at Marseilles, when he was overtaken by a violent storm, and being without compass or experienced navigators, his little boat was for some time at the mercy of the waves, until he was forced to land on the Isle of Avallon.

Although it is impossible to discriminate between these two statements, both are identical in their results, which assert that this populous district was selected by the zealous missionary, who in an almost unknown and half savage land was to fulfil his part of his LORD'S last command, "to preach the Gospel to all nations." His endeavours met with such success, that he soon obtained permission from the British King Arviragus to build a church in the island, and in a MS. attached to "the Gospel of Nicodemus" in Balliol College, Oxford, it is recorded that a Church of wattles, sixty feet long, and twenty broad, was built by this Apostle.

A legend tells us that when this Church was about to be dedicated to the Virgin Mary, our LORD Himself appeared to S. Joseph, saying that He had already "dedicated it to GOD, Who alone was worthy of adoration from everlasting to everlasting." S. Joseph is said to have made frequent journeys across the waters to "The Place of the Great Wells," afterwards named by the Romans, "Theo-Doro-Dunum," "The Gift of GOD," now the city of Wells. He is generally supposed to have passed the remainder of his life at Glastonbury, and to have

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been buried at the east end of his little church. Perhaps the most familiar incident in connection with Glastonbury is its "Holy Thorn," the particulars of which we must glean entirely from legendary sources, although a distant descendant of the ancient tree is still shown in the ruins, and implicitly believed in by the inhabitants.

It is said that S. Joseph and his companions set out to ascend the Tor, and when they had gone but a short distance, becoming weary, S. Joseph placed his staff in the ground, saying, that "there he would build his church." This spot has ever since retained the name of "Weary-all-hill."

The stick, which came originally from the Holy Land, took root, and ever afterwards blossomed on Christmas Day. So much for its traditionary history, but certain it is that a species of Thorn, "Mespilus oxyacantha" (according to Dr. Smith) grows only in that neighbourhood and blooms twice a year. Various other trees are said to have been propagated from this parent stem. The oldest now in existence is to be seen near S. John's Church in the town, the date of which is supposed to be about 1600.

The original tree is popularly believed to have been destroyed by a Puritan soldier in the reign of Charles I., its stump remaining until 1750, its site is now distinguished by a stone, bearing the inscription, J. A., A.D. 31. The Holy Thorn now shown at Glastonbury differs considerably from the trees of the same name growing in many parts of England.

The local superstition respecting it is even yet very strong, and it is believed that should it be intentionally cut down or injured, some dire misfortune would be the result.

On Christmas Eve, the inhabitants of Comeytrowe (which signifies the Valley of the Faithful) flock around their tree, to see it bloom, which they maintain it does exactly at twelve o'clock with a loud noise.

Numerous miracles are ascribed to the Glastonbury Waters. In 1750 Matthew Chancellor is recorded as having been cured of a malady by drinking for seven successive Sundays, of the waters of "the Chain Walk," the efficacy of which was told him in a vision, and Southey mentions a cure effected by the same means on a young man seized with an ague, brought on by fright at the representation of the ghost in "Hamlet." Such are the stories current among the old inhabitants of the town; and one can with difficulty repress a smile at the awed and earnest air with which the tales are related. The history of Glas-

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tonbury has lately come into greater notoriety owing to Tennyson's poem "The Holy Grail," in which most of the scenes are depicted as having taken place in this neighbourhood; the name of Glastonbury being attributed to the supposition that the Holy Grail was brought by S. Joseph from Palestine to Britain. It is singular that one of the eminences of the Tor has for centuries been known by the name of "The Chalice Hill."

We find Glastonbury closely interwoven with the romantic career of King Arthur, who is generally thought to be buried here. A search was made in the reign of Henry II., and at the depth of seven feet, a gravestone was discovered with an inscription engraved upon it, confirming the fact, and underneath that, an old oak coffin, in which the bones of the immortal hero are supposed to have been interred. Mr. Parker, the antiquary, mentions that the custom of burying in a coffin made from a hollow oak, was in use at the time of Arthur. His bones were then removed into the presbytery of the Church, and a grand Mausoleum, bearing the figure of a lion, was placed over his remains; a stone corresponding with this description was discovered at the east end of S. Joseph's chapel in 1825.

The history of Arthur is evidently closely connected with Somersetshire, many places still bearing his name. At Cadbury Camp we find "Arthur's Well" and "Causeway," and at the picturesque village of Northover, a mile from Glastonbury, the traveller is shown the remains of a Roman bridge, which goes by the name of "Arthur's Bridge." The legends connected with S. Dunstan are too well known to require much comment here; having generally made a vivid impression upon the mind of the young student of history; but any account of the place would be deemed incomplete without a mention of his name. This celebrated monk was born at Glastonbury about A.D. 924. His father was a thane, whose lands joined those of the Abbey. His son early evinced a love of learning, and eagerly studied the books left at the Abbey by the Irish pilgrims, who frequently visited the shrine of S. Patrick. His learning became so great, that suspicions were aroused that he dealt in magic: any history of the tenth century will furnish an account of his career, the deeds perpetrated during his episcopate, and the numerous encounters he had with the evil one.

It is recorded by some historians that the Anglo-Saxon kings, Egbert, Ethelred, Edgar, Edmund Ironsides, and Edward the Martyr,

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as well as the renowned Arthur, were buried within the precincts of the Abbey. *Tradition* would have us believe that the bones of the eleven companions of S. Joseph, and many other saints were here laid to rest.

It had become such an esteemed place of sepulture in later times, owing to these associations, that the revenues of the Abbey were greatly increased by gifts from several Archbishops, Bishops, Dukes, and the nobility of both sexes, who hoped by these rich bribes to obtain a burial there.

The entire length of the Abbey Church has been computed to be 594 feet; a better idea may be formed of this, by comparing it with S. Paul's, which is 500 feet in length. The final dissolution of the Abbey took place along with that of the other monastic houses in England, during the reign of Henry VIII., and we are unable to learn into whose hands it then passed. It must have had its full share of those treasures with which so many of them abounded, for its value at the time of its dissolution amounted to £3,311. 7s. 6d.

Having thus given an imperfect sketch of the many historical and legendary reminiscences connected with the town, I will endeavour to portray the abbey as it is, by asking the reader to accompany me in thought on a visit to these far famed ruins.

One of our pleasantest recollections of a recent summer is of a day spent at Glastonbury. We left a lovely watering-place on the Somersetshire coast one bright morning in July, and having to wait nearly two hours at Highbridge Junction, resolved to beguile the time by visiting a little sea-side village, at a short distance from the station.

On our way we met with a true specimen of a Zumerset market-woman, who, after selling in the neighbouring town her week's garden produce, was returning with a load of grains, on which she invited us to mount, and evidently could not understand our refusing to do so.

She quickly discovered that we were strangers to her native country, and on being informed that we came from the north, she eagerly exclaimed, "Oh! *do* you know my son? he lives in the north!"

Thanks to our loquacious friend, we had no difficulty in reaching Burnham-on-the-sands, which we found had a fine sea, but the village was not much better than a collection of fishermen's cottages. It possessed however, one hotel, which was evidently built in hopes of better days. Probably a few years will develope this retired little spot into a fashionable watering-place, and the shelving wooden slope to the

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beach, then covered with sea-weed and ropes belonging to the fishing smacks, may soon give place to an esplanade and even a pier.

We retraced our steps to Highbridge station, and were soon whirled through immense fields of peat (which afford employment to many labouring families) till the head of the giant Tor attracted our attention, and in a few minutes we found ourselves at Glastonbury.

The station is some distance from the Abbey, and as we walked up the gradual ascent we were struck with the quaint aspect of the building. We passed a very ancient looking Church, built in Somerset style, a tower with one pinnacle, which we supposed to be S. Benedict's, but its exterior did not give the promise of much interior beauty, and as it was locked we did not enter.

We soon reached the entrance to the ruins, which was a decided contrast to what we had expected to find, our way leading through some ale and porter stores. Unfortunately it now began to pour with rain, and our first view of the long-wished-for spot was not quite all we could have hoped, but before leaving the grounds we were able to dispense with umbrellas.

Having obtained the keys of the door leading into the Abbey, at the lodge, where a small fee is required, and various curiosities and views may be seen, we were admitted. The ruins are most striking, and occupy a large area. They are now the property of — Pryce, Esq., an Australian sheep farmer, whose house is at the further end. The first thing that attracts the eye is a Saxon arch which is especially fine, though one must imagine its former grandeur, as the top is now lost, but the beauty of the broken columns on either side, plainly indicates what it must have been. The whole of the ruins, while giving evidence of the centuries that have elapsed since they were erected, are yet in a tolerable state of preservation, many of the smaller arches and those round the casements being entire. Of the refectory and also of the dormitories but little can be seen. The gem of the whole Abbey is S. Joseph's Chapel. The beautiful casements on either side and the delicate tracery everywhere visible, with the magnificent arch at the east end, which must once have shaded the remains of the "hero of the round table," clearly prove that however elaborate and beautiful may be the buildings erected of late years, those of our ancient ancestors merit an equal amount of praise. The beauty of the ruins is greatly enhanced by the twining ivy and other creeping plants which are forming natural arches and festoons throughout the building. Outside

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the wall of this chapel is shown a staircase, leading to S. Dunstan's cell, where he is said to have executed so many of his wonderful mechanical contrivances. We were informed that a cow had accomplished the feat of ascending this staircase, a short time before, without injury to the building or to itself. We might have spent hours in meditating on the scene which was then before us, but we were anxious to complete the day by a visit to the adjacent city of Wells, which has also a chapel erected in the Cathedral, to the memory of S. Joseph.

So we left the beautiful gray ruins over which the hand of time is passing with a gentle but steady sweep, where the turf was peopled as it were in our imagination with the holy figures of S. Joseph and his chosen companions wending their way among the arches, and of the monks who in later times devoted their lives to GOD, in its retired cloisters.

Were Glastonbury interesting for nothing more than its present beauty it would indeed be well worth a visit, but when we call to mind the scenes which these peaceful and noble walls must have witnessed, *then* it becomes a sacred spot, to which we cannot bid farewell without feelings of lingering regret.

E. A. W.

KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.

MEANWHILE Elaine loved Lancelot always, and her love was undying; but he still told her he could never wed.

But Elaine said to him, "Have mercy upon me, and suffer me not to die for thy love!"

Sir Lancelot, still loving Guenever, said again to the damsel, that he could never wed. And now Elaine fell fainting at his feet; and her maidens carried her away, and Sir Lancelot never more saw her alive.

Not long after that sad day, as King Arthur and his queen were "speaking together at a window, overlooking the Thames," they observed a black barge moving slowly up the river till it stopped underneath their window; in it they beheld the fairest corpse ever seen, lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting at the end, and no word would he

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speak. So then the king took the queen by the hand and went thither. Then the king made the barge to be holden fast; and then the king and the queen entered with certain knights with them. And there he saw the fairest woman lie in a rich bed, covered with many rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold; and she lay as though she had smiled.

Then the queen espied a letter in her right hand, and told it to the king. Then the king took it and said, "Now I am sure this letter will tell what she was, and why she is come hither."

So when the king was come within his chamber, he called many knights around him, and said, that he would know openly what was written within that letter. Then the king brake it and made a clerk to read it. The letter which began thus, "Most noble knight, Sir Lancelot," told how she, Elaine, had died for his love. "*I* was your lover, whom men called the fair maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan; yet pray for my soul, and bury me at the least, and offer ye my mass-penny. This is my last request." Then the letter told him how she had died, loving him only and none else.

And when the letter was read, the king, the queen, and all the knights wept for pity. Then Sir Lancelot was sent for, and when he was come, Sir Arthur made the letter to be read to him; and Sir Lancelot said, "My Lord Arthur, know ye well I am right heavy at the death of this fair damsel."

"Ye might have showed her," said the queen, "some bounty and gentleness, that might have preserved her life."

And now we are told of many sorrows that came upon the noble King Arthur. He found out (for Mordred told him) that his queen did not love him, as he loved her; and after this, all went wrong and one grief after another befell the king and his people.

Arthur had many a battle to fight, and he saw some of his noblest knights fall around him. And the king sighed for Merlin, and missed Sir Lancelot who had gone away to France; for he was in trouble at the court, and thought best to banish himself from his own dear country; and a hundred knights went with him.

Now Sir Mordred, the king's nephew, rose up against his uncle, wishing to make himself king of England. And Arthur went forward with his armies to fight against his nephew, and he sighed and said, "Alas, unhappy day!"

And the good knight Sir Gawaine was sore wounded, and King

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Arthur, when he heard that his nephew Sir Gawaine was laid so low, made sorrow out of measure, and took Sir Gawaine in his arms, and thrice there he swooned. And Sir Gawaine died. And after this a day was fixed for Arthur to fight against Sir Mordred once more, and Sir Arthur was passing glad that he might be avenged upon Sir Mordred, who had told him evil things of his queen, who had drawn many people after him to dethrone the king, and who had killed Sir Gawaine, and they were to fight on the morrow of Trinity Sunday. So upon Trinity Sunday, at night, King Arthur dreamed a wonderful dream, and so frighted was he in his dream that he cried aloud in his sleep, "Help!" And then the knights awaked him, but he slept again. And in his dream he seemed to see his nephew, Gawaine, who said to him that he had come to warn him not to fight with Mordred, for by Mordred he should be slain.

And Arthur called to him the next morning his lords, knights, and squires and wise bishops. And he told them his vision, and he sent his brother, Sir Bevidere, and two bishops to talk to Sir Mordred, and to make peace for one month. And Sir Mordred agreed to have Cornwall and Kent, and so not to fight for the throne. And Arthur and Mordred were to meet and talk together the next day, each of them to bring fourteen knights with him. Now Arthur said to his knights, "Look ye that Mordred carry no sword with him, for I in no wise trust him, and if ye see a sword drawn, come on fiercely and slay all that ever before ye standeth." And Mordred said likewise. And Arthur and Mordred talked together, and afterwards wine was fetched, and they drank. And there came an adder out of a little bush, and it stung one of Mordred's knights on the foot, and the knight drew the sword to slay the adder, and when the host on both sides saw the sword drawn, they blew trumpets for war and "shouted grimly." And so the fight began. And never was there seen a more fierce battle, and many a grim word was spoken, and many a deadly stroke was there. And many of Arthur's knights were slain, and Sir Bevidere was sore wounded. And Arthur was wroth out of measure when he saw his people slain around him. And he said, "Alas, that ever I should see this doleful day! For now I am come to mine end. But would that I knew where that traitor Sir Mordred is, that hath caused all this mischief!"

Then the king saw Mordred leaning upon a sword among a great heap of dead men.

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"Now, give me my spear," said Arthur to Sir Lucan his brother, "for yonder I espy the traitor, that all this woe hath wrought."

Lucan prayed the king not to fight with Mordred.

"Good lord," said he, "remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Gawaine told you this night."

"Tide me death, tide me life," cried the king, "now I see him yonder, he shall never escape my hands."

"GOD speed ye well!" said Sir Bevidere.

Then the king seized his spear and ran towards Sir Mordred, crying, "Traitor, now is thy death-day come!"

And Mordred ran towards the king with his sword drawn, and they fought fiercely, till Mordred fell. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he struck Arthur with the sword till the king swooned. And Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And Arthur swooned again and again, and as he fell, he cried out, "But I may not stand, my head works so! ah, Sir Lancelot, this day have I sore missed thee! Alas, that I was ever against thee!"

Then Sir Bevidere wept, and the king said to him, "Leave this mourning and weeping; for all this will not avail me; but my time hieth fast. Therefore, take thou Excalibar, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water-side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest."

Sir Bevidere promised to obey, and took the sword from the hand of the dying king. But on the way, the precious stones on the hilt of the sword dazzled him that he knew not what to think. Then he said within himself: "If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss."

And then Sir Bevidere hid Excalibar under a tree. And he told the king he had thrown it into the water.

"What didst thou see?" asked Arthur.

"Sir," replied Sir Bevidere, "I saw nothing but waves and wind."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the king, "therefore go thou again and do my command, as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in."

And once again Sir Bevidere returned; but he had thought it sin to throw away that noble sword.

"What sawest thou?" asked the king.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan."

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"Ah, traitor, untrue," said King Arthur; "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would think that thou that hast been to me so dear, and thou art named a noble knight, wouldst betray me for the riches of the sword? But now, go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life."

Then Sir Bevidere departed, and lightly took it up, and went to the water-side, and he threw the sword as far into the water as he could; and there came an arm and a hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bevidere came again to the king, and told him what he saw.

Then the king told Sir Bevidere to take him up in his arms, and bear him to the river-side. And when they were come near to the water, they saw a black barge glide close up to the bank, and many fair ladies were in it, and among them was a queen; and they all had black hoods. And they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. And the queen said:

"Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas! this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold."

And so they rowed from the land. Then Sir Bevidere cried out:

"Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies!"

"Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou mayest; for in me is no trust to trust in. For I will to the vale of Avelion to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."

But the queen and the ladies wept and shrieked that it was pity to hear.

Part IV.

And as soon as Sir Bevidere had lost sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took his way to the forest, and there he went through all night. And in the morning early he found himself near a chapel and a hermitage where he saw a hermit kneeling by a grave, and hard by was a tomb newly graven. And Sir Bevidere knew that the hermit was the Bishop of Canterbury whom Mordred had banished.

"Sir," said Sir Bevidere, "what man is there interred, that ye pray so fast for?"

"Fair son," said the hermit, "I know not verily, but by thinking.

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But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him, and here they offered a hundred tapers, and gave me a hundred bezants."

"Alas," said Sir Bevidere, "that was my lord, King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel!"

Then Sir Bevidere swooned; and when he awoke, he prayed the hermit that he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. And this was at Glastonbury, which King Arthur called Avelion.

Sir Thomas Malory writes: "More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burial, and such an one was buried there that the hermit bare witness, that for some time was Bishop of Canterbury; but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur; for this tale Sir Bevidere, Knight of the Round Table, made to be written. Yet some men yet say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead. . . . . And men say that he shall come again."

And when Queen Guenever understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, and Sir Mordred, and all the rest, she stole away, and five ladies with her, to the nunnery of Ambresbury; and there she made herself a nun, and "wore white clothes and black, and never creature could make her merry, but she lived in fasting and prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marvelled how virtuously she was changed."

Sir Lancelot, who was now a great lord in France, having with him five hundred knights who vowed never to leave him "for weal or for woe," when he heard that Sir Mordred was crowned King of England, and had made war against King Arthur, and also when he heard how Sir Mordred had besieged the Tower of London because the queen was there, was wroth above measure, and said to his kinsmen:

"Alas, that double traitor, Sir Mordred! now me repenteth that ever he escaped my hands, for much shame hath he done unto my Lord Arthur. Alas, that ever I should live to hear that most noble king, that made me knight, thus to be overset with his subjects in his own realm!"

And so Lancelot passed over the sea till he came to Dover; and there he landed with seven kings. Then he inquired of men of Dover where was King Arthur? Then the people told him how that he was slain, and Sir Mordred also, and a hundred thousand knights on that same day of battle.

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"Alas!" said Sir Lancelot, "this is the heaviest tidings that ever came to me."

Then Sir Lancelot kneeled down and wept and prayed. And to the seven kings and to all his knights he said:

"My fair lords, I thank you all of your coming into this country with me; but we come too late, and that shall repent me while I live; but against death may no man rebel. But since it is so, I will myself ride and seek my lady, Queen Guenever; for as I hear say, she hath great pain and sorrow, and I heard say that she is fled into the west country."

And he told them to wait at Dover fifteen days, and if he did not then return, to take ship and depart again to their own country.

But Sir Bors begged him not to travel alone, "for that he would find few friends in the realm." Sir Lancelot answered:

"Be as be may, keep you still here; for I will forth on my journey, and no man nor child shall go with me."

So he departed and rode to the south-west; and afterwards he travelled on foot many days to find the queen, till at last he came to a nunnery, and there was Queen Guenever walking in the cloisters. And when she saw Sir Lancelot she fell down fainting three times. And Sir Lancelot wanted her to come away with him to France. But Guenever told him to depart from her now, "for," she said, "I am here to pray for forgiveness and to fast and to do penance. Therefore, Sir Lancelot," she said, "I require thee, and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more; and I command thee that thou forsake my company; for through thee and me is the flower of knights and kings destroyed. Therefore, Sir Lancelot, go to thy realm, and there take a wife, and live with her with joy and bliss, and I pray thee heartily, pray for me to our LORD."

"Now, sweet madam," he said, "would ye that I should return again to my realm, and there wed a lady? Nay, madam, know ye that shall I never do."

And after many more words, and many tears, they parted. And Sir Lancelot rode all that day in the forest, weeping; and at the last he saw a hermitage and a chapel which stood between two rocks. And then he heard a little bell ring to vespers, and thither he rode, and alighted; and he went in to pray, and he that sang mass was the Bishop of Canterbury. And the bishop and Sir Bevidere knew Sir Lancelot. But when Sir Bevidere told him all the tale of King Arthur,

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Sir Lancelot's heart almost brake for sorrow; and he threw up his arms and said:

"Alas, who may trust this world!"

And Sir Lancelot prayed the bishop to let him be his brother. And the bishop put a monk's habit upon Sir Lancelot; and in that hermitage Sir Lancelot served GOD night and day, fasting and praying. And many knights came to that monastery, and abode there with Sir Lancelot, praying and giving alms.

And one night Sir Lancelot dreamed thrice that Queen Guenever was dead. And the vision told him to go to Almesbury and to fetch her away and bury her at Glastonbury with the king her husband. So on the morrow Sir Lancelot went to the nunnery, and took seven monks with him, and they travelled on foot. And when they came to the nunnery, they found Guenever who had been dead half an hour. And the nuns told him that she had said to them as she lay dying:

"Sir Lancelot hath been a priest for one year. And hither he cometh as fast as he may, to fetch my corpse. And beside my lord, King Arthur, he shall bury me."

Then Sir Lancelot and his monks went on foot to Glastonbury, and Guenever was buried with the noble king, her husband. And Sir Lancelot swooned and lay long still upon her grave. And when the hermit, which was the Bishop of Canterbury, came and saw him there, he aroused him, saying:

"Ye be to blame, for ye displease GOD with such manner of sorrow-making."

But Sir Lancelot told him how he remembered her beauty and her nobleness. And after this Sir Lancelot ate but little, and dwined away; and ever he lay grovelling on the tomb of Arthur and Guenever.

And there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of his fellows could make him. So within six weeks Sir Lancelot fell ill and lay in his bed, and he sent for the bishop and told him he was about to die. And the bishop said it was but heaviness of heart, and that on the morrow he would be amended. But Sir Lancelot knew he could not live, and he asked for the Holy Supper.

And after this, he told the monks to bury him at Joyous Gard, his own castle far away. Then there was much weeping and a great wringing of hands and sighing. So that night all went to their beds; for they all lay in one chamber.

And after midnight near against day, the Bishop of Canterbury as

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he lay asleep, fell upon a great laughter; and therewith all the monks awoke and came unto the bishop and asked him what he ailed.

"Alas," cried the bishop, "why did ye awake me? I was never in my life so merry and so well at ease."

"Wherefore?" asked Sir Bors.

"Truly," said the bishop, "here was Sir Lancelot with me, with more angels than ever I saw men upon one day; and I saw the angels heave Sir Lancelot unto heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him."

"It is but the vexing of dreams," said Sir Bors, "for I doubt not Sir Lancelot aileth nothing but good."

"It may well be," said the bishop, "go ye to his bed, and then shall ye prove the truth."

So when Sir Bors and his fellows came, they found Sir Lancelot stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled.

And much mourning was made for Sir Lancelot. And he was taken to his castle of Joyous Gard; and in the choir they sang and read many psalms and prayers over him, and about him; and many came to see him as he lay dead. And then they all went again with the Bishop of Canterbury to his hermitage; and there they were together more than a month.

But Sir Constantine of Cornwall was chosen king after Arthur's death: and he was a full noble knight: and he ruled the realm. And then this King Constantine sent for the Bishop of Canterbury unto his bishopric. But Sir Bevidere stayed at the hermitage, and was a hermit to his life's end.

M. G. M.

HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

AUGUST 7.

"All Thy works praise Thee, O LORD."—Psalm cxlv. 10.

TRACE the Holiest Name on snow,
Encircled with bright rays of gold,
When the star jewels all a-glow,
Are scintillating o'er the wold;
And pilgrims homeward bound at night,
Are cheered and guided by that Light.

Trace the Holiest Name on waves,
Sleeping beneath a sapphire sky,

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And from the shell-paved ocean caves,
The deep and solemn sounds reply—
He was deserted and betrayed,
Whose Voice the winds and waves obeyed.

Trace the Holiest Name on air,
On mountain heights or deserts lone,
And fearless pass the lion's lair,
For they Emmanuel's Passport own—
Nor dare the traveller molest,
Who shall the Royal Sign attest.

Trace the Holiest Name with love
And homage on a grateful heart—
A peerless Talisman 'twill prove,
To shield from false Apollyon's dart.
Let all created things adore,
The Trinal Glory evermore.

C. A. M. W.

NOTES ON THE PRIMITIVE LITURGIES.

BY DAVID BURNARD JONES.

(*Continued from page* 72.)

X. The Liturgy of S. Clement.

§ 83. *The Clementine Liturgy a Pre-Nicene Fragment.* The Divine Liturgy of S. Clement is found in the *Apostolic Constitutions*, book 8, chap. v. 5, and extends to chap. xv. 4. It is a literary fragment, and therefore free from suspicion of serious interpolation. It derives its title from the fact that the *Constitutions* are, in their Greek title, attributed to S. Clement of Rome. These have been variously ascribed to the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, but all are agreed that they are compiled from previously existing materials, and that the Liturgy is of pre-Nicene origin. Two eminent scholars whom Dr. Littledale consulted, separately, in 1874, agreed in assigning it to the second century.

Some have thought that the Liturgy was the production of Judaizing Christians. Dr. Neale, however, could not see the least ground for such a theory, but could more easily imagine that it was the Liturgy,

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in all its main points, given by S. Paul to the Churches of his foundation, its tone and style being eminently Pauline. Mr. Mossman says that it is impossible to read some passages of the Epistle of S. Clement without being struck by the similarity of language and identity of thought. He adds that many Liturgical scholars consider that the Epistle imitated the Liturgy.

§ 84. *The Clementine Liturgy, the Early Roman, and the Apology of S. Justin Martyr.* The Clementine Liturgy has no less than eleven points of agreement with the account of the Eucharistic Service given by S. Justin in his First Apology to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, about A.D. 139. That account may be thus condensed: (1) Apostles and Prophets read, (2) Exhortation, (3) Prayers for ourselves, (4) For newly Baptized, (5) For all others, (6) Kiss of Peace, (7) Elements brought—bread, wine, and water, (8) Prayer of praise and glory to the FATHER, through the SON and HOLY GHOST, and *very long* Thanksgiving, (9) *Amen* by all the people, (10) Communion, (11) Reservation by Deacons, for sick. From this circumstance, together with some others to be noticed presently, we are led to believe that S. Justin's account was based either on the Clementine Liturgy or one exactly like it.

This suggests another consideration, that the Clementine Liturgy may possibly be that of the early Roman Church, since S. Justin, if he were living at Rome, would most probably describe the Roman rite. Two or three circumstances which perhaps slightly favour that theory may be noticed. (1) The unquestionable verbal coincidences between the Liturgy and other writings of S. Justin; (2) The all but certainty that the Roman Liturgy was Greek; (3) The peculiar expression "Mystery" found, in nearly the same connection, in the Clementine Liturgy and present Roman Missal;[1] (4) The strong probability that the present form of the Missal has been derived from, or affected by, the Alexandrian and African rites;[2] (5) The absence of allusion to Incense.[3] Against it is Mr. Palmer's assertion that the Clementine is totally un-

[1] "This is the Mystery of the New Testament; take of it, eat," (Clementine); "This is . . . the Mystery of the Faith" (Roman.)

[2] The very ancient Good Friday prayers of the Missal appear to be translations from the Liturgy of S. Mark.

[3] Incense was either not used in the primitive Roman Church, or, if used, was very early abandoned, and not restored until a comparatively late period. Rome was the head-quarters of pagan sacrificial worship, in which the offering of Incense was a prominent feature, as it was also in the act of apostacy from Christianity.

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like the primitive Roman rite; the agreement of the position of the Diptychs with Pope Innocent the First's account (A.D. 416); and of the *Pax* with Tertullian. But of the early Roman rite we have no detailed knowledge, and Mr. Freeman has, we think, adduced several circumstances which seem to suggest that Rome borrowed from Africa and not *vice versâ*. It is probable that, after Greek died out, the Latin rite became assimilated to the African, also Latin, and hence the position of the *Pax*.

§ 85. *The Opening Rubric.* The Liturgy occurs in the *Constitutions* in connection with the consecration of a Bishop. After stating that the new Bishop's hands are to be filled with portions of the Sacrifice, it proceeds: "And in the early morning let him be enthroned by the rest of the Bishops (*παρὰ τῶν λοιπῶν ἐπισκόπων*) in the special place of honour assigned to him: and let them salute him with a kiss in the LORD. And after the reading of the Law and the Prophets, and our Epistles and Acts, and the Gospels, let him that hath been elected salute the Church, saying,

"The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, &c., (2 Cor. xiii. 13.) And let all answer: And with thy spirit."

An attempt has been made to interpret these opening words in a Presbyterian sense: "Let him that hath been chosen (*to celebrate*) be seated . . . with the rest of the Bishops by his side." But the words in brackets are a mere gloss, not a part of the text, and they entirely ignore the very ancient rule, that while a Bishop was present, presbyters did not celebrate. The word *παρά* also has been translated "among" and "by the side of," but contrary, as it seems to us, to its ordinary meaning when followed, as here, by the genitive. The reader will also see that the Liturgy begins with the direction about the Lections, and it was doubtless for this reason that Dr. Neale has not given the earlier one.

Mr. Palmer (in his *Origines Liturgicæ*) states very decidedly that the Liturgy always began with Scripture, and on this ground denies the antiquity of certain liturgical prayers. The above rubric may seem to make for this view, but it is not so clear as to justify the assertion, and it seems to us to the last degree unlikely that there were no opening prayers. Freeman, who quotes one of these passages from Palmer, queries it, and in another place expresses a contrary opinion. And it seems too much to say that because this Rubric describes what occurs *after* the Lections, there were no prayers before.

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And accordingly, it has been suggested that this account of the Eucharistic Service should be taken together with that contained in the second book of the *Constitutions*. The lack of opening prayers seems to be one of several points which show that the Clementine Liturgy is a fragment only.

The mention of the Old Testament is the first point of agreement between the Liturgy and S. Justin Martyr. The same thing is seen in Greek S. James, in S. Adæus, in the Armenian, African, Gallican, and Mozarabic rites, while the Roman and Ambrosian also have their "Prophecy" on certain occasions. Mr. Freeman thinks that only Epistle and Gospel were at first read in the Liturgy, the Prophecy being placed in the introductory or ordinary office. The facts seem to us to point the other way.

A comparison of this Rubric with that in S. James would seem to show the higher antiquity of the latter, to make it, indeed, of the very earliest times.

§ 86. *The Exhortation.* "And after this, let him address to the people words of Exhortation." This is the next point of agreement with S. Justin, as also with S. James, and with the present custom of the Church.

§ 87. *The Expulsion of Catechumens, &c.* This, which in all other Liturgies is reduced to a mere exclamation, is here given at great length. It is possible that S. Justin alludes to it, when he says that only believers are allowed to partake of the Eucharist.

The following are the classes into which the non-Communicants are divided: (1) Hearers and unbelievers, (2) Catechumens, (3) Energumens, or persons possessed by evil spirits, (4) *Photizomenoi* or *Competentes*, the latter being the Latin term, (5) Penitents.

The prayer of the Bishop over the Energumens is very remarkable for its close verbal agreement with the language of S. Justin in Chap. xxx. of his *Dialogue with Trypho*. A large number of expressions which occur there are found in this prayer (p. 68 of Neale's *Translations*), and in that on p. 74. Among them are the following: Evil and wicked spirits—preserve His suppliants from the alien—apostates from piety—from the person (twice)—another petition for preservation from evil and alien spirits—redeem—without turning, blameless—Helper, Mighty, &c.

Later on in the Liturgy deliverance is asked from the *wandering* of the devil (p. 85) and our LORD is said to be about to come again

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with "power" as well as "glory," a coincidence which we wonder Mr. Moultrie omitted to notice.

Notice the expression in the Liturgy; "Whom all things shudder (*φρίσσει*) and tremble at from the person of Thy power." S. Justin omits the word *φρίσσει* in Chap. xxx., but in Chap. xlix. he uses it, and in the same connection. "The hidden *power of God* was in the crucified CHRIST, Whom both *the evil spirits and all the powers and principalities of the earth shudder at.* (*φρίσσει.*)"

It may be said that this only proves the truth of the assertion that the Liturgy was the work of a "learned falsifier of old texts." But S. Justin is speaking of a thing actually existing, and it seems far more reasonable to suppose that the Compiler of the *Constitutions* has honestly worked in pre-existing materials, and so preserved to us the actual Liturgy which S. Justin had in mind.

A word about the *Photizomenoi*, who are expelled after the *Energumenoi*. Neale calls them the "illuminated," the "baptized." But the words *photizomenoi* and *baptizomenoi* being present participles, may mean "being illuminated," "being baptized." The terms seem to be applied to the last stage through which a Catechumen passed, and which culminated in Baptism itself. Thus it would refer to the *Competentes*. And so Bingham takes it, speaking of the *Competentes* and *Photizomenoi* as Greek and Latin names for the same class of persons. It may, perhaps, refer to the newly illuminated. Dr. Neale considers that the passage is of later date than the others.

§ 88. *Non-Communicating Attendance.* The fact that the Church has never had a form for dismissing those who were not minded to communicate orally, is a strong presumption that all in communion were permitted to remain, even if they did not then and there receive. This inference is strengthened by the following considerations; (1) The analogy of the Jewish sacrifices, of which the laity were not always obliged, nor even, under some circumstances (as e.g., ceremonial uncleanness incurred after the preliminaries of the sacrifice had begun) allowed,[1] to partake; (2) The great predominance of the sacrificial aspect of the Eucharist in the ancient Liturgies; (3) The practice of every important Christian body in the world, whether Catholic or Protestant.

Against the practice a certain section of Anglicans urge primitive custom. A few citations are therefore subjoined, which, it is con-

[1] *Cf.* Levit. vii. 19—21.

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tended, show that what was strictly enjoined, was attendance throughout the Liturgy.

(*a*) Eighth Apostolic Canon (of disputed date, but most probably long Ante-Nicene,) "If any Bishop, priest or deacon, or person on the clergy-list, do not receive (*μὴ μεταλάβοι*) when the oblation takes place, let him state the cause, and if it be reasonable, let him be excused; but if he do not mention it, let him be separated, as guilty of injury to the congregation, and as raising a prejudice against the celebrant." (*b*) Ninth Apost. Canon: "It is fit that all the faithful who enter the Church and hear the Scriptures, but do not remain for the prayer and the Holy Communion (*μὴ παραμένοντας δὲ τῇ προσευχῇ καὶ τῇ ἁγίᾳ μεταλήψει*) should be segregated, as causing disorder in the church."

On these we may remark: (1) That the verb implying actual reception is not repeated in the ninth Canon; (2) The word *metalēpeis* is used by S. Chrysostom (*Ad Hebr. Hom.* xvii.) for the Eucharist, and not for the act of partaking; (3) That clerics were excused from actual reception, if they had a reasonable excuse, and it is idle to suppose that the laity were bound by a severer rule.

(*c*) S. Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 190): "Some, when according to custom they are distributing the Eucharist, permit each of the congregation to take his portion. For conscience is the best guide in fitly taking or abstaining." (*Strom.* i. § 1.) (*d*) Eusebius of Alexandria (c. A.D. 440): "Abide during the divine and holy Eucharistic Service; complete thy prayer, *on no account leaving before the Dismissal.* Behold thy LORD divided in pieces, and distributed and not expended, and, if thou hast thy conscience clean, approach and communicate of the Body and Blood." (*De Die Dominicâ*, § 2.) (*e*) S. Chrysostom: "I entreat you not to forbear coming, but to make yourselves worthy both of being present and of approaching." (*Ad Eph. Hom.* iii.) (*f*) Canon 21 of the Council of Elvira (A.D. 305): "If any one in a town neglect to go to Church for three successive Sundays, let him be deprived of the Eucharist for a short space." Thus to stay away from Church altogether, as it has been suggested a non-communicant might do, would expose persons to suspicion. (*g*) S. Chrysostom received certain Alexandrian monks, who came to Constantinople to complain of their patriarch's conduct, to "communion in the prayers," postponing their oral communion till full inquiry should have been made into their case.[1] To this degree of communion the *Con-*

[1] Socrates, *Eccl. Hist.* vi. 9.

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sistentes, or highest class of penitents, were also admitted. (*k*) Council of Agde, A.D. 506, Canon 18: "Laymen who shall not have communicated at Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide may not be believed to be Catholics, nor be counted among Catholics." Canon 47: "We prescribe by special injunction that *the whole of Mass on Sundays shall be attended by the laity*, so that the congregation must not venture to depart before the Priest's blessing; and if they do so, let them be publicly rebuked by the Bishop."

With this last the English Church agrees. She expressly requires only "that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter shall be one." She nowhere requires any to depart before the end of the Liturgy, but rather seems to require their presence throughout, for Canon 18 of 1604, after forbidding any to be occupied during Divine Service with anything but the service, concludes: "Neither shall they disturb the Service or Sermon, by walking or talking, or any other way; *nor depart out of the Church during the time of Service or Sermon*, without some urgent or reasonable cause."

§ 88. *The Deacon's Litany*. Two or three things may be noticed in the Deacon's Litany which follows. First its agreement with S. Justin, consisting of Prayers for ourselves, for the newly-baptized, for all others everywhere, &c. Secondly, the mention of "the Bishop Clement" between "our Bishop James" and "our Bishop Euodius." It seems to make against the theory that the Clementine was the Roman Liturgy, though it must be remembered that Dr. Neale considered these names to be an insertion by way of a pious fraud on the part of the compiler of the *Constitutions*. One thing is very clear; that the position of the Bishop of Rome was very far removed from that which he now claims, for otherwise his see would not be placed second, nor spoken of in so exactly the same way as those of Jerusalem and Antioch, or, as one MS. runs, Alexandria. Thirdly, the mention of "them that bring forth fruit in the holy Church," &c., common to this Liturgy and to Greek and Syriac S. James, S. Mark and S. Chrysostom, &c. Then the prayer for "them that are in mines, and exiles and prisons and bonds, for the Name of the LORD," clearly alluding to persecution; also for "them that are in bitter slavery." The Ektené ends with what Mr. Moultrie says is "very like the *débris* of the lost *Embolismus*." "That the LORD . . . may defend us from the evil one, and from all the scandals of

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them that work iniquity, and may save us to His heavenly kingdom."

§ 89. *The Prayer of the Faithful, Kiss of Peace, and Lavabo.* Notice the exhortation from the Deacon which immediately follows: "Let us rise up" and compare it with what S. Justin says. The prayer of the Bishop which follows we have already noticed as containing several verbal coincidences with S. Justin. We should like now to call attention to its opening phrases: "LORD Almighty, Most Highest, Thou that dwellest in the highest, Thou Holy One that restest in the holies, Thou that art without beginning," &c. Compare the prayer before the *Sancta Sanctis* in SS. Mark and James and the Prayer of the Trisagion in S. Chrysostom; the similarity is curious.

The Kiss of Peace follows, as in S. Justin: "And let the clergy kiss the Bishop, and of the Laity the men the men, and the women the women." It has been thought that at first the kiss was given indiscriminately, and afterwards altered to avoid scandal. Some directions as to the behaviour of the people follow, and then this Rubric: "And let one Sub-Deacon give water to the Priests to wash their hands, the symbol of the purity of the souls devoted to GOD." Mr. Mossman translates this as "the souls *resting in* GOD." Then follows a second exhortation to the Catechumens, &c., to depart, ending as follows: "Let us stand upright, to present unto the LORD our offerings with fear and trembling."

§ 90. *The Preface.* The Rubric which precedes the Anaphora is so important that we give it in full.

"When this is done, let the Deacons bring the gifts to the Bishop at the altar; and let the Priests stand on his right hand, and on his left, as disciples by their Master. But let two of the Deacons on each side of the altar hold a fan made up of thin membranes, or peacock's feathers, or fine cloth, and let them silently drive away flies and gnats, that they may not fall into the cups. Then the Bishop, after having prayed silently (and likewise the Priests) and having put on his splendid vestment, and standing at the altar, and signing himself with the sign of the Cross upon his forehead,[1] let him say,

"The grace of the Almighty GOD, and the love of our LORD

[1] "In all our travels and movements, in all our coming in and going out, at dressing, at putting on our shoes, at the bath, at the table, at the lighting of lamps, at lying down, at sitting down, whatever employment occupy us, we mark our forehead with the sign of the Cross."—Tertullian (A.D. 200) *De Corona*, c. 3.

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JESUS CHRIST, and the fellowship of the HOLY GHOST, be with you all."

The Clementine and Mozarabic rites are peculiar in speaking of the *grace* of the FATHER, and the *love* of the SON.

Mr. Freeman observes that the Benediction (see Liturgy of S. James) is a visible and undoubted expansion of the Aaronic "The LORD bless thee and keep thee," &c., (Levit. xiv. 27;) that it occupies the same relative position in both the Jewish sacrifices and Christian Liturgies; and that 2 Cor. xiii. 14, is most probably borrowed from the Liturgical use, and not *vice versâ;* adding that the *oldest* Liturgies observe the theological order, (which the Apostle inverts;) that to magnify the peculiar work of the SON is S. Paul's special habit; that some, at least, of his Epistles were to be read at Christian assemblies, (and probably in the place which the Epistle still occupies) and that S. Paul frequently appears to allude to other Eucharistic formulæ (as, e.g., the Kiss of Peace) and always in the exact order of the Liturgies.

This is followed by the *Sursum Corda*, &c. The Preface which follows, is remarkable for its enormous length, another point of agreement with S. Justin, who says that the President makes a *very long* (ἐπὶ πολὺ) thanksgiving. The bringing of the gifts just before is another one. The mention of the fans, and the reason assigned for their use, reminds us of the Eastern origin of Christianity, as do several other things, as, e.g., the Kiss of Peace.

We have no space for quotations, and must be content with noticing two or three points. It has, as might be expected, a general agreement with S. James. But it has also an agreement, in order, with what S. Justin says in chap. xiii. of his First Apology. "We praise Him to the best of our power (ὅση δύναμις αἰνοῦντες) with the word of prayer and of thanksgiving (εὐχαριστίας) in all our oblations. In speech we offer Him solemn pomps and hymns for our creation, for all our means of health, for the qualities of things, and for the changes of seasons, and we put up petitions that we may again be in incorruptibility through our faith in Him." Here we have actually the very substance of the Preface.

"It is indeed meet and right before all things to hymn Thee . . . the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever . . . Thou createdst all things out of nothing by Thine Only-begotten SON . . . and by Him, too, dispensest Thy providence over them: [and] continuest all things in well-being . . . Thou hast made water for drink and for cleansing,

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the vital air for respiration . . . Thou hast replenished and adorned (the earth) with fragrant and medicinal herbs . . . with the regular succession of seasons . . . Thou createdst man . . . and didst bind Thyself by an oath to restore him to life again."

And then the Prayer proceeds to commemorate the Saints of the Old Testament. Much of it may be compared with 1 Ep. S. Clement, c. xx., and c. lix.—lxi., and again with the third chapter of the Second Book of Esdras. Both these writings are as old as the first century.[1] At the mention of the overthrow of the walls of Jericho, the commemoration is interrupted by the *Sanctus*, which is thus introduced: "For all these things, glory be to Thee, O LORD Almighty; Thee the innumerable hosts of angels, archangels, thrones, &c., (as in S. James,) Thine everlasting armies adore. Cherubim and Seraphim . . . crying incessantly with uninterrupted shouts of praise: (*and let all the people say with them*) Holy, holy, holy," &c.

The Post-Sanctus which follows is remarkable for its Creed-like form, actually going on beyond the Passion as far as the Session. The Commemoration of Institution begins a fresh paragraph. "Calling therefore to remembrance those things which He endured for our sakes, we give thanks unto Thee, O GOD Almighty, not as we ought, but as we are able, (*ὅσον δυνάμεθα*,) to fulfil His institution. For in the same night," &c.

Compare this with the words of S. Justin: "We praise Him to the best of our power." "A comparison of these passages," remarks Mr. Gerard Moultrie, "quite satisfies me that the Liturgy supplies in itself the true rendering and significance of this same phrase when it occurs again in the great sixty-seventh chapter. 'The celebrant sends forth,' says S. Justin there, 'both prayers and thanksgivings to the best of his power (*ὅση δύναμις αὐτῷ*).' It seems to me to mean neither extempore prayers, nor prayers from memory, nor prayers uttered with a loud voice, but prayers which he offers in the spirit of *ὅση δύναμις*; in this spirit in fact, 'Though we be unworthy through our manifold sins to offer unto Thee any sacrifice, yet we beseech Thee to accept this our bounden duty and service, &c.'"

The Great Oblation has one expression which we believe occurs in no other rite, viz., "When He shall come with glory *and power* to judge," &c. This however is curiously suggestive of S. Justin's expression, "How great shall that *power* be in His glorious coming

[1] See also Ecclus. chap. xliv. *et seqq.*

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again." The actual words of Oblation are: "We offer to Thee, our King and our GOD, according to this institution, this Bread and this Cup; giving thanks to Thee through Him, that Thou hast thought us worthy to stand before Thee, and to sacrifice (*hiereuatein*) unto Thee."

The Invocation contains a very beautiful allusion to the HOLY SPIRIT: "And send down Thy HOLY SPIRIT, *the witness of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus*, on this Sacrifice," &c. Hammond compares 1 S. Pet. v. 1, "A witness of the sufferings of CHRIST." The expression "Thou, O LORD Almighty, being reconciled to them" we have noted in S. James.

In the Great Intercession which follows, the words "offer" and "pray" are used interchangeably; not, as some have said, because there is no offering besides prayer—the very structure of the Liturgy refutes such a notion—but because the prayer is offered in connection with, and is inseparable from, the Oblation.

The order of the Intercessions is—(1) The Church, (2) The Clergy, (3) The King, &c., (4) The Saints, (5) The living, (6) Persecutors, (7) Catechumens, (8) Seasonable weather, &c., (9) The absent "upon a just cause," (10) Final inheritance of the kingdom of CHRIST.

Under (4) are commemorated "all who have pleased" GOD "from the beginning of the world." The list includes "sub-deacons, readers, (they are not called "lay-readers,") singers, virgins, widows, laymen." The Commemoration of the living contains several clauses suggestive of that in our Litany, beginning "for all that travel by land and by water." The conclusion is noticeable, "Both now and ever, and world without end. *And let all the people say*, Amen." (Cf. 1 Cor. xiv. 15.)

Next the Bishop gives the "Peace be," &c., to which the usual response is given, and the Deacon sums up the Intercession in a Bidding Prayer. The opening words of this require notice; "Again and again let us pray to GOD through His CHRIST, on behalf of the Gift that is offered to the LORD GOD: that the good GOD will receive it through the mediation of His CHRIST at His heavenly Altar for a sweet-smelling savour."

This passage has been cited (*a*) against Transubstantiation, and (*b*) against any Real Presence. We do not ourselves believe that it is even incompatible with the former, much less with the latter. The word "Gift," for instance, (not, as sometimes, "gifts,") is most thoroughly in harmony with it, and is the root-idea of all sacrificial language; and the expression "sweet-smelling savour" is applied in

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the New Testament to the Sacrifice of CHRIST. The only possible difficulty is the phrase "through the mediation of His CHRIST." But this is capable of more than one explanation. For instance, the early Church was accustomed to see CHRIST preeminent everywhere, and, in particular, this Liturgy habitually and constantly inserts the expression "through His CHRIST."

The Bidding makes a distinction between the Martyrs and others, as, "*Commemorate we* the holy martyrs," &c., "*Let us pray* for those who have fallen asleep," &c.

The LORD'S Prayer, Fraction, Elevation and Liturgical Commixture are not mentioned. As the two former are certainly Apostolic, it would not be safe to argue that mere silence upon a point implies non-usage. The place of the LORD'S Prayer and Fraction is perhaps marked by the Bidding Prayer, while the Elevation would certainly accompany the *Sancta Sanctis*. The LORD'S Prayer may be omitted as being so well known, just as the Words of Institution are in Gallican MSS. Among other theories Mr. Freeman's is perhaps the most reasonable, that the Prayer is omitted because it originally stood at the opening part of the Liturgy. This, if correct, would make the Liturgy not later than the early part of the second century.

The Bidding is followed by a Prayer of Access, said by the Bishop, and this by the *Sancta Sanctis*, the response to which we have dwelt upon already, as remarkably full, and as being an act of worship and greeting to CHRIST present in the gifts. Minute directions are then given respecting the order in which the people receive, and children, (*παιδία*,) are specified. The 33rd Psalm (our 34th) is ordered to be sung, and the Deacons are directed to "take up what is over and carry them into the Sacristy."

The Deacon's Bidding to thanksgiving, which follows, has been copied, almost verbally, into the Scottish Communion Office, where it occupies the same position, but is said by the Celebrant. It begins, "Having (now) received the Precious Body and Blood of CHRIST, let us give thanks to Him," &c.

The Bishop then gives thanks at length, (cf. our own Thanksgiving, derived from a Syriac rite.) The Deacon then exclaims, "To GOD, through His CHRIST, bow down and receive the blessing," and the Bishop makes a long prayer, which being finished, the Deacon exclaims: "Depart in peace."

(*To be continued.*)

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"UNTEMPERED MORTAR."

BY DARLEY DALE.

CHAPTER II.

OUT OF SCHOOL.

SCHOOL being over, the teachers lingered behind the children to see them safely off the premises, and then they themselves dispersed in groups, in different directions, or went their ways alone. Mr. Palmer and Miss Barker, to whom he was engaged to be married, were the first to move off together; Dr. Cleveland walked away arm-in-arm with Mr. Leverson; Ann Morris went home alone as quickly as she could, and the rest of the teachers departed in a group, their roads at first lying together.

"Thank goodness that is over for another week," said Miss Hazlitt to Miss James, who had tacked herself on to her, for was not Miss Hazlitt the daughter of Sir Hazlitt Hazlitt of Hazlitt Court, and did not Miss James feel three quarters of an inch taller when seen in her company?

"I am afraid you are not strong enough for such 'ard work, Miss 'Azlitt, it is so trying teaching this 'ot weather," remarked Miss James, sympathetically.

"Oh, I never exert myself enough to tire me, but I am always glad when it is over; the room is so close and crowded, and the children fidget so. I wonder who invented Sunday Schools,—really the rack must have been a mild kind of torture compared to them."

"Madge, how can you talk so?" said Agnes Scott, who had joined Miss James and Miss Hazlitt; "think of the opportunities they give one of rescuing perishing souls from the burning. Just think of the inestimable value of one immortal soul!"

"My dear Agnes, I can't when I am enduring fatigue, heat, ennui, and thirst, from one mortal body," replied Miss Hazlitt.

"He-he-he," giggled Miss James, "how amusing you are, Miss 'Azlitt. But don't you think the children were quieter to-day, on account of Mr. Leverson being there?"

"A trifle perhaps, but of course we can't go on much longer, and the sooner the schools are shut up the better. I wonder what Mr. Leverson thought of them, Agnes," said Miss Hazlitt.

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"Really, Madge, I don't in the least care what Mr. Leverson thought of them; he is but an earthen vessel, the only thing that matters is what our blessed—"

"Don't, Agnes, please, we are not in church, and really I no more care what Mr. Leverson thought of them than you do, but I wanted something to say. Good afternoon, Miss James," said Miss Hazlitt, as they came to the veterinary's little house.

"Really that girl gets worse every Sunday; she is too atrocious with her fringe and her curls," she went on, as Miss James left them, "and her head-gear will be the death of me some day."

"Madge, don't laugh at such vanity, it is terribly sad to see a soul for whom CHRIST died, dallying with temptation as that poor girl does," said Agnes.

"Poor creature! she knows no better, she is only very vulgar; I don't think she means any harm, do you, Maud?" said Miss Hazlitt, falling back with Miss Scott and the Slaters who were behind, for if there was a thing in this world that Madge Hazlitt dreaded it was a *tête-à-tête* with Agnes Scott.

Just then they passed a chapel, and Agnes said to her sister: "Maud, I am going in here to hear Mr. Parkisson, he is a true Christian, will you come?"

"Certainly not; and, Agnes, father won't like you to walk home alone, so you had better not go," said Maud,—and Agnes took her advice.

"Oh, I want you all to come back to tea with me, to look at my dress for the ball, it is just sent from Paris; will you come, Miss Slater and Maud?" asked Miss Hazlitt.

"On the LORD'S Day, Madge! you must be mad," said Agnes.

"You goose, it is only to tease you, Agnes; yes, we will come to tea, but I can't stay long, I have so much to do before evening service," said Maud, and Miss Slater agreeing to come also, she and Maud were soon in the midst of an animated discussion on parish matters in general, and the new Rector in particular.

"I wonder what he is going to have this meeting for; I can't possibly go, I have my clothing-club till four, and then I have to dress for an afternoon party," said Maud.

"My dear! I think he is going to turn us all topsy-turvy, but as I am sure nothing can be worse than our present system, I shall go," said Miss Slater.

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"System! why, my dear Miss Slater, we have no system; that is the very thing we want, and the very thing we shall never have, so long as such a poor creature as Mr. Palmer is our superintendent. He has no more idea of keeping order than my lap-dog: his sole recommendation is his voice, and that has no effect on the children now they are used to it. I do hope Mr. Leverson will make some change," said Maud.

"I hope if he does that it will be for the better," said Agnes, "and that he will not seek to teach the children what the world counts knowledge, but will think only of the one thing needful."

"I am sure whatever he does will be right," said Miss Slater, "for he is an excellent man."

"Yes, of course it will be, Agnes knows that," said Maud.

"I am not so sure, Maud, judging from the conversation I had with him this afternoon; I think he is very liable to error, and to error of a soul-destroying nature."

"Agnes, you really grow very uncharitable, I wish you would not talk in that style," said Maud.

"Surely that can't be uncharitable, Maud, when I am speaking out of love for the lambs of the flock; my fear is that the Rector should wish us to dwell on mere outward ordinances of no value whatever, instead of attending to the salvation of their souls," replied Agnes.

"Here we are at home, and I am going to attend to the refreshment of your bodies; so let us drop the little lambs till next Sunday," said Miss Hazlitt.

"You forget the meeting on Thursday, Madge; we shall have to think about the little lambs then," said Maud Scott, with a look at Miss Slater, as much as to say, I wonder what she will say to that.

"My dear Maud, you expect impossibilities; I have already an afternoon party and a tennis-meeting for Thursday; I really can't be in more than two places at once, and if I were to go to that precious meeting I should be in three, for my thoughts would inevitably be with the party, my soul with the tennis-club, and my unfortunate body, flesh I believe I ought to call it, with the meeting. No, Mr. Leverson must excuse me, I will make up for it the next time I meet him. Here we are, mother, hot and tired, and thirsty and cross, as we generally are after our exertions, at least I am, so give us some tea, please, and let us be comfortable again, and after tea you must

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come and see my dress, I am dying to show it off. Agnes, I know you won't look at it to-day, but you others must," said Miss Hazlitt, as she poured out the tea, which we will leave them to enjoy, while we take a peep at the Rectory.

Dr. Cleveland and Mr. Leverson had gone together to see a sick man at the other end of the parish after school, and during their walk had had a long discussion on the management of the Sunday School: they now entered the Rectory drawing-room together.

"You don't mind Cleveland coming in, do you, Mary?" said Mr. Leverson to his young wife, who was recovering from an illness, for which Dr. Cleveland had been attending her.

"No, indeed, I am always pleased to see Dr. Cleveland; well, do tell me, how did you find the schools? are they as bad as Dr. Cleveland described?" asked Mrs. Leverson.

"Worse, if possible; but Cleveland and I have had a long talk, and we quite agree as to what must be done, and we are going to have a meeting on Thursday to declare our intentions to the teachers. In the first place, Mary, I want you to take the first class of girls, will you?"

"If you wish it, I will; but who has them now?"

"Maud Scott; but this is my plan, I mean to separate the boys and girls, put the girls into the class-room—it is rather small, but it is better than having the children all together—and make Miss Scott superintend the girls. It is work that will just suit her, she delights in managing and making plans, and the big girls want an experienced teacher."

"But can't you find some one to do it better than I can? Are there no good teachers in the school?" objected Mrs. Leverson.

"I am afraid not, Cleveland is the only one who has any idea of giving a lesson; Miss Scott is the next best, but I doubt if she will ever give up time enough to prepare a lesson; she is such an energetic girl, and attempts everything, from district-visiting down to lawn-tennis. Some of the others only want a little help to make good teachers, and this we hope to give them. We propose having a teachers' meeting every Sunday after school, when Cleveland and I will take it in turns to give a model lesson for the following Sunday. The teachers can take notes if they like, anyhow I think it will be an assistance to them. My difficulty is with one or two, who I fear will not take the trouble to come, and who are really doing more harm than good; I am afraid we must lose some."

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"If you make that rule about every teacher communicating once a month, I expect several will resign; the sooner the better perhaps, as far as one or two are concerned, but I shall be sorry to lose the second Miss Scott, and I am afraid she will disapprove of that rule," said Dr. Cleveland.

"Still it is one that must be kept, I consider it the first qualification for a Sunday School teacher, that he or she should be a regular communicant. I should be very sorry to lose the little Miss Scott, for she is thoroughly in earnest, I am sure, but very ignorant and misinformed," said Mr. Leverson.

"The wonder is that there is a scrap of Church feeling left in the place at all, considering the state of stagnation our Church affairs were in in old Slater's time. If it had not been for his sister and Maud Scott, I believe every poor person in the parish would have become a Dissenter," said Dr. Cleveland.

"Have you any idea where Miss Agnes Scott imbibed her opinions?" asked Mr. Leverson.

"Partly I believe from the Baptist chapel here, which she occasionally patronises; but chiefly from a great school-friend of hers who belongs to the Plymouth Brethren; she has had these ideas since last winter, when she went to stay with these Brethren," answered Dr. Cleveland.

"Are you going to make any other changes?" asked Mrs. Leverson.

"Yes, there is one other, but I don't quite know how to manage it. I should like to superintend the boys myself for the first few months, until we get the school in better order. Palmer has no authority whatever, he has no idea of keeping order, and the boys have not the least respect for him. I wonder if he could teach," said the Rector.

"He is a very good-natured fellow, and if I suggest he should give up the superintendence to you for the present, I am sure he will," said Dr. Cleveland.

"Then that is settled; by the way, how came he to be chosen as superintendent?"

"It was Mr. Slater's doing; when we first opened the schools, I asked him who was to superintend, and he said, 'Oh, let me see, Palmer, of course, just the man for you, got a splendid voice, and a fine young fellow, cut out for it; ask Palmer:' so Palmer was asked, and accepted, and brought Miss Barker with him," said Dr. Cleveland.

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"She is one I expect will leave, she and Miss James also, and I am half afraid Miss Hazlitt too; we shall have to re-arrange some of the classes. I mean to give the infants to Ann Morris, she is a good girl, and knows how to manage children, and little Florence Slater can take her class. Don't go yet, Cleveland," said Mr. Leverson.

"Yes, thank you, I must. Well, I'll do my best to be at the meeting on Thursday, but if I am not, then you will know I have been sent for elsewhere."

As Dr. Cleveland walked home, he met Miss Barker and Mr. Palmer returning from their usual walk after school, so he stopped to speak to them, knowing Miss Barker had a great predilection for gentlemen's society, and that she never allowed her engagement to hinder her from any flirtation she had the opportunity of enjoying. She made the most of the present occasion, notwithstanding the presence of her *fiancé*, and as Dr. Cleveland continued his solitary walk, he certainly did not feel in the least disposed to envy Mr. Palmer his choice, though she was not only a pretty picture, but also reported to have a gold frame. Indeed if she had not had money, there would have been very little chance of her engagement ever ending in marriage, for Mr. Palmer was a country lawyer, with a very limited number of clients, and Miss Barker was of opinion that she was conferring a great honour upon him in consenting to become his wife. She was the daughter of a tradesman who had made his fortune and retired four or five years before his wife and daughter came to live in Witford; retiring from business, however, did not suit Mr. Barker, and he died shortly after, leaving his wife and daughter all his wealth. They then came to live at Witford, where they were very happy, though their happiness was somewhat marred by the fact that the Hazlitts had never called on them: this was the great trial of Miss Barker's life. When she undertook her class at the Sunday School at Mr. Palmer's request, a gleam of hope had been shed over both Mrs. and Miss Barker's lives on this point, for would not this be a golden opportunity for making Miss Hazlitt's acquaintance? and when she saw how charming Miss Barker was, surely she would induce her mother to call on Mrs. Barker? Miss Barker had, however, now had her class for a year, but the Hazlitts had never called, all hope had finally vanished, and Miss Barker was obliged to be contented with a bowing acquaintance with Miss Hazlitt. She was a thoroughly good-natured girl, however, and if she began to teach in the Sunday School

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partly from selfish motives and partly for Mr. Palmer's sake, she now continued it for the children's sake, of whom she had become very fond, and in whom she took an interest. It is true that interest was not of the highest kind, inasmuch as it applied chiefly to the dress of her pupils, and did not extend itself beyond their temporal welfare; still it was kind as far as it went, and as Miss Barker was well off and generous, she spent a good deal on her class, some of whom she almost clothed, though not always in a fashion becoming their station in life.

She and Mr. Palmer had been discussing the meeting announced that afternoon, and as in their eyes there was nothing to be desired in the management of Witford School, they were both much exercised as to the possible motive for this meeting. In their opinion the school was rather a model of what a Sunday School should be than otherwise, —it was true Dr. Cleveland and Miss Slater made great complaints of the noise, and said it was impossible to teach in such an uproar, but then Dr. Cleveland was very impatient, and Miss Slater, like all old maids, very fussy, unused to children, and in Miss Barker's opinion, quite incapable of managing them; did not she for ever talk at that poor niece of hers till really the child's life was a burden to her?

This was not quite a fact, although at times little Florence Slater would have felt very much inclined to endorse it, for it is certainly not conducive to comfort to be perpetually told to "sit up" whenever you lean back in your chair, to "sit still" whenever you move, to "uncross your feet" whenever you cross them, to do something with your hands when you feel miserably conscious of them, and are as utterly ignorant of what to do with them as girls of fourteen generally are. Neither is it pleasant to be obliged to cover your face with a veil and envelope yourself in a shawl whenever the wind happens to be in the east, no matter how warm the sun may be. It is rather a nuisance to have to change your stockings whenever you have been caught in a shower, and to have to move from a deliciously cool corner on a broiling August day, because you are in a draught: and all these and many similar inconveniences did Florence Slater have to undergo at her aunt's hands; and when it is known that Miss Slater was painfully neat and her niece quite as painfully untidy, it will be believed that Florence had occasionally rather a trying time of it.

This was especially the case on the Thursday for which Mr. Leverson's meeting was fixed, for Miss Slater had been hard at work in her district all the morning, and had come home to her early dinner hot,

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tired, and, truth to tell, decidedly cross; and it did not put her in a better mood to find her drawing-room, which she prided herself was the neatest in the county, in what she considered a shameful state of disorder.

Florence had amused herself with arranging flowers in her aunt's absence, and had spilt the water, and left the dead ones on the floor, and disturbed the arrangement of all the ornaments in her efforts at decoration. The result was Miss Slater was angry, and not content with scolding Florence, she went on at her all dinner-time for various breaches of decorum, until at last Florence began to cry, and then Miss Slater accused herself of being cruel to an orphan child, and the end of it was, if Miss Florence had liked to ask for a slice of the moon that day her aunt would have done her utmost to obtain it for her. Happily Florence was not ambitious of possessing any such lunar delights, but she expressed a wish to be allowed to go to some friend's house for a game of tennis instead of being present at the teachers' meeting, and having asked at an auspicious moment, her request was granted.

Chapter III.

THE MEETING.

Mr. Leverson was rather looking forward to this occasion, for he was anxious to show his new parishioners what a meeting really ought to be, and he was full of ideas for conducting it with spirit, keeping alive the interest of the teachers, and winding up by getting all his resolutions carried. No time was to be wasted in useless discussions, as is usual at such gatherings; no, no, Mr. Leverson had had enough of that in his late parish, where he was curate. He had a vivid recollection of having to listen patiently for twenty minutes while his rector and an economically-disposed parishioner had argued whether the cakes for the school treat should be currant or seed; and finally he himself had solved the difficulty by suggesting that half should be of one kind and half of the other, in which happy thought both rector and parishioner concurred. On another occasion he had created quite a sensation at a district visitors' meeting, when a long argument as to whether red or green was the most appropriate colour for soup-tickets having taken place, and there being every prospect of a similar discussion with regard to all the other tickets, coals, meat, bread, and grocery, ensuing, Mr. Leverson, in a blissful moment of inspiration,

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proposed that for the future all the tickets should be white, which was unanimously agreed to, and the important point amicably settled.

Punctuality was another point Mr. Leverson intended to be very strict on. The meeting was arranged for three, and at three he should commence proceedings without waiting for any one, the late comers must take the consequences. In his late parish it had been considered of small importance, especially if ladies were on the committee, whether the meeting began at the hour named or half an hour later. Neither did he intend to have a whispered conversation of an indefinite length with Dr. Cleveland, before the meeting began, thus wearing out the patience of the others, as is frequently the custom on these occasions. He had, as we have seen already, communicated his plans to that gentleman beforehand.

On Thursday afternoon, accordingly, at ten minutes to three, Mr. Leverson entered his vestry, which he found empty, and waited the arrival of the teachers; at five minutes to three a little page-boy appeared at the vestry-door to say Dr. Cleveland had just been sent for, and would be unable to attend the meeting. This was not encouraging, and when three o'clock struck and no one appeared, Mr. Leverson began to feel his ardour was somewhat damped. It was impossible to begin alone, so there was nothing for it but to go away and give up the meeting, or wait till some of the teachers put in an appearance, and Mr. Leverson decided to give them a quarter of an hour's grace. It was scarcely five minutes past three when Miss Slater arrived, followed almost immediately by Ann Morris.

"I am so glad you have not begun, Mr. Leverson; I was afraid I was rather late," said Miss Slater.

"So you would have been if the others had been punctual, but no one has come yet; I have just heard that Cleveland won't be here, he has been called out. Ah! here is Ann Morris, she has such a long way to come, I hardly expected her," said Mr. Leverson.

"I am afraid you won't see either Miss Hazlitt or Miss Scott today, they are gone to Newnham to a party, and I excused Florence as she wanted to have a game of tennis," said Miss Slater.

"Then I suppose Miss Agnes Scott won't be here either? she will probably go with her sister," remarked Mr. Leverson.

"Oh! dear no, she won't, she considers all such things wicked and quite unbecoming a true Christian. She will be here directly, I should think."

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"We will wait till a quarter past three, and then if the others are not here, we will postpone the meeting till after school on Sunday; indeed I think we had better do so, as four of our number are unable to come. There is only Miss James and Palmer left."

"Miss James I don't expect to see, nor Miss Barker either," said Miss Slater, "but I wonder Mr. Palmer is not here."

At a quarter past three no one else had come, so Mr. Leverson dismissed Ann Morris, and he and Miss Slater walked away together. They had not gone far before they met Mr. Palmer, hurrying towards the Church.

"I am very sorry, sir, but to tell the truth, I really forgot all about the meeting," said Mr. Palmer.

"As most of the others have apparently done the same, I have postponed the meeting till Sunday afternoon," replied Mr. Leverson, and after again expressing his regret, Mr. Palmer left them. Mr. Leverson now remembered his promise to call on Miss Agnes Scott, and telling Miss Slater his intention, he turned his steps towards the Scotts' house, thinking he should probably find Agnes alone, and thus have an opportunity of talking to her.

He was right in this conjecture, and Agnes, who was upstairs when he arrived, soon joined him in the drawing-room. After exchanging greetings, Mr. Leverson remarked that he was sorry Agnes had forgotten the meeting.

"Indeed I had not forgotten it," said Agnes, smiling sweetly, "I was engaged in prayer for you all when the servant told me you were here, and I feel sure you will agree with me, Mr. Leverson, that I was far better employed than if I had come to the meeting," said Agnes.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mr. Leverson, "'laborare est orare,' you know, and if you will allow me to say so, I think you were neglecting a plain and perhaps disagreeable duty for what is probably an easy and pleasant one to you. I am afraid you think me very carnally-minded," he added smiling.

"No, I don't, but I think you put too much trust in outward things, whereas it is only the inward things that really matter. I am not judging so much by what you said just now, as by your remark on Sunday about Baptism," said Agnes.

"Excuse me, if I say that I think you have not been rightly instructed on that point; you have evidently heard only one side, and that the wrong side of the question. Now, if you will listen to me, I

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shall be very happy to explain the teaching of the Church on this and other kindred subjects to you, and I will lend you any books that may be helpful, if you are not too prejudiced to read them," said Mr. Leverson.

"Oh, no, I will listen to you and read any books you wish, but I don't think they will alter my opinions."

"Thank you," said Mr. Leverson, and he remained for nearly an hour teaching, and explaining, and arguing with her, and finally departed, feeling very well pleased with his afternoon's work, for Agnes was thoroughly in earnest, and not inclined to be self-willed or unwilling to be taught, and Mr. Leverson felt hopeful that before very long she would change her opinions, and become a faithful and useful servant of the Church.

The following Sunday the meeting really took place, and all Mr. Leverson's proposals were agreed to; it was decided that the boys and girls should be divided, that Mr. Leverson should superintend the boys and Miss Scott the girls; and that Dr. Cleveland and Mr. Leverson should take it by turns to give a model lesson every Sunday after school. Some of the teachers seemed surprised at this, but the rule that appeared to disconcert some of them the most was, that every teacher should communicate once a month. No one ventured to raise any objection, but Mr. Leverson felt sure they did not all see the reason for it. He therefore added a clause to this last resolution, to the effect that it was not to come into force till the end of the month they had just entered, intending to explain his reasons for it in a sermon on the following Sunday, which he announced would be specially addressed to all church-workers.

Accordingly on the Sunday following, Mr. Leverson got into the pulpit and delivered as his text part of the 10th verse of the 13th chapter of Ezekiel, "One built up a wall, and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar."

He began by saying that of course every child knew that the result of building a wall or a building of any kind with untempered mortar, in other words, with mortar that was not properly prepared, was, that the building would be unable to resist wind or storms, and would fall to the ground. He first dwelt slightly on the historical circumstances under which the words were uttered, and then warming with his subject, he began to apply the text to Church-workers in general and to Sunday School teachers in particular. Sunday Schools were the Church's

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wall, the children were the bricks, if it was attempted to cement them together, or to build them up with untempered mortar, the result would inevitably be that the wall would either fall entirely to the ground, or be useless as a defence. He then endeavoured to show what a very high work a Sunday School teacher's was, and how necessary it was that the teacher should fully realise its importance. The first thing that was required in a teacher, of course, was, that he or she should have given themselves up to the service of GOD, and the next, that they should have a real love of souls, and long to bring the little ones committed to their charge to CHRIST. But this was not all that was necessary to be a good teacher, it was a work that required the head as well as the heart, and to do any good with the children, the teacher must be thoroughly up in the subject he was to teach, and not only this, but what was a far more difficult matter, must know how to impart his knowledge to the children. Then there was another important point, and that was discipline, and before a man attempts to rule others, he must know how to rule his own spirit. Sunday School teaching was a duty that required some self-denial, love, patience, and labour, and unless a teacher possessed some amount of these qualifications, he must not be surprised if he did little good. He ended by urging upon them all the fact that strength and grace to perform this duty well was to be sought in prayer, and above all in Holy Communion.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER THE SERMON.

THE morning after Mr. Leverson preached this sermon he was engaged in his study, when Dr. Cleveland was announced; who, after he was seated, began as follows,—

"You touched us all up last night, Rector; I have been thinking over what you said, and have come to the conclusion that I am a piece of 'untempered mortar,' and I must get you to strike my name off your list of teachers."

"And deprive myself of my best teacher! No, no, Cleveland, indeed I shall do nothing of the kind. I hope you were not offended by anything I stated last night, for I only said what I felt it my duty to say," said Mr. Leverson.

"Oh dear, no, nothing of the kind; only one of your caps fitted me to perfection, and I don't wish to wear it in the schools again."

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"Then leave the cap at home, and come without it. I know to what you are alluding, but it was a random shot, not aimed at you," replied Mr. Leverson.

"It hit me pretty hard all the same,—but to show you I don't bear malice, I will go on with my class, if you really wish it."

"I do indeed,—so that is settled," said Mr. Leverson. And shortly after Dr. Cleveland took his departure.

He met Miss Slater on the door-step, and could not repress a smile, for he suspected her errand was the same as his own; and he was quite right in his conjecture,—this was the object of Miss Slater's visit, as Mr. Leverson soon discovered. Not that Miss Slater for one moment supposed that her method of teaching was at all amiss, her doubts about fitness for her post were purely conscientious and personal; she, like Dr. Cleveland, had thought over Mr. Leverson's sermon, and had of course taken that part to herself which was in no wise intended for her, and in consequence wished to resign.

It was with great difficulty that Mr. Leverson persuaded her to continue it, but at last he succeeded, telling her he had already had Dr. Cleveland there with similar doubts, and he expected several others before the morning was over. It was even more difficult to hint at poor Miss Slater's real unfitness, for it was not as she thought because she was not good enough, but simply that she did not understand boys, or know how to teach them. However, Mr. Leverson laid great stress on the model lessons they were to have, expressing great hopes that these would benefit all the teachers; and Miss Slater, finding that he would not hear of either herself or her niece giving up their classes, went home happy.

Mr. Leverson's next visitor was Miss Hazlitt, who came in some soft white dress, looking fresh as a rose, and as if no such thing as care ever came near her bright young life. She seemed just a trifle embarrassed that morning, and to conceal her embarrassment, she asked Mr. Leverson if he could guess why she had honoured him with such an early visit.

"I rather think it is about the Sunday Schools," replied Mr. Leverson.

"Right; I have come to tell you I am not going to teach any longer,—not another Sunday."

"I am very sorry to hear that,—may I ask why?"

"Untempered mortar," said Miss Hazlitt; and then changing her

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tone, and blushing as she spoke, she added, "the truth is, it was great presumption of me ever doing so, but Mr. Palmer when he asked me, said if I set the example others would follow, so I came; but I really never thought seriously about it till I heard your sermon last night."

"But why should you give it up now you have begun to think seriously about it?" asked Mr. Leverson.

"But I am not going to think seriously yet, I can't be serious for any length of time, that's just the very thing; life is so full of happiness and fun for me, I can't be grave and good like Agnes Scott. Let me wait, Mr. Leverson, till I have sown my wild oats, then I will turn *dévote*, and teach, and visit, and be as good as possible."

"I am really very sorry, more sorry than I can tell, to lose you," began Mr. Leverson.

"Please don't be sorry, or I shall feel inclined to cry, and I do really mean to be very good one day. Now please take me to Mrs. Leverson, I want her to drive back to luncheon with me," said Miss Hazlitt.

"Poor girl, I wonder how long her happiness will last," said Mr. Leverson to himself, when he had taken Miss Hazlitt to his wife and returned to his study.

He had no more visitors that morning, but in the afternoon he got a note on pink paper, which smelt strong of patchouli, from Miss James, which ran as follows:

"Miss James presents her *complimence* to Mr. Leverson, and as *I* cannot *communicate* once a month, she hopes *you* will excuse *me* from teaching in the Sunday Schools for the future."

After reading this well-expressed effusion, Mr. Leverson arrived at the conclusion that Miss James wished to convey to him her desire to resign her post of teacher, finding his rule of monthly Communion too stringent.

Later on in the day both the Scotts besieged him in turn in the vestry with the news that they felt they were "untempered mortar," and therefore wanted to give up teaching; Maud because, as she acknowledged, she had been too full of plans and systems, and had not thought much about the souls of her children, so long as she instilled a certain amount of knowledge into them, while Agnes confessed she had erred just in the opposite direction. She had not attempted to teach her class at all, her sole thought having been to convert them.

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However, Mr. Leverson would not hear of either of the sisters leaving the schools, and after a little talk they both agreed to try again.

Mr. Palmer and Miss Barker were the only teachers who did not offer to resign, they both thought of doing so, but whenever one mentioned it the other persuaded him or her to go on, for each thought the other infallible. However, under Mr. Leverson's care they both altered considerably, and in a few years Witford Schools were in a very different condition to what he found them in. There came a time at last when it could no longer be said that he attempted to build up the walls of the Church with "untempered mortar."

HYMN FOR THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

O LORD of mercy, Thou hast made
  Our hearts the temples of Thy grace;
But often we, by lawless trade,
  Have soiled Thy Spirit's dwelling place.

Not seldom is a den of thieves
  This house of prayer, through careless guard,
Where lurking evil inly cleaves,
  Whose faintest thought should thence be barred.

O come Thy scourges sharp as need
  Its perfect cleansing and repair,
That so, from aught offensive freed,
  It stand again in order fair.

The incense from its altar rise
  Of supplications pleasing Thee,
For gifts of grace whose heavenly guise
  May with Thy Presence there agree;

For truth and love by prophets shown,
  In warning errands gladly run:
For word of wisdom, Thee to own
  Eternal LORD, and David's Son;

Thy visitation's time to mark,
  That all our sickness freely heals,
Illuminates our spirit dark,
  And with Thy Blood our ransom seals.

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The things which to our peace belong
Be alway plain before our eyes;
And from our grateful lips the song
Of praise to Thee, our Peace, arise.

That when the day shall come, foreshown
By Salem's doom, we evermore
May with the blest around the throne
Thy power extol, Thy love adore.

X.

ORPHEUS, OR A LOSS ALL BUT RECOVERED.

AN OLD GREEK TALE.

THERE is a land stretching away far beyond those hills which shade from the north the fair vale of Tempe, and Peneus, the loved of the Muses. In that land the sharp blasts of Boreas are felt indeed. Rugged it is, covered with dark forests and girt around by frowning peaks. The Muses know it not; the Graces shun it; the Gods abhor it. The arts of civilized life which the Titan Prometheus had, at the cost of so much suffering, made known unto men, had barely penetrated thereunto. Few, small, and at long distances apart were the tracks of cultivated land upon which kindly Demeter smiled. Short had been the sojourning of Triptolemus therein. Brief day by day was the tarrying of the Sun-god there; for he loved it not and hastened his departure. Black night and icy winter make it the threshold to their more awful and unknown domains beyond, where they ever reign supreme. But even to this land the much-travelled Dionysus penetrated. Often for weal, but still more often, alas! for woe, was his awful power felt. Those who lived in that wild country were worthy of their fatherland. Rude, stern, savage, undisciplined, the arts of peace they scorned. Ares, the War-god, was the chief object of their devotions, and there he had his favoured seat. Thither had he fled when he had been vanquished by the superior craft of the justly enraged Fire-king. And his worshippers were worthy of the god whom they adored, whom Zeus himself disliked for his savage thirst for blood, although he was his own son. The Muses shunned that wild savage land. Phœbus Apollo, bright Phœbus Apollo the far-shooting king, hated it.

And yet that wild savage land was not always left desolate, deserted of the gods, abandoned to the ill-regulated passions of its own uncouth

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inhabitants. Thither wandered once in days of old the son of the Muse Calliope, the divinely gifted Orpheus, the loved of the gods. To him the conducting Hermes had presented his own invention, the lyre. Him Phœbus Apollo had taught the art of song, for he loved him as though he had been his own son; and well had the poet answered to the instructions of his divine teacher. The art of which he soon made himself the master not only softened his own soul, but raised in him the highest hopes of being enabled thereby to do good to the men of his own kind to whom culture was unknown. With this object in view he left the fair plains of Tempe and the sweetly flowing Peneus, and wended his way to the savage land of the blood-thirsty Thracians. As a god did he appear to them, and as a god did they receive him, entranced by his divine minstrelsy. When they listened to the sweet sounds of his lyre their hardened hearts were softened, their rugged spirits were subdued. They lost somewhat of their untamed savage nature.

And well might that be, for not by man alone was his mysterious power felt; all nature owned the sway of his master-hand. When he put forth his skill the rivers ceased to flow, and no longer did the leaves of the wood rustle under the whisper of the breeze. When he played, the rugged rocks and sharp peaks of the Thracian hills felt his influence, and opened themselves still more to the gladdening rays of the orb of day. The beasts of the forest forgat their wildness; the timid stag stayed in his flight from the hungry wolf; the hungry wolf paused in his pursuit; the savage hawk lost sight of the timid dove; the timid dove lost all fear when the melody of the divine master's hand fell upon her ear. It was said that even the wild storm blasts sank quiet before his entrancing lays, and peace reigned in their path.

Soon was his fame spread abroad far and wide. The branches of the trees bent down to greet him as he passed beneath their cooling shade; the sunbeams glanced and danced before him; the birds of the air ceased their song and listened; the flowers of the field opened out wider their petals; and the very grass shone with a brighter glow at his approach. Happy was Orpheus, happy in himself and still happier in the holy charm which his divine gift of song shed around him.

And yet in one thing further was he the more happy, in the home-love that was his for his wife Eurydice. Her he had wooed and won; her he had ever cherished with the most fond affection, and to him she

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had ever looked with loving regard as to the goddess-born, the sweet lyrist of the gods, the tamer of ignorant and savage men to more gentle ways. Happy was Orpheus, happy in himself, happy in his excellent gifts, happy in the use that he made of them, happy in his wife.

But no happiness is lasting to mortal man, and this even Orpheus soon found by sad experience. Light and gladsome were his days, but a change soon came. The shepherd Aristæus, one of the rude inhabitants of that land, although of a goddess born, on one luckless day saw the fair Eurydice, and the arrow of the Love-god pierced his heart. But she would none of his unlawful affection. With stern indignation she repelled him, and fled from him. Alas! in her flight she trod upon a fair flowering shrub, so the Destinies had willed that it should be, for beneath that shrub was hid a fell serpent, who in anger shot his fatal venom on the unwitting disturber of his repose, and Eurydice died.

Deep and heartfelt was the grief of Orpheus at this loss; loud and unceasing were his lamentations; urgent and pressing were his prayers to the gods of heaven. But what could they do against the gloomy king of the realms below and his awful spouse? Eurydice had crossed the nine-fold flowing river, and for her there was no return.

Meanwhile all nature felt for Orpheus in his loss, for sorely did they miss the sweet notes of his now tuneless lyre. But what could mute sympathy do for him? Eurydice had crossed the nine-fold flowing river, and for her there was no return. But as he was wandering along the crags of Pangæus a sudden thought flashed into his soul, shedding over him a faint gleam of light and hope. Was it the inspiration of his mother, or was it a suggestion from the then lord of the lyre, the far shooting king?

"I myself," said he, "will go to the realms of the dead. I myself will descend to the nether parts of the earth. I will myself descend to those gloomy realms where Hades reigns supreme. I will present myself before the dark king, and plead my cause before the awful Persephone. With the sweet strains of my lyre I may perchance soften their inexorable hearts, and thus recover my lost Eurydice."

Nor was there any delay. Alone and unattended must he go, and forth he went. The entrance to the nether world was soon found by him, the goddess-born. Down he went, down the narrow path of gloom, fraught with disease, pain and care. But as his fingers swept

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over the strings, disease, pain, and care fled from before him. The ghosts of the unburied flittered around, glaring hideously from their eyeless sockets, gibbering and moaning as he went, the alone clothed with flesh amid their shadowy forms. He approached the dark river, the dread even of the gods of heaven. The unsightly ferryman was there, with his oar keeping off from access to his frail boat, all who had not paid the fare, all upon whose soul-bereft bodies the light earth had not been thrice sprinkled. Even he felt the power of Calliope's son, and Orpheus the first of living men crossed the deeply flowing mysterious river.

Loud barked the watch-dog from his triple throat as the daring intruder approached hell's gates, but when the heavenly music fell upon his ears his jaws were closed, his three necks fell, softly and gently did his tail sweep the ground, and he was mute. The entrance to the infernal palace was gained.

And now he stood before the grim monarch of the shades, and his awful spouse. "How is it, bold stranger," asked Aidoneus, "that thou hast ventured to enter my realms, unsummoned, still clothed with a body, before the fatal scissors of Atropos have clipped thy thread of life? Who of mortal men has ever dared with firm eye and cheek unblanched to penetrate even to the very foot of my throne?"

"Hear me, dread king of the shades," answered the bold intruder. "Hear me now, and grant me my request."

He said no more, but his fingers swept over the lyre, and the music of heaven sounded through the courts of Hades. The grim monarch's brow relaxed as he heard the sweet strains; in the heart of the awful Persephone delightsome remembrances were called up of her fresh youth with her mother Demeter in the realms above. The stern countenances even of the fell Erinnyes were softened, and the hissing snakes entangled in their locks dropped their heads in entranced rapture. Louder and yet louder sounded the heavenly song: deeper and yet deeper sank the echo of its full melody. The wheel of the hapless Ixion was stayed in its unending course, and a ray of, alas! but short-lived comfort was darted into his soul. Tantalus forgat his burning thirst, and even as he listened the waters around him ceased to flow away from his parched lips, and the fruit-bearing branches were no longer tossed aside by the now quiet breezes. The stone of Sisyphus stayed in mid course, and the whole depths of the nethermost Hades felt the influence of that divine melody.

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At length the minstrel ceased, and for a brief space there was silence even in Hell. Then spake the dark-browed king:

"What is thy request, thou melodious stranger, and it shall be granted thee?"

Then answered Orpheus: "O dread king of the shades below, grant me back my Eurydice."

"It is done," answered Aidoneus: "go; return to the tracks of light, and thy Eurydice shall follow thee. But mark this: press forward, look not behind thee. For if thou cast but one glance behind thee ere thou hast set foot upon earth above, and ere thine eye has once more gazed upon the all-seeing orb of day, then thy fair Eurydice wilt melt away from thee, and remain for ever in my power. Take thee good heed to this my charge, and now depart. The way to the realms above is open to thee."

Thus he spoke. Low to the ground bent Orpheus before the dread king and his awful queen. One more strain of joyful gratitude did he pour forth, and returned.

Back he went with right gladsome step to the realms above; no need was there now of the lyre that hung silent upon his arm. He passed the gates; the three-headed guardian cowered before him. He approached the turbid river; without a word old Charon carried him across. Good heed took he to cast no glance back, but ever pressing forward entered that narrow passage that leads up to the world of light. Onward he went. No ghost of the departed gibbered and moaned before him now; no sight of horror met his gaze; no weariness tried his feet.

And now at last he saw in the distance a faint glimmer of the pure light of heaven. Oh! how different from the lurid glare that alone relieved the gloomy darkness of those fell regions, into which his loving heart and unswerving courage had borne him. And as he pressed onward yet brighter flashed the light. A little further and earth's gladsome surface would feel his joyous tread with her whom he loved, to rescue whom he had dared so much. And now as he drew nearer to the light he fancied that he heard a light step, and the rustling of a robe behind. His passionate love overpowered him, and forgetful of the king's charge, and careless of the fearful risk that he was incurring, he cast *one look* backwards. Ah! luckless glance! Ah! ill-timed impatience! He saw her, indeed, his own Eurydice, but he saw her for the last time. As soon as her well-known and much-loved form

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met his gaze, it waxed fainter and fainter until it vanished from his view, down into the depths of earth again. The unhappy Orpheus had broken his compact with the dread king; and now the dread king claimed his own for ever.

Down again Orpheus hurried to the darkly flowing river. In vain did he strike his hand over his lyre's strings. The eddying stream and the grim ferryman of the dead were alike proof against the charms of his music, and Orpheus was constrained to return *alone* to the regions of light and day.

Henceforth he led a mournful solitary life. He still practised that divine art which his mother had taught him, but he ever shunned the haunts of men. The rocks, the hills, the groves, the valleys, and the fountains of water were his resting place. Eurydice was ever on his lips; Eurydice was ever in his thoughts; Eurydice was ever in his heart.

At length the votaries of the Wine-god, driven to a frenzy by his neglect of them, laid violent hands upon him, and did him to death. But as he was expiring in agony under their hands the last word that fell from his lips was—EURYDICE.

S. C. A.

CELEBRATED PEOPLE OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

THE time of "good Queen Bess" is one that all we English love to look back upon, as being upon the whole a happy and glorious one for our country. It seems a bright spot in our history, coming as it does between the terrible persecutions of Mary's reign and the corruptions of the courts of the Stuarts, while it is noted for the number of gifted men who flourished at that period.

This retrospect of centuries takes us into the age of chivalry, and we look upon an entirely different scene to that presented by our modern world. Fancy comes to our aid,—we picture a brilliant court ruled over by a beautiful and haughty queen; ladies of stately mien, with high-standing ruffs, and wide-spread hoops, surround their sovereign; along with crowds of gay courtiers in strangely designed dresses of every imaginable colour; and gallants with their peaked beards and marvellously pointed shoes. The wondrous story of the Spanish Armada, which came, and saw, but conquered *not*;—an irresistible

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vision of proud Raleigh spreading his cloak over the miry place, for his princess to lay her dainty foot upon; tales that our childhood delighted in, come across us as we recall these faces of "auld lang syne;" *celebrated* characters too are many of these, to us strange looking beings.

Grave statesmen are there—whose wise administration placed England in a higher and far more influential position, with regard to other nations, than even the successful wars of preceding reigns had done: many learned men—a *few* of such wonderfully brilliant genius that the lustre will never fade away so long as the world endureth: sailors, too, bronzed with circumnavigating the world—ah! not dashing round it by steam, and when at the very antipodes sending home intelligence of their discoveries in so many minutes by submarine telegraph. It was a feat to accomplish such a journey, in those days when vessels were dependent upon "favouring breezes."

But there are shadows in every picture, and in this one also, for the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots appears on the scene. So young and so lovely, yet bloodshed and misery following her steps through life—beginning with the tragic fate of Darnley and Rizzio, and the sad story ending with her own hapless fate. Whether innocent of crime or guilty, her sorrows call forth our pity—and *here* we feel, lies a deep stain upon the womanly character of Elizabeth. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, notorious for his vices, suspected of many crimes, and yet the chief favourite of the Queen, is supposed to have advised the death of Mary. Hume thus speaks of him, "proud, insolent, interested, ambitious; without honour, without generosity, without humanity." He was the blackest character of his day; his fortunes and the fate of his unhappy wife, the beautiful Amy Robsart, have been celebrated by the author of "Kenilworth."

From the many shadowy forms thus pictured before us, we must single out those whose noble deeds, virtues, or talents, have won for them an enduring place in the list of our country's great men. Amongst men of worth and genius, statesmen perhaps occupy a foremost place by the influence they exercise over their country's welfare, and the effect which their policy has upon it even in succeeding generations. One man, although he may be at the head of the existing government, cannot stand alone and legislate for an entire nation; therefore we find that a prosperous reign is nearly always noted for its able ministers—which that of Elizabeth fully illustrates.

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Chief of her legislators was William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, son of one of the courtiers of Henry VIII.; a man of sterling worth and high principle, celebrated for his clever and wise management of public affairs and his noble personal character. During his school and college life, and the time he passed as a student of the law in Gray's Inn, Cecil was distinguished for his upright conduct and steady application to study. Later in life his talents, industry, and adherence to the cause of the Reformation, procured for him the esteem and confidence of Edward VI., who made him Secretary of State in 1548. In the troublous times that followed, Cecil preferred to give up all his employments rather than change his religion, not however attaching himself to the intrigues of either party until the year 1555; when, being appointed a member for his county he distinguished himself by openly opposing the Roman Catholics and advocating the cause of the persecuted Protestants: for which, by his excellent self-defence only, he narrowly escaped imprisonment in the Tower. By his counsel the Princess Elizabeth was enabled to escape the snare of Mary; upon whose accession he again became Secretary of State, was made Baron in 1571, received the Order of the Garter, and became Lord High Treasurer in 1572. From that time until his death in 1598, Cecil entirely governed England, while his measures were universally acknowledged to have been "the most judicious that could have been taken for the preservation of the peace and welfare of his country, and the establishment of the reformed religion." *Principle* and *self-command* were the motive and ruling powers of his life; with vigilance, justice and integrity, guiding him so well through the difficulties surrounding his office, that to the end of his career he retained the favour of his Queen, together with the respect and affection of the nation. The leisure moments of this truly great man were spent in reading and gardening. Some of his own words best show how much religion entered into his daily life: "I entertain no malice against any individual whatever; and I thank GOD that I never retired to rest out of charity with any man." And again: "I will trust no man if he be not of sound religion, for he that is false to GOD can never be true to man."

Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, succeeded his father as Prime Minister, and although he does not bear the same high character, he became one of the ablest ministers of his time in the reign of James I.

Amongst statesmen of note at this time, must be mentioned, Sir Christopher Hatton, distinguished for his good sense, equity and clear-

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ness of principle; Sir Edward Coke, Attorney General, and author of many celebrated treatises on law; Sir Thomas Smith, celebrated for his deep classic learning; Sir Francis Walsingham, orator or representative of Elizabeth at the French Court, and distinguished for his personal bravery, as well as for quickness and superior intelligence in the despatch of business, which made the Queen consider him as "a man that ever outdid himself;" Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, employed as Scotch ambassador, and Sir Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst; Sir Thomas Bodley, who was employed on important embassies, but is chiefly renowned for being a great patron of learning, and for having in 1597 founded the Bodleian Library at Oxford; Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal during the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign and the firm friend of Cecil, with whom he was connected by similarity of opinion, politics, and relationship: he is chiefly noted for having aided considerably in the establishment of the reformed religion, and for his own upright and manly conduct. Burnet says of him: "As he was one of the most learned, most pious and wisest men of the nation, so he retained in all his greatness a modesty equal to what the ancient Greeks and Romans carried with them to their highest advancement."

And now we come to one of the most brilliant geniuses of his age, Sir Francis Bacon, son of the above, who was born in 1561; statesman, lawyer, orator, poet and author, he excites admiration by his extensive acquirements.

The wonderfully philosophic genius of Bacon was hardly appreciated in his own day, except by Ben Jonson, who spoke most highly in praise of his talents and considered him one of the most extraordinarily gifted men of the age. His friendship with Essex prevented his advancement in proportion to his talents and high connection; but his fortunes brightened in the reign of James. To Essex he proved a faithful friend, endeavouring to help him in his adversity and encountering the Queen's displeasure by suing for his pardon. He is celebrated for opposing the philosophy of Aristotle, and for the splendid method that he taught of studying science. His character was stained by vices, which caused his disgrace shortly before his death in 1626.

Some of Bacon's works are much celebrated, viz. those "Of the state of Europe," "Felicities of Queen Elizabeth," and many legal treatises, the chief of all being the "Organon," sketched in his youth and published in 1620, the result of the painstaking labours of many years.

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We must conclude this necessarily brief account of his life with the remarkable words found in his will, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen after some time be passed over."

The Earl of Essex, who, unhappily for him, became the Queen's chief favourite after the death of Leicester, was a man of violent and haughty temper; too proud to ask for pardon after having offended his royal mistress, he showed his resentment by encouraging all those who were offended with the government, and he was beheaded in 1601. His father, Walter Devereux, had been created the first Earl of Essex by Elizabeth, for the superior intelligence and courage displayed by him in the rebellion of 1569.

The spirit of adventure was rife at this time when the discovery of America by Columbus was yet fresh in men's minds, and the whole of Elizabeth's reign is full of interest from the enterprising expeditions of many bold navigators; but space admits of only a very brief mention of them here.

Sir Francis Drake, renowned for his valour and skilful seamanship, and who (to use Fuller's quaint expression) "lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it," greatly improved the art of navigation, being the great author of our way of commerce with the east, and of our passage to the west. In his good ship "Pelican" he sailed round the world in twelve days less than three years, the first commander who had ever even attempted such a voyage. On which occasion an admiring contemporary sang of him, "But for his fame the ocean sea had not sufficient room." Together with Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, Captain Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Martin Frobisher, (three celebrated naval heroes,) Drake took part in finishing the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Drake and Hawkins both died within a short time of each other, in one of their expeditions against Spain, the latter was the first of our own countrymen who gave countenance to the slave trade in 1564.

Frobisher, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Sir John Davis, all celebrated navigators, endeavoured to find a north-west passage to China. The afterwards celebrated Admiral Blake was born towards the latter part of Elizabeth's reign.

Sir Walter Raleigh is one of the best known characters of this time, and his name has been justly celebrated. Of an original and versatile genius, a poet, an author, an eminent commander by sea and by

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land, a navigator, a discoverer of new countries, a statesman, and an accomplished courtier, his fame ranks high, and he is considered one of the most remarkable in an age of eminent men. His moral character will not bear close inspection—crafty, rapacious, and wanting in truth, yet kindly of heart, he gained the love of his dependents. He was born at Budley, in Devonshire, in 1652; the romantic incident of his introduction to Elizabeth is well known. In her time his fortunes flourished, but they fell at her death. As an author, Hume considers him as "the best model of our antient style," his greatest work, "The History of the World," commenced in prison, was left unfinished, owing to his unfortunate fate.

Richard Hooker, esteemed for his learning and piety, author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," one of our Church's standard theological works, and Bishop Jewell, celebrated for his controversial works, are chief amongst the great divines of the sixteenth century.

This age also gave birth to the afterwards celebrated Archbishop Laud, to Oliver Cromwell, to John Hampden, John Selden, and the great architect, Inigo Jones. The Reformers Calvin and Philip Melancthon, died shortly after Elizabeth's accession to the throne.

Amongst the many learned Englishmen of the Elizabethan age, must be mentioned George Buchanan, author, satirist, and classic scholar; Roger Ascham, celebrated especially for having been tutor to his Queen, also for his scholarship and elegant penmanship; Stow and Speed, well known chronologists, historians, and antiquarians; William Camden, historian and antiquary; Thomas Morley, a musician, one of the most distinguished of our early composers, and author of the first treatise on the art of music (1597,) he was spoken of by an Italian composer of a later date as "il erudito musico Inglese;" Leonard Digges, a clever mathematician, who died in 1574; Sir Hugh Middleton, a Welsh builder, celebrated as the projector of the New River; Sir Richard Baker, author of the "Chronicles of the Kings of England;" David Baker, an English Benedictine Monk and ecclesiastical historian, born at Abergavenny in 1575; Thomas Sutton, an eminent merchant, the founder of the Charterhouse charity.

Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins, a fisherman, may be considered remarkable, as having lived, it is said, to the respective ages of 152 and 169 years; facts which it must be admitted are somewhat questioned in our more sceptical days.

Painting and music appear to have flourished but little during the

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reign of Elizabeth, to judge by the absence of celebrated men in either art. But in its rich store of poetry it has been *unequalled* by any age.

The name of William Shakespeare is of world-wide celebrity, as being one of the most brilliant geniuses that the world has ever seen, of whom Englishmen are justly proud. It is strange that beyond the fact that he was son of John Shakespeare, and born at Stratford-upon-Avon, and is supposed to have been educated at the Stratford Grammar School, little or nothing of his early life is known. The most distinguished characteristics of Shakespeare's genius were his wit and humour, his art in touching lightly upon subjects without exhausting them, and his power of going completely out of himself in his description of persons and things. His plays are marvellous in their brilliancy of dialogue, in them he adhered entirely to blank verse, "which he may be said to have created, in his hands certainly the grandest as well as the sweetest form in which the highest thoughts were ever unfolded to listening humanity." He is seldom mentioned by his contemporaries, but one important notice is given of him by Francis Meres in 1598, which is valuable as showing the rank which Shakespeare had taken at that date amongst his most eminent contemporaries: "As the Greek tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, &c., ... ; and the Latin tongue by Virgil . . . ; so is the English tongue mightily enriched, and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow and Chapman." He goes on to speak of him as "honey-tongued and mellifluous Shakespeare." The whole life of this great dramatist appears to have been much mixed up with the stage, at one time an actor, at another manager, and when towards the close of his life he retired to his native place, he still held property in theatres. In 1616 Shakespeare died, but the plays and poetry of this surpassing genius are valued as being amongst the richest of all our heirlooms of English literature. Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson too, of wide repute, one of the ablest critics of his time, and upon whose tomb in Westminster Abbey is the inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson," have added by theirs to the store of dramatic writings; while Edmund Spenser, that "prince of poets," who ranks with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, gave to the world his "Faerie Queen" with a host of other beautiful poems. Upon the death of his great friend and kind patron Sir Philip Sidney, he wrote

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the elegy of "Astrophel." Ben Jonson gives a sad account of the ending of this great poet's life, the Irish having stolen his goods and burnt his house and a little child, he and his wife escaped only to die shortly after "for lake of bread" (1599.)

Spenser is eulogised by every poet of his own time; Watson in 1590, Webbe in 1586, and Sir Philip Sidney speaks of him in his "Defence of Poesie." He is also called "the Rubens of English poetry."

Of all these celebrated characters Sir Philip Sidney is the most loveable, and also one of the noblest and most interesting. His character has been a favourite theme; for chivalrous, talented, courageous, yet gentle, truthful, generous, courtly, and refined, he appears to have united in his person all the virtues of humanity without any of its vices. Loved by many, he seems to have been hated by none, and all the most eminent men of his day have united in giving their tribute of praise to his memory; while he is called by Raleigh "the English Petrarch." After serving his country in various positions he was made governor of Flushing, and in the war between the Hollanders and Spaniards, he unhappily received a mortal wound. The touching story of his handing the water that had been given him to slake his thirst, to a poor dying soldier who was looking with longing eyes, with the words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine," shows the goodness and heroism of his nature. He was the idol of the English nation, and his untimely fate was bitterly lamented. He wrote the "Arcadia," which was much thought of at that time; while all his many literary productions display great sentiment and brilliancy of imagination.

The author of the "Effigies Poeticæ" thus describes his life: "He trod from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory."

Thus we have glanced over many celebrated characters of our own country, but foreign lands were not behindhand in contributing to the genius of the Elizabethan era.

Tycho Brähe, Galileo, and Kepler, the great astronomers, were at this time finding out the true system of the world, and astonishing its inhabitants with theories both new and startling.

Claudius Salmasius, the Frenchman, wrote histories, and criticised the doings and works of men.

Sully, the greatest prime minister France has ever possessed, was contemporary with Lord Burleigh; and Don Juan of Austria, one of

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the most celebrated captains of the sixteenth century, vied with Sidney and Raleigh.

Descartes, splendid mathematician and philosopher, and Jerome Cardan, rivalled the philosophic Bacon. With Shakespeare and Spenser, Camoëns, the Homer and Virgil of Portugal (author of the celebrated "Lusiad,") Torquato Tasso, and the incomparable Cervantes, wrought their grand sweet thoughts and dreams of fancy into glowing language: while Michael Angelo and Rubens, of immortal fame, filled the empty canvas with glorious forms of beauty, and created splendid images by hands taught to convey the inspiration of genius.

They are gone now, but their marvellous creations remain, speaking to us from the page and canvas which they have endued with life. And of all these bygone people of an olden time, only memories are left us. Our criticism is of no moment to them now, their anxieties, sorrows, hopes, and joys have ended in the calm that follows after life's battle. The beautiful old abbey that "rears its venerable pile" amid the thronging life and busy noise of our great metropolis, is the haven where many of them rest, under the quiet shelter of fretted roof and stately column. And the memories that we have thus gathered around us, we lay down again with gentle and reverent thoughts. "Requiescant in pace."

E. A. S.

A CHORD OF SYMPATHY.

OUR hearts are with thee, lady, in thy sadness,
Touched with the grief that makes thy full heart break,
This night of gloom[1] before the morn of gladness,
When eyes shall weep no more for Love's dear sake.

Our hearts are with thee, in thy desolation;
The heart of England, with her widowed Queen,
Speaks out the sympathy of all our nation,
Our love for that dear life that might have been.

For our loved Queen has had her meed of sorrow:
And weeps in sympathy with those that weep,[2]
That she may share their joy, on the bright morrow,
When angels wake her loved ones from their sleep.

[1] Ps. xxx. 5. [2] Rom. xii. 15.

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And from the palace to the peasant's dwelling,
Our people's hearts are with thee, honoured guest;
Whilst from thine eyes a mother's tears are welling,
We kneel to pray that GOD may grant *him* rest;

And fortitude for *thee*, to bear the burden
Of life, bereft of those who made it dear,
Until the "crown of glory"[1] be thy guerdon
For taking up the cross of suff'ring here;

When both the loved ones who have gone before thee,
To the bright Land, where there is no alloy,
Shall bid thee welcome to the throne of glory,
And all thy "sorrow shall be turned to joy."[2]

R. H. M.

Reviews and Notices.

A Vantage Ground, and other Tales, by Florence Wilford, (Masters,) is a very attractive volume containing three of the refined high-toned stories which this popular writer is so well able to produce. The longest of the tales in the present collection, "Christina," appeared originally in the pages of the "Churchman's Companion," and is in our opinion one of the most charming stories she has ever written. The third, "A Lesson from a Sprite," is reprinted from a Christmas number of the "Monthly Packet," and conveys an admirable lesson on unreality.

We have read with very great pleasure *Becket: the Story of his quarrel with Henry II., dramatised from the Old Chroniclers.* (Remington and Co.) The author is Mr. C. T. Winter, who is certainly no mean poet, and without assuming the character of a partisan, he has undoubtedly done full justice to the great Martyr-Archbishop. "The principle," he maintains, "that the Church should be perfectly free from secular and State control as regards her *spiritual* functions,—her doctrines and her every expression of them,—was in the main the principle for which Becket laid down his life, although he clogged it with a demand for secular immunities that was altogether inadmissible." In another place he says that "it is not the purpose of this story to analyze the exact amount of right and wrong in Becket's principles, or to say where and how he erred in carrying them out; its object is to show what the man really was by his words and actions." This Mr. Winter very fairly does from the contemporary narratives; and no one we think in reading his vigorous and

[1] 1 S. Pet. v. 4. [2] S. John xvi. 20.

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graceful verse, can withhold from the subject of it the meed of their admiration.

Mr. Morton Shaw has published a pamphlet on *The Burial Question*, (Skeffington,) which shows the same good sense and fairness he has brought to bear on other controverted matters. The upshot of the pamphlet is to show at what very little cost and inconvenience the question might really be settled if approached in a right temper, and with a true desire to satisfy the feelings of all parties concerned. He would allow church-yards to continue as they are till the ground is pronounced by competent authority to be full; but at once he would have District Burying Grounds provided by the Poor Law Guardians, without any chapel attached, (existing churches and chapels being used for the first part of the Service,) and he reckons that the cost of these grounds being spread over forty years would only involve a tax of the tenth of a penny on the rateable property of the district. Nothing can be simpler than this plan, which it will be remembered is very nearly the arrangement proposed by the present Government in 1877.

Notes on Symbolism, (Hodges,) by the Author of "Notes on the Month," treat a subject which it is not easy to handle, with great judgment, being full of information, but not going into too minute or fanciful detail. Some of our readers perhaps may not be aware that a Symbol and a Parable are etymologically very much alike,—the latter employing words to point out a resemblance, the former only using material objects. The Jewish Temple was full of symbolism, and all the early pictorial representations, as found in the Roman Catacombs, (as, e.g., the Fish, and the Good Shepherd,) show that the principle was adopted by the Christian Church from the first. Indeed it was the only way in which the Ante-Nicene Christians dared to display their faith and hope. So there grew up as it were a science of symbolism, which was consecrated in the memories of later generations, and gradually developed itself till we find treatises, like that of Durandus, specially devoted to its illustration. These "Notes," of course, only deal with the subject in a general way, but they will both interest and instruct a large class of readers.

A Plea for Children's Services, (Masters,) is a very sensible tract, which deserves a wide circulation. It might be difficult to arrange for such a Service in country parishes, but there can be no doubt that in towns there should always be a Service of that kind on a Sunday afternoon.

Two Sermons on *The Duty and Joy of frequent Public Worship*, (Skeffington,) by the Rev. the Hon. W. H. Lyttelton, have passed into a second edition. The first Sermon is excellent, and if the second is not quite so good, the two taken together are very persuasive.

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Correspondence.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of the Correspondents.*]

To the Editor of the Churchman's Companion.

Answers.

DUPLICATE CELEBRATIONS.

SIR,—There probably exists no written rule concerning the Communion of the Sick when a priest has to take a public celebration of the Holy Eucharist on the same day. If a priest were not allowed to celebrate more than once a day, however desirable this as a rule might be, which could be generally adhered to if the reservation of the Sacrament were permitted, in many cases the sick and dying would have to be denied the comfort and joy of the Bread of Life and the Chalice of salvation.

The Thirteenth Canon of the Council of Nicæa leaves no doubt concerning the importance of communicating the sick, and by its silence respecting the hour, fasting, or whether the priest have previously celebrated, we may infer that no restriction was contemplated such as that to which E. E. G. B. alludes. This ruling of the Nicene Council is not superseded by the Twenty-ninth Canon of the Third Council of Carthage.

"Duplicate Celebrations" are no modern innovation. At the close of the fifth century priests were allowed to celebrate twice "on certain days called Polyliturgic. Leo III. sometimes celebrated seven or eight times within twelve hours, and it was not until the close of the eleventh century that Alexander III. directed that the same priest should say no more than one Mass on the same day, Christmas excepted. The Council of Seligenstadt forbade a priest to exceed saying three masses in a day. In France every priest was allowed to say two masses every day in Holy Week. In 1222, in England, mass might be said twice by a priest on the same day at Christmas, Easter, and in offices of the dead." Cf. Prebendary Walcott's "Sacred Archæology," art. "Mass."

The reservation of the Holy Eucharist is much to be desired, since the difficulty of celebrating aright in small cottages is not a slight one. It would be an important help and comfort to the parish priest if our fathers in GOD would echo the words of Dr. Longley, when Bishop of Ripon, "while saying that he could not authorise reservation, he did not feel himself justified in forbidding it in that emergency," i.e., when cholera raged in Leeds.

In the absence of rubrics much to be desired, let none seek Roman precedent or canon, although we may at times be perplexed in consequence of the minimum number of directions inserted by the compilers of the Prayer Book. The unwritten rubrics, at one time so familiar to all, perished during the Commonwealth with much else that was lovely and good.—I am, &c., F.A.H.V.

OUR LORD ON THE CROSS.

SIR,—I think it is generally allowed that the early painters to a large extent borrowed their ideas from the Apocryphal Gospels. In the Gospel of Nicodemus it is stated "that a soldier pierced Him in the right side."—Yours, &c., R. E. T.

Queries.

BOOKS FOR A LIBRARY.

SIR,—Have any of your readers some old volumes of Magazines, such as the "Penny Post," "Chatterbox," &c., or any nice stories that they would give to a Lending Library for the poor, the funds of which are not high enough to buy more books that are much wanted?—Address, Miss BARNES, the Lawn, Belper.

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HOME FOR AN ELDERLY INVALID.

SIR,—Could you kindly tell me of any Institution which would afford a permanent home for an elderly invalid lady? She would only be able to pay an annual sum of £18 or £20, and would require occasional medical attendance.

I have last year's *Churchman's Companion*, clean and unbound, which I should be pleased to give to any Hospital or Infirmary.—Yours, &c., F. A.

SOCIETY FOR FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE.

Wanted to join a Society for French correspondence, or French essay-writing by correspondence.—AUTEUIL.

PENNY ASSOCIATION.

SIR,—I think some of the readers of the *Churchman's Companion* may like to join a Penny Association, which is being formed in aid of the All Saints' Home, Margaret Street, W., and the many works of mercy carried on by the All Saints' Sisters at home and abroad. Collectors and subscribers are much needed. Collectors are required to find ten subscribers of *One Penny* per week, paid quarterly. Any one willing to collect or to subscribe one penny per week, may obtain information and Rules from Miss LOWRY, Kilburn Hall, Torquay, South Devon.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S CONFIRMATION MEMORIAL WINDOW IN S. MARY'S, SOUTHAMPTON—(*now erected.*)

Miss L. PHILLIMORE (The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames,) acknowledges with best thanks: H. J. Crosse, Esq., second donation, 14s.; J. R. Smith, Esq., £1. 1s.; One Confirmed, 5s.; Miss C. North, 2s. 6d.; Rev. H. F. Johnson, £1. 1s.; L. M. C. of R. N., 10s.; C. R. N., 5s.; L. A. N., 5s.; C. Martin, 1s.; per Rev. G. Portal, 10s.; F. Filliter, Esq., £1. 1s.; Miss M. Gosset, second donation, 3s.; M. D. and S. L. D., 2s. £366 received. £99 only required. Further offerings welcomed as above.

Notices to Correspondents.

We are anxious once more to draw the attention of our readers to the opportunities for ventilating subjects of interest, which are afforded to them by our correspondence columns. It was with this view that we opened our pages to the free discussion of all available matters by honest inquirers, but it is rarely that really useful questions are asked, or that suitable answers are sent to the few which do appear. In these days of vigorous thought, when so much is brought to the surface that is of importance to the well-being of the Church and of the country in general, it is surely to be regretted that our correspondents do not take more advantage of a means for obtaining information which is so willingly offered to them, and we trust that we shall not now ask them in vain to render our correspondence pages henceforward of more use both to themselves and to others than they have hitherto been.

Accepted: "The Angels' Festival."

Letters on "The Cottage Hospital," "S. Katherine's Society," and others are postponed for want of room.

The author of "The Church, the Spiritual Israel," is requested to send his address.

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THE

Churchman's Companion.

PART CXVII.] THIRD SERIES. [SEPTEMBER, 1879.

THE WILD FLOWERS' MISSION.

CHAPTER I.

IN a lonely garret, in the highest story of one of those dismal dwellings, scarcely worthy of the name of house, so frequently to be met with in the manufacturing districts of the north, sat a young girl apparently about sixteen years of age. Slight, tall, and very beautiful, with a degree of refinement in her face not often seen amongst the lower class, she seemed out of her sphere in the miserable room of which she was the occupant. A tumbledown bed stood in one corner, which, with one or two broken chairs and a one-legged stool, formed the whole of the furniture. Poor Netta! she sat in the seat of the cobwebbed window, looking out on the close, narrow alley, then crowded with swarms of half-clad, half-starved children, her face pressed against the glass, and the tears rolling down her pale cheeks.

"Is there any one half as miserable as I am, I wonder," she murmured to herself; "work, work, from morning till night, and never a kind word to cheer or help me. Oh! how I wish I were in one of those bright, twinkling little stars up there! I should be so happy; I wonder if there is any one living in them? they must be very happy if there are, up in the beautiful sky, so far away from here, this weary, dismal world."

Poor child, she had indeed no reason to think that the world was very bright. Sunshine very rarely came to her lot; the sun itself seemed to grudge its light to that miserable alley. Never mind, little Netta, close your tired eyes in sleep, perhaps it may not be so long before you go beyond those stars to live there for ever.

While she sleeps we will just say in a few words how she came to be in the miserable room in which we find her. Her father had been

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a worker at a factory, her mother a Spanish girl of great beauty. Both had died within the last four years, cut off by a terrible fever, which had broken out in the district. Left a penniless orphan, Netta was obliged to go out as servant, or rather drudge, to any one who would take so young a girl. She has been in her present place a year, and although she dislikes both it and her mistress exceedingly, it is better than being thrown on the streets; at least it is a shelter, though it may not be worthy of the name of home. We left Netta sleeping. She was still in the land of dreams when the next morning dawned—in the country, bright and beautiful, the sun lighting up the dew on flowers and grass, making the little drops glisten like millions of diamonds—in the smoky manufacturing town, in the gloomy alley, a streak of faint, sickly sunshine struggles to force its way and make its kindly warmth felt. It was later than usual, and Netta awoke with a start, and a deep sigh escaped her as she slowly arose and remembered that this was the busiest day of the week, and her mistress proportionately cross and harsh.

She dressed, and then descended the rickety attic stairs to the family room, where she was immediately greeted by a rough order to make haste and eat her breakfast, consisting of a piece of coarse brown bread and some cold weak tea, and then to come and help in cleaning the house.

And so the busy dreary day passed on. Netta had been unusually provoked and overworked, so much so, that on her mistress giving her an order in a somewhat peremptory and disagreeable tone, the fiery temper inherent in her burst its bonds, and she flew into a violent passion, which was only cooled down by finding herself pushed out into the court, and told "never to darken the doors again, but go away and live as best she could, or die."

It was late in the evening in the middle of summer, and poor Netta, astonished, and at first rather frightened at her summary dismissal, did not know where to go for shelter for the night.

For a moment she thought of begging for a night's rest in her old room, but her proud spirit rebelled, and whilst thinking what she should do, she unconsciously turned her steps to the narrow lane leading from the alley to one of the larger streets. By the time she had reached the end of it she had made up her mind that she would simply wander on till she came to those delicious green fields of which she had so often dreamed but never seen.

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The night was far advanced, and the moon and stars (the sky's lamps, as Netta used to call them,) were shining brightly, before she came to the end of a long half road, half street, and could trace by the moonlight the faint outlines of some trees about four miles distant.

She made for them; they formed a magnificent group, standing on a hillock, at the foot of which ran a clear, murmuring stream. The delicious stillness of the pure air, so different from that to which she was accustomed, gave her a calm, restful feeling, and by the gurgling stream under the trees, through which the silver moon was shining, the little wanderer fell asleep, guarded, erring though she was, by pitying, loving angels. She was awakened next morning by the singing of the birds and the fresh summer breezes blowing on her cheeks. She sprang up with a cry of delight as she looked around her. Instead of a dingy attic in a sunless court, she was lying under a tree, the drooping boughs of which reached almost to the ground, and the sun gleaming through its leaves on flowers and grass, while instead of harsh, unkind words, the birds were carolling to her the sweetest morning greeting. She pushed aside the branches and ran down to the little stream. *How* she enjoyed bathing her face, hands, and feet in the clear water that leaped and gurgled over the white pebbles and mossy stones, and what fun it was trying to catch the little fish that were darting in and out amid the weeds. A low, joyous laugh broke from her as after waiting patiently for some little time she at last succeeded in catching a tiny minnow. But she put it back into the water again directly, happy to see it join a bigger fish that was swimming along, and which she thought might be its mother.

"You poor little thing," she said, as she watched it swim away, "I would not take away your bright life for anything. Go home as fast as you can, I never meant to hurt you."

A pleasant feeling of independence and freedom stole over her as she continued her way a little further down the river side till she came to a soft tuft of grass, on which she sank down, and proceeded to eat a dry crust of bread she had found in her pocket. Not much of a breakfast, but I doubt if any of my readers ever enjoyed the most *recherché* meal more than Netta did her crust of bread, as she sat there that summer's morning watching the fish and the little stream as it went murmuring on, the sunlight dancing on its waters like flashes of brilliants, till in the distance she seemed only to see a golden thread of light. She wondered whither it went, this sparkling river, and

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where it ended. Did it always go on so happily through green fields and flowery banks? or did it sometimes pass through smoky, dirty towns and courts? And what became of it when it had gone on miles and miles? It must *end*. Did it dwindle away into nothing, or perhaps it went on till it came to its mother, the ever-restless foaming sea, which she had heard of? Ah! may we not all in watching it learn the lesson of the stream? Do not the years come and go, roll on and on for us? Sometimes they bring us joys and pleasure, sometimes pains and anguish, but through all—be it joy, or should it please Him be it sorrow, we ever follow that golden thread of light, His blessed Footsteps, which shall lead us from the troublous sea of time into the ocean of a glorious eternity.

Netta passed about an hour in this pleasant dreamy way, forgetful of everything, enjoying the mere fact of existence. What a change from yesterday, when her poor little heart had so often unconsciously echoed "Mariana's" words: "I'm aweary, I'm aweary, would that I were dead." Presently she awoke out of her musings, awoke to remember that pleasant though it was to be sitting there doing nothing, she must not indulge in it any longer. Life in all its stern reality was before her; she had her living to get, her daily bread to earn, for she was dependent now entirely on her own exertions. Dismay for a moment took possession of her. Independence was delightful in theory, often had she longed for it, but it was a different matter when it came to be put into practice. What *should* she do, what *could* she do to earn if it were only a penny to buy a piece of bread for her dinner?

She looked above her to the blue sky, around her on the trees and buds and flowers, as if to implore their aid, now in her time of need. And her silent cry was answered by her almost unknown heavenly FATHER, through means of His flowers, "earth's stars," as Longfellow very poetically calls them, who received a message, borne to them on the wings of the soft west wind, that their lives should be sacrificed to bring this wandering human soul back to their Master and hers alike, the LORD of the flowers, and the King of Heaven. *How*, we shall see.

And every flower bowed its head in submission, as the wind passed gently on, sighing its message of death to each. Yes, they were to be gathered from off their young green stems, to be removed from the brilliant sunshine and nightly refreshing dews, to be perhaps carelessly admired and then put in a glass and left to die from want of water, or

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may be, thrown away, to make room for their more costly sisters from the hothouse or garden. But there was no breath of murmur against their LORD's decree; rather it would seem that to show their ready obedience, they had made known their message by some mysterious means to Netta, for she suddenly sprang up, and clapping her hands, exclaimed, "I know, I know what I'll do; I'll pick some of these pretty flowers, and make them into little nosegays, and take them into town and try and sell them. I dare say some of the rich folk there will give me a penny or twopence for a little bunch, leastways I'll try."

Forthwith she set to work, and very soon had a lapful of flowers, which she sat down in the shade to arrange, talking to herself the while, "Well, this is what Jim would call a 'lark,' if he were here. Oh, I wonder how much I shall get to-day. Sixpence, perhaps, a *whole* sixpence, that will buy—let me think—two penny rolls and a sausage, yes, they are a penny each, I know, and there will be threepence over,—well, that'll keep, if I don't happen to sell so well to-morrow." Netta was very prudent, you see, in the expenditure of this sixpence she hoped to earn. "Well, you *do* look pretty," she continued, holding up a bunch of primroses and purple violets with some of the dark green violet leaves intermixed. "I should, I think, get twopence for you, and here's some nice long grass handy by, that will do to tie you up with, instead of string, which I have not got, unless I take the tackings out of my dress, which would come to bits if I did."

And so Netta, with her pretty taste and nimble fingers worked on, till she had made a dozen as tempting little bouquets as you would wish to see. Then with some of the rushes that were growing by the river side, she made a kind of basket to put them in, sprinkling them with water first of all, and then covering them with leaves, to keep them fresh till she got into the town.

Delighted with her success, she set off, keeping, as far as she could remember, away from the road she had traversed the previous night, as anywhere near her old haunts she might be recognised, and a great fear came over her lest her old mistress, repenting her dismissal of her useful drudge, would be only too glad to get her back again, if she had the opportunity.

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Chapter II.

Between her anxiety not to go near her old home and her non-acquaintance with the roads, it was a long time before Netta reached the town and took up her position in the principal street by a corner commanding two streets, so that there was a chance of buyers two ways. It was a busy hour, and many were the passers by, and many too were the looks of admiration cast on Netta. And truly she did present a pretty picture as she stood there, with her hat fallen back a little over her head, showing her dark wavy hair, her beautiful eyes sparkling, and her face flushed with the unusual excitement, and in her hand her basket of flowers, which she half eagerly, half shyly held forth to those she thought likely to buy. And one or two, who had no intention of becoming purchasers, saying, "Wild flowers! why we get them ourselves any day," could not resist the pleading of those dark eyes, the disappointed look that came over the sweet face as they hesitated, and then moved, as if to pass on; and they were fully rewarded for acting on their second thoughts, which are said to be always best, by the happy, grateful smile that lit up the flower-girl's face, as she held out her basket to them that they might make their choice.

And so the hours wore on, and by six o'clock Netta's bouquets were all sold, and she was feeling, as indeed she well might, both hungry and tired, but withal triumphant, as with her empty basket in one hand and the money in the other, she walked with quick steps to a pastry-cook's shop just round the corner. How tempting the window looked, filled with cakes, biscuits, and all kinds of good things, so tempting that it was full five minutes before Netta could decide on what she should buy. She settled at last on a sausage and some biscuits, and after having bought them, set out to walk back to her tree.

Now some of my readers may think it very unnatural that she should, without any hesitation, make up her mind to sleep a second night in the open; air but then they must remember that Netta was not exchanging a well and comfortably furnished home for her present shelter, but a miserable, dirty, little attic, with a bed, if indeed it deserved the name of bed, placed on a cold bare floor, and a window, whose panes were sometimes stuffed up with rag, if she could find any, but mostly unmended, and the damp night air blowing in. So the change to her

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was really a pleasant one, though, unknown to herself, the lying on the dewy wet grass laid a foundation for a future illness.

But to begin where we left off; Netta regained her tree, and thankful she felt to sit down on the soft mossy turf and eat her supper, spreading out her money before her, and counting it out each time with renewed delight. But at last sleep would no longer be kept away; gradually her head sank, her eyelids drooped, and by the time the evening star appeared, a diamond in the azure blue, she was fast asleep.

She awoke with the lark the next morning, as merry and blithe as he, and singing, while she bathed her feet, as happily. Once again she set about to collect some flowers, and having arranged them even more tastefully than the previous day, started for the town, and ensconced herself in the same corner as before. Again her beauty attracted buyers, and at the close of the day, though she had brought twice as many bouquets as on the previous occasion they were all sold.

And so the last days of a glorious summer passed away. Unusually long and beautiful had it been, and it was difficult to believe September was really so close at hand, for the flowers still lingered on, as if loath to bid farewell to earth, and though of course there was more difficulty in finding them in plenty and perfection, still Netta managed to gather a sufficient quantity to continue her small trade with success, so much so that the nights being now rather chilly, she had earned enough to buy a warm kind of blanket for herself. She had discovered too the trunk of the tree to be hollow, so by help of grass, leaves, and the blanket, she had contrived a fairly comfortable sleeping place.

But, alas! things do not always continue smooth and pleasant. Fortune is a fickle goddess, and the recipients of her favours must not reckon on them as lasting ones, and so poor Netta found it. She was returning from the town one evening, footsore and weary; the weather had changed, and a dull, leaden, sunless day had succeeded the brilliant sunshine of the past weeks; it had been the same the day before, and that, or some other reason—perhaps the first rush of pity and admiration for Netta was passing—seemed to have an effect on the people, for scarcely any one bought the pretty bouquets, and the little flower-girl was feeling dispirited and disappointed, and left her station earlier than usual. "I'll try another part of the town," she thought to herself, "and see if I can sell my flowers there," and she turned down a street she had not been through before.

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It was a long one, but Netta trudged manfully on, offering her little nosegays to all she met, and one or two were sold, but that was all. Tired and weary she felt, but made up her mind to go on a very little further, and then if she still met with no success, she would return home.

Suddenly, as she was moving slowly on, her ear was caught by the sound of music, the rich full tones of an organ fell upon the evening air. An intense love for music was born with Netta, and hastening in the direction from which the sound seemed to proceed, she found herself before a small but beautiful Church; the doors were partly open, and she could see the lights and the people inside. She remained as much as possible in the shade, for the service had not yet begun, and well-dressed people were following each other quickly in, and poor little Netta felt ashamed to be seen there in her poverty-stricken dress. She dared not enter, for alas! she did not know that the Church is open to rich and poor alike, to all who come "weary and heavy laden" seeking comfort and rest. But at length the doors were shut, and then she timidly ventured into the porch. She heard the chanting, and again the organ sounded, sweet and soft, as the voices of the congregation mingled with it in that beautiful hymn "Abide with me." Never before had she heard anything so exquisite, and all feelings of hunger, fatigue, and disappointment were forgotten as she listened. So oblivious was she of everything around her, that she started and almost screamed when she felt the touch of a hand on her shoulder, and heard a low voice saying,

"The service is not quite over, I hope, and although it is so late, I shall be able to get a few minutes. Will you not come in too?"

Netta, with a half-muttered apology, moved out of the porch to make room for the lady, but the gentle courteous tones made her look up as she answered,

"Church ain't meant for such as me,—they inside would laugh at my rags."

"Poor little one!" sighed the sweet voice again, "are you another wanderer from the Fold? Come in with me, no one will be so wrong and unkind as to laugh at you."

And Netta found her hand taken, and in another moment she was inside the Church, and sitting in a seat near the door. The lady had knelt down, and some instinctive impulse led Netta to do the same, though her lips knew not how to frame a prayer. After a few words

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of loving exhortation from the Priest, the Recessional Hymn was given out to be sung, and all rose as the Priest and white-robed choristers, bearing the cross aloft, moved down the aisle.

During the singing, Netta had an opportunity of stealing a look at her friend. Tall, slight, and pale she was, with the sweetest face, and large mournful eyes, with a far-off look in them, as if her spirit had for a time left its earthly tenement, and was soaring to an unknown world, whither, with her eyes, she was following it. Her dress showed her to be a Sister of Mercy, returning to the Home, from some homes of sickness and sin which she had cheered and brightened by her loving care, and who came to the Church she loved so well, to ask for further strength and guidance in her work, carrying all her troubles to the foot of the Cross, to Him Who has said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The little Church was fast emptying, and still the Sister knelt on. The music had ceased, so that there was no longer any inducement for Netta to stay, and this with the remembrance of a long dark run home, made her leave rather hurriedly, without waiting to see anything more of her companion; but when she had reached her tree in safety, she felt very sorry she had not done so, and determined to go to the same street again on the morrow with her flowers, and wait about by the Church, and see if she could meet her again, for she felt strangely attracted by the sweet face that had smiled so gently on her. Accordingly the next day Netta went straight there, instead of to her usual corner, and kept an anxious look-out for the Sister, and as the bell rang for Evensong, she saw her approach from an opposite direction, and enter the Church.

She longed to follow her, but was kept back by a feeling of timidity and the raggedness of her clothes. For some minutes she stood there, the tears gathering in her eyes as she heard the organ's tones pealing forth, and then the door was closed, and she was alone in the darkness. She summoned up courage to creep quietly into the porch, and putting her ear against the door, listened for the music to come again. While she was so doing, some one else entered and pushed open the door. At that moment the low tones of the organ were heard,—Netta could not withstand them, and after a moment's hesitation, boldly followed, and almost before she had time to feel shy, found herself in the same seat as the night before, and by the side of the Sister of

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Mercy. When the hymn was given out, the Sister moved a step nearer to offer her a share of her hymn-book; Netta could not read well enough to follow the words, but she was quite happy in being near her friend and listening to her peculiarly sweet voice as she joined in that beautiful hymn "Nearer, my GOD, to Thee." And when it was finished, the venerable Priest, addressing his congregation, told them there would be a Thanksgiving Service for the bountiful harvest GOD had vouchsafed to them. Rain and sunshine had He sent them when it was most wanted, and now the golden grain had ripened. It would take place the following week, and he wished all to try and bring some little offering of flowers or fruit, the result of His goodness, wherewith to decorate the Church. All could help,—the very poorest. GOD did not only care for the costly hot-house flowers of the rich, but the commonest wild flowers, brought by the poor in a spirit of love and gratitude, would please Him equally, for they would have "done what they could."

His words made a great impression on Netta, and she pondered on them as she walked home. How much she should like to bring some flowers to that beautiful Church where she had spent quite the happiest moments of her life,—and the Priest had said so particularly that the poorest *might* help, *ought* to help if they could, and that wild flowers would please GOD as much as rarer ones. She felt shy at doing it, but finally made up her mind to attend the service a few more evenings, and then if she could get to speak to the "lady in black, with the pale face," she would ask her about it.

Therefore gaining courage at seeing that no one spoke to her, or thought it strange her coming uninvited to the Church, every evening saw Netta in the seat inside the door. The Sister had not come for three or four nights, which had been a great disappointment, but on the eve of the Harvest Festival she too came. After Service was over, Netta followed her out, keeping close to her side, but not speaking yet, till, seeing her quicken her footsteps as if in haste, with a desperate effort she spoke.

"Please,—please—" she began, and then stopped; however she had been heard.

The Sister turned, and put her hand on her shoulder, "My child, I did not see you. Do you want me? Can I do anything for you? Tell me, don't be afraid."

"Please, I wanted to ask you if any one—if I may—please, will

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flowers like these here do for that?" indicating by her finger the Church they had just left.

A sweet smile broke on the Sister's face as she answered, "I remember you now, little one, you came into Church with me one night with a basket of flowers, did you not? Ah, yes, and here are some more,—and you want to know if they will do for decorating—if they are *good* enough? Yes, my child, the *best* we can bring is always acceptable to GOD, and He loves His wild flowers well. But they must be fresh and fair, the *best* you can get. You can bring them to the Church to-morrow, there is sure to be some one there who can take them from you; or you can put them just inside where they will be seen. I shall not be there till the evening, or you could bring them to me. And now I think we ought to say 'good night,' as it is late for you to be out alone, so late that I think you had better let me take you home," and tired and weary though she was, she turned ready to accompany her.

But a feeling of shame suddenly overwhelmed Netta at the thought of its being known that she had no home, save a tree; she little knew that for that very reason she had a greater claim on the Sister's kindness and love, and that home was a far better and purer one than many *she* was accustomed to visit, homes not only of poverty, but of shame and sin. Hastily withdrawing her hand therefore, and muttering something about "Not at all afraid—not far off," without allowing any time for remonstrance, Netta ran quickly down the street, and was soon out of sight.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY the next morning Netta was up and away in search of flowers, for those near about were beginning to droop and wither, and she thought perhaps if she were to go further into the country, that there she might chance to find some better ones. At least she could try, so on and on she went, through many a field, over many a hedge, but without any success, till at last, when she was beginning to despair, she came suddenly on the ruins of an old castle; its timeworn walls covered with friendly ivy, that clinging close to them held the old grey stones together; and inside, owing probably to the shelter afforded by the walls, from wind and rain and sun, Netta, to her great joy found some beautiful flowers. She sat down for a few minutes then,

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to rest herself, and though she could not have put it into words, feeling, uneducated though she was, what we most of us feel, in contemplating a grand old ruin. A touch of sadness comes over us, as we gaze on the ruined pile, and our thoughts fly back to "long ago," and imagination pictures the past, and conjures up a fine old castle, with its battlements and towers, its halls resounding with mirth and merriment, or perchance with bitter wailing, as some dear one is borne out to his or her last resting place, or two young hearts that have sworn love till death, are parted at the stern call of duty or necessity. And so the years have rolled on, and all is changed, and what was once a magnificent building is now a mournful ruined pile, bidding us learn from it the lesson, that the things of this world cannot last; all things pass away, the owners thereof too, have long since departed to an unseen world, for weal or woe, according as they have lived on earth, have long since been laid there, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Little Netta, having rested, set to work eagerly, and it was not long before she had a good-sized basket of lovely flowers, among them a few sweet white violets. She was leaving the place when her dress caught in a jagged piece of stone, and in turning round to unfasten it, she saw them almost hidden away under a large stone; they were a very precious addition. The afternoon was changing into evening, before Netta reached the town. For *miles* had she wandered, and her little feet were weary, and her strength wellnigh exhausted from want of food, of which she had had none all day save a small crust. But she made her way to the Church; it was about half an hour before evensong, and by the dim light she could see the outlines of flowers wreathed round the pillars and font, and one or two figures she could see in the chancel, putting in the last flowers there and on the altar. Was she then too late? would hers be useless? The tears welled up into her dark eyes at the thought, but remembering what the Sister had told her, she timidly passed up the aisle, till she stood at the lowest altar-step. She looked round for the ladies she had seen when she entered, but they were gone; not far off, for she could hear them whispering somewhere, but she had not the courage to go and find them, so putting her flowers down on the step, she turned to go back again. Scarcely had she done so, when they again came into the chancel, and one of them in glancing around to see that all was right, caught sight of Netta's offering. She stooped and picked it up, and with an amused smile turned to her companion,

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"Where on earth did these flowers come from, Flora? They were not here three minutes ago, and they are no good now, at least not for the altar, these *wild* ones."

"No, nor for anywhere else; some schoolchild, I suppose," was the reply in the same tone, "here put them with these, and they will be taken away altogether; and now come, make haste, we have only a few minutes to rush home and back again," and so saying they swept rapidly down the aisle, without noticing poor little heart-broken Netta, who stood in the shadow of a pillar, a choking sob in her throat, and her eyes full of passionate tears, as she heard the unkind words. In a moment more she had darted from her hiding-place, and seized her flowers from among the dead ones, with which they had been put, sobbing to herself the while. "She said I might. *She* said He loved wild flowers, but He doesn't, He doesn't, and I have picked them all for no good," and once more she was turning down the aisle, when a hand was placed on her shoulder, and the sweet, low voice, she was beginning to love so well, spoke to her. Sister Amy it was who had just entered the Church.

"What is the matter, dear child?" drawing Netta close to her; "tell me what has happened to make you cry so? Could you not get the flowers?"

But weakness took away the power of self-control, and Netta could not stop her sobs, so Sister Amy walked with her down to the bottom of the Church, and after a great deal of patience, and by dint of asking a great many questions, she learnt the reason of the poor child's tears. A sorrowful indignation filled her soul as she heard of the way in which the offering of one of CHRIST'S little ones was rejected, but of that she spoke not a word to Netta; all she said to her was, "There is a just a little time, will you come with me and see if we cannot find a place for your flowers even now? I don't think our dear LORD would think them unworthy of His altar," and taking her hand, they walked up the Church again. Already it was being lighted, and the altar itself was one blaze of lights and flowers. There really seemed to be no room for Netta's offering, but the Sister could not bear that it should not be used. Fortunately at that moment the priest joined them, and in a few words the difficulty was explained to him. "Give them to me," was his only answer, and taking them, he placed them on the super-altar, at the foot of the golden cross that stood there, Netta looking on, scarcely able to believe what she saw.

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For one brief moment his hand rested on her young head, "May the blessing of Him Who accepts thy flowers, be with thee now and always," and then he passed on, and the little flower-girl filled with a strange awe followed Sister Amy into a seat, there to wait for the beginning of the Service. The Church was filling fast, and was soon crowded to excess. Faintly, at first, the sweet voices of the choristers were heard blending with the full rich tones of the organ, and then with one sympathetic movement, the whole of the congregation rose. Slowly the white-robed procession moved up the aisle, filling the Church with the thankful harmony of the harvest hymn, and bearing the banners, and the symbol of our faith, a magnificent gold cross. Before the altar they all knelt first, in lowly adoration, and then took their places in the chancel. Netta was quite carried away by the beauty of the music and the service altogether. Hunger and fatigue seemed to vanish as she listened to the joyous sounds, but still every now and then a strange giddy feeling came over her, her head seemed to swim, and she was unable to stand upright, without holding by the seat; she fancied it must be the great heat that was too much for her, and determined to bear up as long as she could, and by putting immense force on herself she did manage to keep up till the sermon was over, and the recessional was being sung; then nature asserted her sway. Fainter and fainter the music sounded in her ears like distant singing, the lights and people seemed to reel before her in one confused mass, and poor little Netta fainted in Sister Amy's arms. To bathe her forehead and temples with some eau-de-Cologne she fortunately had with her was but the work of a few moments, at first however it was ineffectual; nature had been too long trifled with and neglected, to be brought round at will, and it was full twenty minutes ere the long-fringed drooping lids were lifted from the dark eyes, and a deep-drawn sigh showed that consciousness had returned.

It was a great relief to Sister Amy, for so deep was the swoon, and so long had it lasted, that she had almost begun to fear that there might be no awakening. Netta looked round her with a wondering, frightened gaze, not for the moment fully comprehending where she was, which Sister Amy perceiving, "You are better now, dear, and quite safe in Church, and I am going to take you home; I have sent for a carriage, as you are too weak to walk."

The ready tears rose to Netta's eyes, as almost passionately she caught her hand, "Don't go away, don't leave me," she cried, "and

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'tis no good getting anything to take me to *my* home, I have not any, except a tree, and oh, please, I don't think I could go out there to-night,—can't you take me with *you?* please I would be so good." Closer did Sister Amy draw the slight form to her, as she made answer, "You *shall* come with me, little one, I will not go away from you, and to-morrow when you are a little stronger, you shall tell me about yourself; we won't talk about it now, because you must be as quiet as you can; and now, here is the messenger come, to tell us the carriage is ready," and putting her arm firmly round Netta's waist, she half carried, half led her to it.

It was not long before they reached the Home. A young girl about Netta's own age opened the door to them, and smiled a loving welcome as they entered. "Mary," said the Sister, "I have brought home another little stranger to be loved and taken care of amongst us; will you come with me and help to put her to bed? she is very weak and tired."

So Netta was taken up stairs into a long, airy, comfortable looking room, containing several little beds, looking so inviting with their snowy coverlets, and the walls covered with pictures, and at the end of the room stood a table with a wooden cross on it, and the devotional books used by those who slept there. Tenderly and quickly was Netta undressed, and laid in one of the beds, and then Mary went to get a bason of broth and some delicate slices of bread and butter, which looked so tempting on the tray, spread with the nice clean cloth, that although Netta had at first felt disinclined for anything, she grew quite hungry at the sight of it, and finished by eating it all.

"Now I think," said Sister Amy, "the best thing will be a good night's rest, so when you have said your prayers, shut those tired eyes and go to sleep as fast as you can, and then I hope you will wake up better to-morrow."

A painful blush overspread the flower-girl's face, as half turning away her head she muttered, "I've forgot all my prayers, mother used to teach me once a long time ago, but I've always been too tired to say them; please don't be angry," mistaking the sorrowful look on Sister Amy's face for one of anger.

"I am not *angry*, dear child," was the reply, and Netta felt an arm put round her, "to-night I will say a prayer for you, if you will close your eyes and listen, and to-morrow I will teach you one to say to yourself," and kneeling down by the little bed she repeated aloud

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the LORD'S Prayer, that most beautiful of all prayers for the lonely and friendless, addressing GOD as *Father*, then she knelt on in silence, and when she rose, Netta was fast asleep, a sweet happy smile resting on her lips.

The sun was high in the heavens when, after a long dreamless slumber, Netta at last awoke, refreshed in body and mind. She was just wondering what she had better do, and whether any one would be coming to see her, when the door softly opened, and Mary entered, walking on tiptoe up to the bedside.

"Ah, you are awake now," seeing Netta's wide open, unmistakably wakeful eyes, "I have been up once before, but then you were sound asleep. How do you feel now?" kissing her, "and now you *are* awake, would you like me to bathe your face and hands and then you must have a little breakfast before you get up."

Gently she tended the stranger sister, and went to fetch her broth, leaving Netta scarcely able to realize her position in the midst of so much kindness. Whilst she was eating her late breakfast, Mary sitting by, they fell into a chat.

"None of us know your name," began Mary. "You have not even told Sister Amy. I am called Mary, and you—"

"Netta, it was my mother's name, who was Spanish."

"What a pretty name, and so uncommon—Netta. Yes I like it very much. And now how old are you?"

"Sixteen or thereabouts, I don't know for certain, I never kept no account of my birthdays."

"That's just my age; I was quite a wee thing when I was brought into this dear Home, and I have been here ever since, and I *do* love it so, and you will too when you have been here a day or two, and the dear Sisters, particularly Sister Amy; every one loves her; even the naughty ones can't help loving *her*."

"Is that Sister Amy who brought me here last night? I don't wonder at any one loving her, she looks so good and sweet," said Netta, "but," she continued with a look of distress, "I don't suppose I shall stay here long, I've no money to pay, except a penny or two, left from my flowers, but that's not near enough to pay for living in a place like this."

"Pay," repeated Mary, "pay! What, do you think they take *payment* for all their care and love? No, indeed, they do it all for nothing; they do it," she continued, lowering her voice to a reverential whisper,

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"because they love JESUS CHRIST so, and you know He said, 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto Me.' And oh! don't we love them for it! at least most of us; some of the girls don't seem to, and get tired of the rules and regulations which of course there are obliged to be with so many of us."

At that moment the clock chimed a quarter to one. Mary rose.

"Do you feel strong enough to get up and come down stairs a bit? If you do, I will get your clothes and help you to dress. You will have some like mine you know, not those you came in."

On Netta's replying in the affirmative, Mary left the room, soon, however, returning with a full suit of apparel, each article of which she unfolded and displayed to the astonished Netta, who, when she began to put them on was fairly puzzled with the hooks and strings and necessary fastenings, so long accustomed had she been to pin or tie her rags together. But with such a helpful little person as Mary to help, so quick and handy, it was not long before Netta was dressed, and leaning on her friend's arm, went down stairs.

"Sister thought you had better not go into the schoolroom to-day, but come into their recreation room, it will be quieter."

And so saying, Mary opened a door on their left, and they entered a moderately large room, not handsomely furnished, but impressing the visitor at once with a sense of home and refinement. A small but bright fire burnt in the grate, having been lit on purpose for Netta, beautiful sacred pictures hung on the walls, and over the door was an ebony cross, with the words in gold inscribed on it, "Take up thy cross daily, and follow Me." Some low-seated chairs, and a small table or two, covered with the work and books belonging to the Sisters, completed the furniture. Mary drew a chair before the fire and made Netta sit in it.

"This is where the Sisters sit when their work is over for a time, and they are tired and want a little rest. I dare say Sister Amy will come in here when she returns from the town in the afternoon; and now if you won't mind being alone, I think I must go, as I have something to do before dinner," and so saying, she tripped away, leaving Netta looking round her with a strange sense of happiness and wonder; it seemed altogether so incomprehensible, that she, the poor homeless flower-girl, should be in this comfortable room, and tended with such loving care. And the thinking, or the happiness, or the warmth of the fire, or perhaps all three combined, had the effect of

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making her feel dreadfully sleepy. In vain she tried looking first at one picture then another, even to hold open her eyelids with her fingers, it was no good, and she sank into a deep sleep, from which she did not wake till late in the afternoon. The moment she opened her eyes she met those of Sister Amy, who was gazing on her exquisite beauty with a mournful admiration. She felt so thankful she had been allowed to bring this girl, beautiful as she was, to a Home of safety, for well she knew the danger that any one possessing youth, beauty, and poverty, was in when left to shift for herself in the streets of a large town. Seeing Netta was awake, she instantly arose, and bringing her chair near to her, put her arm round the girl and drew her to her side.

"I heard from Mary," she said, "that you were feeling better, and that I should find you here, and now, if you are equal to it, will you tell me your story? Do not be afraid," as she saw the crimson flush rise to Netta's brow; "the sadder it is the more we must love you, for our dear LORD's sake."

Thus encouraged, she told her name and parentage, and how she had been employed since the death of her parents.

"And now, please," she said, when she had finished, the tears welling up into her great eyes, "don't send me back to Missis, I hate her so, it would kill me to go back; please, please let me stay here," and she threw her arms around Sister Amy's neck.

Gently and gravely the lady talked to her, pointing out to her where she had been wrong towards her mistress, the idea of going back to whom filled Netta with alarm and dread.

"But," said the Sister, "I don't think there is any necessity for your returning to her. You were indeed most wrong to give way to temper as you seem to have done, but as she dismissed you and desired never to see you again, I think you may remain here with us."

CHAPTER IV.

So it was settled, and the weeks passed quickly and delightfully for Netta. As she got stronger, she went into the schoolroom and studied well, but her great pleasure was the little chapel of the Home, with its services and music, and Sister Amy, who knew her love for it, and often played the organ herself, took pains to teach her and train her voice, so that she might be able to help in leading the little choir.

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But more than all this, she first learnt in this Home to know and love her Heavenly FATHER, Whom she had so long neglected. She did love Him and tried to live as one of His children should. It was very hard work trying to conquer that fiery temper of hers; it would so often burst out, when in making some ignorant mistake during lessons, the other children would laugh and titter, instead of helping her. But Sister Amy, who had almost unbounded influence over her, took her one day after one of these outbursts into the chapel, and leading her before the crucifix, told her of Him Who hung there—told her how when He was mocked and laughed at He uttered not a word, Who even when He was nailed to the cruel cross, only prayed for His murderers. She told her how He, free from all sin, suffered that agony for our sins, that we, through His Death, might be saved, and how in every sin we commit, we crucify Him afresh.

"And do you not think," she said, laying her hand on Netta's shoulder, "that we should try as far as we can in our poor way to make up to Him for all He underwent for us? Should we not love Him with all our soul and life, and in loving Him try to do as He would have done?"

Without speaking Netta gazed on that drooping Head bent under the mocking crown of thorns, at the awfully beautiful Face, so full of love and pity, the tears falling fast, as she listened to the "Story of the Cross," then turning, she threw her arms round Sister Amy's neck, sobbing, "I will love Him, I will love Him; dear Sister, won't you ask Him to forgive me?" And both now kneeling, the elder Sister, whose life was being spent in His service, who had indeed given up all for His dear Sake, besought forgiveness for her who was only now beginning to fight under His banner. And from thenceforth Netta *did* strive hard, and if sometimes the struggle with temper was so great as almost to overcome her, she would slip away to the chapel, and there before that cross of shame find the Strength which helped her in her time of need.

And so it was that Christmas came. What a happy season it was to Netta! and how more than beautiful it was to go into the little chapel, so bright with leaves and holly, and hear and join in the Christmas anthem and hymns. And then New Year's Day, with its happy, hopeful greetings, came and went, and so the first month of the new year. It was in the cold days of February that the symptoms of that disease began to show themselves, whose foundation had been

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laid during those weeks which Netta had passed in exposure to the damp night air. She felt a sharp pain shoot through her side, so sharp as almost to take away her breath. At first it neither came often nor lasted long enough to make her think it worth mentioning, but should it come more frequently, she thought, if an opportunity occurred, she would tell Sister Amy. It soon came.

It was one evening as they were sitting round the fire, and Sister Amy was talking to them, that suddenly she was interrupted by the low cry of pain that broke from Netta's lips, as she leant back in her chair ashy white. It was two or three minutes before she was able to speak and answer to the anxious inquiry of the Sister.

"I am so sorry I have disturbed you all. I feel better now. It was that pain in my side, only worse than I have ever had it, and it came so suddenly, I could not help crying out."

A grave look crossed the Sister's face on hearing this. She rose, and telling Netta she thought as she still looked very white, perhaps she had better come up stairs, they left the room together.

"Why did you not tell me about this before, dear Netta?" inquired Sister Amy, when the former had confided to her the constant pain, sometimes accompanied by want of breath; "you would then have had precautions taken, which would have prevented your getting it so badly as this. I shall put you to bed now, and send for the doctor to-morrow. I am afraid you have let it go too far, and will have to take a great deal of care for some time."

Accordingly the next day the doctor came, and Netta had to undergo an examination with the stethoscope, which curious looking instrument frightened her not a little at first, before she understood the use of it. He did not say much in her presence, asked her a few questions, "Had she a cough? how long had she felt the pain? had she ever been much exposed to night air?" At every reply he shook his head, and accustomed though he was to witness disease in every shape and form, his heart had never so much ached as when he felt what fate was in store for the young and beautiful girl before him. Too true it was that that terrible illness, so much dreaded by all, so deadly that few can struggle against it, had laid its hold on Netta's fragile frame.

In speaking to Sister Amy, he told her the germs of its foundation had evidently been laid some months before; her constitution weakened from want of proper and sufficient food, could not cope with it. The care and diet since she had been in the Home had retarded its pro-

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gress for a little time, and had she spoken of the pain when first she felt it, perhaps even then a warmer climate might have prevented further mischief, but now her lungs were in a very bad state, and though he would not for a few days positively call it consumption, yet he had very little hope of its ending in any other way.

It will be needless to speak of Sister Amy's grief at hearing his opinion, and how she reproached herself for not having found it out before, for she had begun to love dearly this dark-eyed Spanish girl, who with her warm, loving ways and beautiful, passionate face, had endeared herself to all. But she spoke not of her fears to Netta until after the second examination, hoping against hope, that he might be mistaken in them. But even during those few days the pain and cough increased, and after the doctor's second visit she knew it would be no longer right to keep his opinion from her. The difficulty was how to break it to her. It seemed so hard that this young life, so full of hope and joy and beauty, should be laid low almost before it knew what life was; but GOD in His great love willed that the young spirit should return to Him, pure, as He gave it, before it became sullied with the temptations and evils of the world. Painful, however, though it might be, it must be done, and by the one who loved her best. And the Sister's prayer was answered, for help to tell it as gently as possible.

Netta was sitting one evening by the fire, with that beautiful allegory, "The Dark River," lying open on her lap. She had been reading it, until it became too dark to see any longer, and now leaning back in her chair, gazing on the glowing embers, she was picturing to herself the blue hills in the far off distance, to which little Mona was going, unknowing yet of the deep, dark river which flowed between her and them, and which she must pass before reaching them. And then she seemed to see her with her silver thread brightly shining, stand at the water's edge: how cold it was and deep, but she must cross it, and keeping her eyes fixed on the blue hills, she stepped firmly in, and passed through it to the other side. Little did Netta think how soon she too would be called to follow. Just then the door opened, and Sister Amy came in, and in stooping to caress Netta she saw the title of the book she was reading. The thought came to her that she would use it as a means of breaking to Netta what she had come to tell her, and she began talking about the Dark River,—the River of Death, that all must pass: happy those who have so lived, that

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when the time comes to cross it, they go fearlessly and gladly, thankful only to be called to rest for ever on the Bosom of their LORD!

"I am glad you have read the 'Dark River,' dear child, it is a very favourite book of mine, and you like it, too?"

"Oh, yes, Sister dear, so much, and I love Mona, she is so good, and she is so fond of the blue hills; but poor little Aly, I pity her, she dreads the Dark River so."

"Do *you* ever think of it, my child, or, like Aly, do you try to forget it? All must cross it sooner or later, and we should ever keep it in our mind."

"Since I have been ill, I think I have thought about it *more*, but it is so hard always to remember it, and dreadful too, I don't *like* thinking about it. I should like to be as Mona, who did not fear when she had to cross it, but I am afraid I should be like Aly, I know I should be frightened having to go all alone—all alone."

"Yet not alone, dear Netta, for though no human being may go with us, no human help support us, there is One Who bids us, 'Fear not, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death I am with thee.' Netta," she continued, in a low voice, looking into the dark eyes, bent upon her, "trusting in that promise, and in His great love, if He called you now to those blue hills, would you not gladly go?"

For a moment there was no response, and then, "No, Sister, not yet, not yet, while I am so young, I have only just begun to be happy here; no, I don't like to think of going yet."

Tears rose to Sister Amy's eyes, and her courage almost failed her; it was so painful to be obliged to tell this young soul that clung so to life, with all the love of youth, that it *must* cross that dreaded river; the summons had gone out for it to come to "the land that is very far off," and willingly or unwillingly it must go.

"It is not only the old who cross it, Netta, Mona and Aly were both children; and who would not rather go," she continued, as if speaking to herself, "while their thread is bright and unbroken, and their garments white and stainless? ay, before they are worn out with the burden and heat of the day, the LORD taketh them unto Himself. Netta," laying her hand on the other's, and looking intently, as if to let her read in her eyes the truth it was so hard to tell, "Netta, if I were to tell you that a message had come, bidding you cross that Dark River, and live for ever among those blue hills, you would not find it very hard, would you? Tell me you would not."

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The intense earnestness of her voice partly conveyed her meaning to Netta.

"What do you mean, Sister?" with a little frightened gasp, "I am not so very ill, am I? Tell me, what did the doctor say? Oh, I am not going to *die*, am I?" and a low piteous wail escaped her white lips.

"My poor darling, and is it so *very* hard?" and then for a few moments there was a deep silence, as Netta sat with her face hidden on Sister Amy's shoulder. Netta was the first to break it.

"Tell me," she said in a low awe-struck whisper, "is it quite *quite* sure that I must die,—and will it be very soon? I did not think to cross the Dark River yet."

"Do not think of it as *dying*, dearest, but sleeping to awake in Heaven."

"But will it be soon? tell me, tell me if you know," urged Netta.

The Sister hesitated a moment, almost fearing what the effect might be on Netta when told the doctor's opinion that she had not many weeks to live; but surely it would be better she should know at once, and have time to think about it, than wait till later, for none could say when the end might come, so she began, "Netta, if a father had a child he loved very much, who was living away from him in a country where all was pain and sorrow and sin, and he wished her to come and live with him in a far more beautiful land, away from all that sin and pain to where all was joy and gladness, and sent her a message, bidding her prepare to come in a *very short* time, do you think that child would love her father very much if she refused to go?"

"A very short time," repeated Netta, as if they were the only words she had heard, "that means what?—"

"A few weeks," and then there was another silence deeper and longer.

After that, "I think, please, I should like to be left *quite* alone,—I should like to go into the chapel for a little time by myself. Sister Amy, pray for me that I may not feel so frightened. Oh, the Dark River, and all alone!"

"Paradise, rather, and by our dear LORD's side for ever," whispered the Sister's sweet voice; and then she took Netta into the chapel.

A fearful struggle it was to quench the passionate longing for life: for one long hour Netta knelt before that Crucified Form, praying for submission that she might feel as well as say, "Not my will, but Thine

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be done," submitting herself as He did to the will of His Heavenly FATHER. And He in His infinite love and pity listened to, and granted her prayer.

A strange peaceful feeling filled her soul, the bitterness of death seemed to pass away, and though she still felt awed and solemn, as who would not at the approach of that mighty visitant?—all *fear* was gone.

CHAPTER V.

So the weeks passed, each one carrying away more of Netta's strength, each one bringing the end nearer. Mournful Lent was drawing to its close, and it was one evening during Passion Week that Netta and Sister Amy were sitting together; they had been silent for a long time, each engaged in her own thoughts. Suddenly Netta spoke.

"Sister, it is all through those dear wild flowers that I am so happy now;" then seeing she was not understood, "if it had not been for them, I should never have turned down that street, or have met you," with a loving look, "and so should not have gone into that Church, or been here now,—so you see it is all through their means."

"GOD'S ways are indeed wonderful," was the reply, "for the greatest ends He oftentimes employs the smallest means; and I think too it should teach us how *everything* has its part to take, its burden to bear, in this great world of ours."

"Yes," said Netta, thoughtfully, "and as He has used them to bring me to Him, I should like to think that some would be planted on my grave. Will *you* plant some there?"

There was no need of an answer.

Passion Week passed, and the sadder days of Holy Week succeeded it, and earnestly did each find Netta preparing for the great change, that none could doubt was now very near. Good Friday had come and gone with its mournful tale of sin and suffering, and Easter Eve too was drawing to a close. Netta had been growing weaker and weaker for the last few days, and now she could no longer walk alone. On this evening however she was feeling stronger, and without saying a word to any one, wrapped herself up warmly and went into the chapel. Was it a presentiment that made her go there then, feeling she should not see it to-morrow in all its Easter beauty? There had been service, and the lights were still burning on the altar, while the

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organist was playing on the soft, full-toned organ, music that seemed to speak to the very soul. Netta crept on to the altar steps, and there knelt down,—how long she knelt was never known, the organist not having heard her enter. But the lights burnt down into their sockets, and the music breathed through the Church, now soft as angels' whispers, now louder and louder, till it swelled to a song of praise; and the silvery rays of the moon shone through the beautifully stained windows, resting with a soft radiance on Netta's dark wavy hair. She seemed in a kind of trance, and thought she saw a beautiful angel gliding down on the moon's rays, who came to her and smiling sweetly said, "I am the Angel Death, come to take you home, little tired one, with me," and he took her gently in his arms, and spreading his golden wings, flew with her straight up to heaven, beyond those shining stars, where once she had so wished to be. She awoke saying, "I come."

The music fell to the gentlest hush, the lights burnt lower and lower, and as the last sounds of the organ died away, Netta's spirit fled.

And thus the wild flowers fulfilled their mission.

THE CHURCH.

VIII. Within, (All Saints', Margaret Street.)

Private Prayer.

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

The athlete in the days of yore,
With toil and fast severe,
Trained him to win the crown he wore,
(A wreath too quickly sere.)

But they who seek the diadem,
By Jesus' hand bestowed,
Knights of the New Jerusalem,
And warriors of God,

Seek not a crown that quickly fades,
A wreath that withers fast,
Nor draw in vain their flashing blades,
Against war's iron blast.

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In quietness and confidence,
In lonely vigil prayer,
CHRIST's athletes find their sure defence
From sin and doubt and care.

I sat within GOD's house divine
One afternoon in May:
The blooming wreaths that decked the shrine
Spoke of Ascension Day.

And silence filled the Christian's home;
Not yet the gathering throng
Had filled the sacred aisles and come
To keep their evensong.

Two only knelt on either side
That sacred house, to plead
With Him, Who for our ransom died,
Who lives to intercede.

One, in the pride of manhood brave,
With dark and steadfast brow,
Knelt to the LORD, Who died to save,
As if the knightly vow

Of Baptism once more he said,
Once more the pledge renewed,
The royal road for aye to tread,
Beneath the sacred rood.

Some way apart the other knelt
Her earnest prayers to say,
As if her inmost spirit felt
The need to watch and pray.

For hearts are cold, and vows are weak,
The Altar's holy fire
Alone may guard the pure and meek
In love that will not tire.

With bended head and downcast eyes,
And hands together prest,
She prayed, as if in lowly guise
Her spirit there found rest.

Eight years ago! And still the scene
Returns afresh to me,
His bearing proud, her brow serene,
Nor may its memories flee.

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For who may tell what joy, what power
Those earnest prayers have wrought
For souls, of whom that solemn hour
The suppliants little thought.

No more a poet's empty dream,
To human prayer is given,
To scale the mount where lightnings gleam,
And win the fire of heaven.

ACCIPITER.

NOTES ON THE PRIMITIVE LITURGIES.

BY DAVID BURNARD JONES.

(*Continued from page* 127.)

XI. THE LITURGY OF S. MARK.

§ 91. *Manuscript Authority.* THE DIVINE LITURGY OF S. MARK, the norm of the Alexandrian family of Liturgies, has been obsolete since the twelfth century, when Theodore Balsamon, Orthodox Patriarch of Antioch, procured its abolition. Until very lately but one manuscript authority for it was known to exist, the *Codex Rossanensis*, of the early twelfth century, already mentioned in connection with Greek S. James. A second has, however, lately come to light in a κοντάκιον of the Library of the University of Messina. It is considered to be of the ninth or tenth century, and is said to contain some important corrections of the text, some various readings, and a few rubrical directions.

§ 92. *Antiquity.* That a very large portion of the Anaphora is older than A.D. 451, is proved by its very close agreement with Coptic S. Cyril, of which indeed one Coptic writer, Abulbircat, speaks as "the Liturgy of Mark which Cyril perfected." The Pro-Anaphora, too, has at least a basis of the same antiquity, as is clear from its agreement in some points with Coptic S. Basil and the Ethiopic Canon. The former of these is derived from a Greek Alexandrian Version of Constantinopolitan S. Basil, with which it agrees pretty closely, retaining, however, the Alexandrian Pro-Anaphora and the Alexandrian Intercessions, but inserting these last in the Constantinopolitan position. That the Pro-Anaphora of S. Basil properly belongs to S. Cyril, and represents the Alexandrian form, is clear from its agreement with

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the Ethiopic Canon, which was derived independently from Alexandria, and is the norm of sixteen extant Anaphoræ.[1]

§ 93. *Special Features.* These are; (1) The position of the Great Intercession in the middle of the Preface; (2) The Deacon's exclamations, "Ye who sit, arise," and "Look to the east," just as the Intercession is concluded and the Preface resumed; as also the prominence given to the Deacon throughout. Two other features appear in the Coptic and Ethiopic rites; (1) They have four Lections taken respectively from the Pauline Epistles, Catholic Epistles and Acts, the fourth being the Gospel; (2) The Prayer of Fraction occurs, in the Coptic rites, before the LORD'S Prayer.

§ 94. *Opening Prayers.* There is a remarkable agreement between East and West in the use of the numbers nine and three in connection with the *Hymn of the Only-Begotten Son*, the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and the Entrance of the Elements. Thus S. James (Greek) has nine opening prayers; S. Chrysostom three Antiphons; the English (Sarum) and Roman[2] a triple *Introit;* Syriac S. James a three-fold repetition of Alleluia, *Kyrie* and *Sanctus* (in connection with Ps. xcv. 1—6;) and S. Adæus three Psalms and three Prayers before the *Anthem of the Altar*. The Liturgy of S. Mark opens with three Prayers, each preceded by one "Peace be with all," &c., and by a three-fold *Kyrie Eleison*. Thus:

Priest. Peace be with all.

People. And with thy spirit.

Deacon. Pray.

People. LORD, have mercy (*thrice.*)

The first prayer is either based upon, or is a thinly veiled paraphrase of the LORD'S Prayer, and is found also in the Coptic and Ethiopic rites. Mr. Freeman believes that originally the LORD'S Prayer stood at the beginning of every rite, but was removed in the second century, when he supposes that the system of concealing the Mysteries of the Faith, called the *Disciplina Arcani*, arose. The LORD'S Prayer is found at the beginning of Syriac S. James, S. Adæus, the Malabar Liturgy, the Mozarabic, and the old English.

[1] Had there been direct copying from Coptic S. Basil, it seems improbable that the Ethiopic Canon would have been allowed to retain its great peculiarity, the lack of *Sursum Corda*.

[2] "The triple form of the Antiphon seems to have been abolished at Rome about 1490, but is retained in our own printed Sarum Books." Neale's *Essays in Liturgiology*, p. 138.

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Before the second prayer the Deacon's Bidding is "Pray for the king." The prayer itself has the following clause: "Grant to him, O GOD, victories, and that he may be peaceably disposed towards us, and towards Thy holy Name." Upon which Dr. Neale has the following note: "This is a clear proof that this prayer was composed before the beginning of the great Tenth Persecution," (i.e. before A.D. 303;) "*during* which it would have been differently worded, and *after* which it would have been inappropriate. In fact there is no doubt that these three prayers are of the most remote antiquity; and this particular clause, with its singularly crabbed construction, may, not improbably, contain the original words of the Apostle." Dr. Neale has also a note upon the next clause: "That we also in the tranquillity of his days, may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." Dr. Neale remarks: "Notice the coincidence of these expressions with those in the First Epistle to Timothy; and remember that it is quite as likely that the Apostle was quoting the Liturgy, as the Liturgy from the Apostle."

It has been observed that the Church of England, in praying for the king before the clergy, does but follow primitive precedent, as here.

The Deacon's Bidding before the third prayer is: "Pray for the Pope and the Bishop." "By the Pope," Dr. Neale observes, "is of course meant the Patriarch of Alexandria, Pope being his specific title, as Patriarch was that of the Metropolitan of Antioch, and Archbishop that of him of Constantinople. Probably the original bidding was simply—Pray for the Bishop."

The prayer includes, besides Bishops, Priests and Deacons, "Subdeacons, Readers, Singers, and laymen, with the whole fulness of Thy holy and only Catholic Church."

It should be noticed that these prayers and several others in S. Mark, have the same opening and closing words. At the opening they have these: "Master, LORD, and GOD, the FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST," and at the close these: "Through the grace and mercies and benignity of Thine Only-Begotten SON: (*aloud*) Through Whom and with Whom be to Thee the glory and the might, in Thine all-holy and good and life-giving Spirit, now and ever, and to ages of ages."

§ 95. *From the Little Entrance to the Expulsion of the Catechumens.* The fourth prayer is preceded by the following rubric: "The Priest subjoins the Prayer of the Entrance, and for the Incense." The

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present text of the prayer itself is corrupt—the usual conclusion being affixed, although the earlier portion is plainly addressed to the SON. There is also an hiatus in the middle.[1] A comparison of the Coptic and Ethiopic rites suggests that we have a fragment of the *Prayer of Absolution to the Son* combined with the *Prayer of the Incense*. Notice the expression: "Thy holy and heavenly and reasonable altar." We shall meet with it again.

The Entrance is the "Little" one—that of the Gospels. Its introduction here is attributed by Palmer to the influence of the rite of Constantinople. But the Little Entrance is undoubtedly very ancient. "This custom," Dr. Littledale observes in his Lecture on *Early Christian Ritual*, "is of exceedingly remote antiquity, and its Jewish origin may be detected in the ceremonies which even still attend the uncovering the Book of the Law in the Jewish Synagogue, and the procession of the Reader to his place."

After an exhortation from the Deacon—"Stand up"—the *Hymn of the Only-Begotten Son* follows, which Mr. Freeman compares with the *Gloria in Excelsis*, which the Western Church sings at this place. It may not be out of place to mention here that, according to this writer, the outline of the Church's Eucharistic Service is based upon the events in the Upper Room on the night of the Institution. And as the Great Entrance is a mystical representation of the Incarnation,[2] and takes place in some rites (the Coptic and Ethiopic being among the number) at the

[1] Respecting the phrase "didst breathe *into their faces*" see the correspondence with 'Philalethes.' A formidable objection to that gentleman's theory is, that the evidence tends to show that the Coptic and Ethiopic rites are derived from Greek originals, and not that Greek S. Mark copied from them.

It has been suggested to me that the phrase may not have been quoted from the New Testament at all, but from LXX. of Genesis ii. 7. To quote my correspondent's words: "Why may not the N. T. application of the word and sentence—if the full reading be the right one—have come from the Liturgical use—itself possibly taken from the LXX. (Gen. ii. 7), *itself*, it must be remembered, an *Alexandrian* version?"

Supposing, however, that the passage is quoted from S. John xx. 22, it seems most unlikely that a Greek Liturgy should borrow from an Egyptian or Coptic translation, rather than from the existing Greek text.

[2] And the true explanation of the Acts of Adoration which accompany it is, that they are the carrying out, on the part of the Church, of the divine injunction given by S. Paul: "When He bringeth in the First-Begotten into the world, He saith, And let all the angels of GOD worship Him." As Freeman says: "The coming in of the Elements ever sent her back in thought to the wondrous time when 'The Word was made Flesh.'"

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very beginning of the Service, he considers that such was the original custom, and that both the Eastern and Western Hymns refer to it; enforcing his theory by the close connection between them both and the language of our LORD as recorded by S. John. (S. John xiii. 31, 32; xvii. 1; cf. i. 14.) He adds the following in a note: "It was, beyond doubt, either to this Hymn or to the Gloria in Excelsis, that Pliny's informant referred in saying, 'that they met together to sing a hymn to CHRIST as GOD.' It is strange that Mr. Neale should pronounce it to be later than the Council of Ephesus, because of some allusions in it as sung at present. The same argument would prove the whole Nicene Creed to be later than the Councils of Constantinople or Toledo. The Armenian, just as we should expect, has not the inserted words."

The *Hymn of the Only-Begotten Son* is followed by the *Prayer of the Trisagion*, the first part of which resembles the *Prayer after the Gospel* of the Coptic S. Basil, while the latter resembles the end of the corresponding prayer in Greek S. James. The reader will notice the doxology to the Trinity affixed to a prayer addressed to the SON. We shall find this occurring constantly in the Nestorian Offices.

The *Trisagion* follows. We have already spoken of this (see § 16); but as we have not hitherto alluded to Mr. Freeman's researches respecting it, we must not omit to do so now. He remarks that the *Trisagion*, like the *Te Deum*, is "a Creed set hymnwise;" having special reference to the work of GOD for man as set forth in the Scriptures. He states that short but strong and hearty creed-like formulæ were of frequent occurrence in the old Jewish Offices, and that especially there were certain terms of frequent occurrence, in which they were used to sum up all that GOD had done for them, as a nation. Now the Exodus, he says, had peculiarly impressed upon them a sense of GOD'S *power* in bringing them out, and His superiority to all other powers as the *living* GOD, the Source and LORD of all life, and capable of preserving or destroying for ever. And the response which they made, in their evening prayers, to the "Hear, O Israel, the LORD our GOD is one GOD," &c., is particularly noticeable: "The LORD our GOD is true and faithful in all this, for He is the LORD our GOD, and King, Who hath delivered us from the fist of the *strong* ones; who is like unto Thee among the gods, *strengthened* in *holiness?* He divided the Red Sea; this is my *strong* GOD, King *for ever and ever.*" So, too, in what are known as the "Eighteen Prayers:" "For Thou

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art a *strong* GOD, and a great King; blessed art Thou, the *strong* GOD who is *holy*," (twice.) "Thou, O LORD, art *mighty for ever* . . . . Thou LORD of might."[1]

Mr. Freeman proceeds as follows: "Now there occurs in all ancient Liturgies, and in connection more or less close with the reading of the Scriptures, a brief formula to the like effect. This is the famous 'Trisagion' hymn, into the especial purpose of which, as distinguished from the Gloria in Excelsis or the Ter Sanctus, no writer appears to have entered. Its form is, 'Sanctus Deus, Sanctus Fortis, Sanctus Immortalis, miserere nostri.' Its Jewish derivation is sufficiently vouched for by its Hebraic cast, and by its identity in subject with the prayers just referred to. And its purpose seems still to be the same: to acknowledge those attributes of GOD which were exerted in the work of Redemption, as recorded *in the Scriptures*."

After the Trisagion, the Priest signs the people; that is, makes the sign of the Cross towards or on them; giving at the same time the "Peace be," &c., to which the usual response is made. The Deacon (presumably) exclaims "Attend," and the Epistle (called *Apostle*) is read, and followed apparently by the *Prologue of the Alleluia*, which "seems," Dr. Neale observes, "to have been some prayer recited by the Priest, while the Alleluia was recited by the people." Incense is then offered, after which the Deacon reads the Gospel, having first asked and obtained the Priest's blessing, and exhorted the people to stand. The "Peace" is also given by the Priest and the usual response made.

The Gospel read, "the Priest subjoins the Collect" (Sunapté), a series of petitions, answering, not to the Western *Collect*, but to the Hierosolymitan *Ektené*. One petition is noticeable. "Raise the waters of the river to their measure, through Thy grace." Dr. Neale's note upon this is: "The rise of the Nile being a point of such vital importance to the Egyptian harvest, is a subject put prominently for-

[1] These *Eighteen Prayers*, (with the possible exception of Nos. 10—14, and 17,) are believed to have been in use among the Jews long before the Christian era; and it is a remarkable fact, that "the introduction of the present Greek" daily "Offices" (known to be of extreme antiquity) . . . "is plainly an epitome, only Christianised, of the first eight of the 'Eighteen Prayers;' as may be seen upon comparison of them." See Freeman, *Principles*, vol. i. p. 66.

The *Trisagion* occurs in this "epitome."

This fact strengthens very considerably the theory advanced in these papers, that certain expressions of the Liturgies are taken over from Jewish sources.

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ward in all the Coptic Liturgies." Dr. Neale thinks that this prayer (and perhaps the next also) is made up from the Great Intercession.

Then a *stichos* or versicle is said, and "the Deacon saith *the Three.*" What this was is not certain. The Coptic has "tres majores orationes," but they are said by the *Priest.* The prayer which follows is, in the Coptic and Ethiopic, split into three and amplified. The word "assemblies" is in the Greek *episynagogas.*

The expulsion of Catechumens follows. In the Coptic it occurs just before. In the Ethiopic[1] it is misplaced, and comes later on.

§ 96. *The Mass of the Faithful.* The Cherubic Hymn, Great Entrance, Prayer of Incense, Kiss of Peace, and Creed follow. In the Coptic and Ethiopic the Elements are brought in at the *beginning* of the rite, and the Kiss of Peace *follows* the Creed. The influence of Constantinople is probably seen in the present text of S. Mark. The Creed, of course, has not the *Filioque.* Before it the Deacon exclaims, "Stand to make your offerings according to your order." The Priest signs the patens and chalices with the sign of the cross.

In the Prayer of Incense, the expression "Super-celestial altar" occurs for the second time. We shall see directly that it occurs once more, and probably as the original of an expression in the Roman Canon.

The first part of the *Prayer of the Offertory,* which follows, is identical with the first part of the *Prayer for the Prothesis of the Oblation,* which occurs at the beginning of the Coptic and Ethiopic rites. The prayer is addressed to our LORD, but the ending, "through the grace," &c., has been affixed. Possibly the new MS. may correct these corruptions in the present text.

§ 97. *The Preface and Great Eucharistic Prayer.* In the great majority of Liturgies the Anaphora opens with a three-fold benediction. The Alexandrian and the Roman are remarkable exceptions. S. Mark opens thus: "At the end of the Creed the Priest signs the people with the Cross, saying aloud, The LORD be with all. *People.* And with thy spirit. *Priest.* Lift we up," &c. This is one of several points of agreement between the Alexandrian and Roman. The Preface opens as follows: "It is verily meet and right, holy and becoming, and advantageous to our souls, I AM, LORD GOD, FATHER Almighty, to worship [S. Cyril, *praise,*] Thee, to hymn Thee, [S. Cyril,

[1] This Liturgy stands alone in saying, "Qui non communicatis, exite." But it is, doubtless, the regular Expulsion of Catechumens, &c.; not of non-communicants in the present acceptance of the term.

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bless Thee,] to give thanks to Thee, [S. Cyril, *glorify Thee,*] to return Thee praise, both night and day, with unceasing mouth, and lips that keep not silence, and heart that cannot be still: Thee Who madest the heaven and the things that are in heaven, the earth . . . the sea, the fountains, the rivers, the lakes, and all things that are in them: Thee Who didst make man after Thine Own image . . . . In every place incense is offered to Thy Name, and a pure offering."

The Great Intercession then follows. Coptic S. Cyril is almost word for word with it. And S. Basil and S. Gregory, though following the Constantinopolitan order, resemble it very closely.

The order of the petitions is as follows: (1) Peace in the Church and the world; (2) the sick, the possessed, and those in distress or suffering persecution; (3) Christians journeying; (4) the raising of the waters of the river (Nile,) the showers, the fruits of the earth; (5) the Emperor, and his goodwill to the Church; (6) the Saints; (7) the Departed; (8) those who offer; (9) the clergy; (10) Jerusalem, Rome, and Alexandria; (11) a recapitulation.

The following clause (of No. 1) is quoted by S. Cyril of Alexandria, A.D. 430, (*Ep. ad Joan. Antioch.*) "King of Peace, give to us Thy peace in concord and love."

Under No 4 the *proselyte* is mentioned after the widow and the orphan. "If," remarks Dr. Neale, "this word, as is probable, is to be taken in its Jewish meaning, it must fix the date of this intercession to a period of the most remote antiquity, prior to the destruction of Jerusalem."

We have already pointed out that part of this is nearly word for word with S. James. We have now to bring the reader's attention much nearer home, and to point out the probable origin of some expressions in the Roman Missal, which have been the cause of a good deal of controversy.

The present Roman Intercession is the most meagre in the world, and it has been thought (by Sala, for instance,) that the intercessions for all estates of men, used on Good Friday after the Gospel, were the original Roman Intercessions.[1] From these the present intercessions in the Canon appear to be extracts, and Mr. Freeman has pointed out that these Good Friday prayers are, for the most part, a literal translation from the Great Intercession in S. Mark.

[1] The Litany which is now sung on S. Mark's Day is also said to embody the ancient Roman Intercessions, and to have been sung in connection with Mass.

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The *Supra Quæ propitio* is also, according to Mr. Freeman, derived from S. Mark. The passage, as it stands, has been continually cited for controversial purposes, but is, we should say, an awkward survival from a time when it either occupied a different position, or was followed by the Invocation of the HOLY GHOST. But in the Ambrosian rite its Alexandrian derivation[1] is clearly seen. Thus:

S. MARK.	AMBROSIAN CANON.[2]
Receive, O GOD, ... the oblations unto Thy . . . . super-celestial Altar . . . by Thy arch-angelic ministry . . . as Thou didst receive the gifts of Thy just servant Abel, the sacrifice of our father Abraham.	Receive this oblation upon Thy sublime altar, by the hands of Thy angels, as Thou didst deign to receive the gifts of Thy just servant Abel, and the sacrifice of our patriarch Abraham.

The petitions for the Emperor are in a broken and corrupted state, possibly, as Neale and Hammond remark, as being later than the rest of the text, a part added (or altered) when the government had become Christian. The Angelic Salutation is also added, as we saw it was in S. James.

Before the Prayer for the Departed the Deacon reads the Diptychs, that is to say, the names of former Prelates of the See, and of celebrated benefactors of the Church. They were inscribed on a board with two leaves, like a modern book. Hence the name.

We have seen that the Liturgy of S. James, in both its versions, speaks of "the holy [*Greek*, and glorious] Sion, the mother of all churches," and that the Clementine places "James, our Bishop," before "the Bishop Clement;" and it is not a little remarkable that the Liturgy of Alexandria, "the Church which, of all in the East, clung," as Dr. Neale says, "most closely to the Latin See," should agree with them in either placing Rome after Jerusalem, or in omitting it altogether. "Remember," it prays, "the holy city of CHRIST our GOD, and the reigning city, and this our city, every city and region," &c. Here, if "the reigning city" be not Rome but Constantinople, Rome is entirely omitted; if it be Rome, it is placed second. If "the reigning city" be Rome, the clause is, of course, of pre-Nicene antiquity.

[1] Or rather, perhaps, connection. Africa, Mr. Freeman thought, "had the same prayers in Latin as Egypt had in Greek, having derived them thence. Optatus (A.D. 368) refers to the Oblation prayer of the African Church, and the words quoted by him are the same as in the Roman Good Friday prayers."

[2] The present Canon agrees with the Roman.

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Towards the end of the Great Intercession the Deacon exclaims, "Ye that are sitting, stand up," and again at the end, "To the East," and these two exclamations are found in the Coptic and Ethiopic rites. The Preface is then resumed in this way: "For Thou art above all power, and dominion, and might, and principality, and every name that is named. . . . . Cherubim and Seraphim . . . cry one to the other . . . saying to the Majesty of Thy glory the Triumphal Trisagion, Holy, holy, holy, &c. (aloud) Thou ever sanctifiest all; but with all that glorify Thee, receive, O LORD, our praise also, who with them laud Thee and say (*People*) Holy, holy, holy, LORD."

The Priest, then, "signs the Holy Mysteries with the Cross," and goes on with the *Post-Sanctus*, as follows: "Verily earth and heaven are full of Thy holy glory, through the manifestation of our LORD and GOD and SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST: fulfil also, O GOD, this sacrifice with Thy blessing, by the coming down on it of Thy most HOLY GHOST. For the LORD Himself and our GOD and universal King, JESUS CHRIST, in the night wherein He surrendered Himself for our sins . . . took bread," &c.

The Liturgy of S. Mark agrees with S. James, S. Clement, S. Basil, the Liturgy of Malabar, &c., in ascribing to our LORD the passage 1 Cor. xi. 21, not given in any of the Gospels, a fact which points to a period when the Gospels were not the sole sources of information as to our LORD's actions and language.

The Great Oblation, after the usual commemoration of the Resurrection, Ascension, and Session, is made in these words: "O LORD our GOD, we have set before Thee Thine own of Thine own gifts."

In the Invocation of the HOLY GHOST there is a long passage which, (as in the similar case of the Liturgy of S. James,) looks like a post-Athanasian insertion. Omitting this, the Invocation would run as follows: "And we pray and beseech Thee, O good GOD, and Lover of men, to send down from Thy holy height, and prepared habitation, and incircumscript bosom, [. . . .] on us and on these loaves, and on these cups, Thy HOLY GHOST," &c. The place of the insertion we have marked by dots. As we were able, when speaking of the similar insertion in S. James, to say that it was made prior to A.D. 451, because of its occurrence in Syriac S. James, so in the case of S. Mark, the same thing is proved by its occurrence in Coptic S. Cyril.

§ 98. *The Lord's Prayer (with Introduction and Embolismus) and the Prayer of Inclination.* The Invocation is followed by the *Preface*

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to the Lord's Prayer, the LORD's Prayer with its *Embolismus*, and the *Prayer of Inclination*, which Dr. Neale also calls the *Prayer of Intense Adoration*, and Hammond calls the *Prayer of Humble Access*. Before it the Deacon exclaims: "Bow your heads to JESUS," and the people reply: "To Thee, O LORD." The prayer itself is addressed to the FATHER, and the following one to our LORD.

In the Ethiopic Canon the LORD's Prayer does not occur in its usual place, but after the Communion, and then without Preface or Embolismus; exactly as in our own present Office.

Mr. Moultrie points out a curious coincidence between this part of the Liturgy of S. Mark and the first chapter of the first Epistle of S. Peter. It is that, beginning from verse 12, a number of passages occur, all of which are found at this part of the Liturgy. We place the corresponding expressions side by side,—

LITURGY OF S. MARK.	1 S. PET. I.
"GOD of Light, . . . Who givest to the weak-hearted . . . *those things into which the angels desire to look.*"	"Preached the Gospel unto you with the HOLY GHOST sent down from heaven, (cf. Invocation in Liturgy); *into which things the angels desire to look.*"
"Make us worthy, O LORD, . . . *with a pure heart*, [see below on other side] . . . to dare *to call upon Thee, our holy God and Father.*"	"So be ye holy in all manner of conversation, because it is written, *Be ye holy, for I am holy*, and if ye *call on the Father.*"
"May worthily participate in the good things that are set before us, *the spotless Body and precious Blood of . . . Christ.*"	"But (ye were redeemed) *with the precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.*"
"Sanctify us, LORD, by . . . Thy All-holy Spirit. *For Thou, Lord, hast said, Be ye holy, for I am holy.*"	[See above.]
"Grant to us the Communion of the holy Body and precious Blood . . . *unto unfeigned love* . . . for a *viaticum* of eternal life."	"In obeying the truth through the Spirit *unto unfeigned love* of the brethren, see that ye love one another *with a pure heart* fervently."

The expression "precious Blood" only occurs once in the New Testament, viz., in the passage just quoted. The word *viaticum* has been already alluded to.

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A passage from S. Clement of Alexandria is added by Mr. Drake (*The Teaching of the Church*) as seeming to suggest that the passages "Eye hath not seen," and "Into which things the angels desire to look," were used in the Alexandrian Liturgy in his time (c. A.D. 200.) "Hear the SAVIOUR saying: I regenerated thee, freed thee, healed thee; I will show thee the face of GOD thy good FATHER; I will lead thee to the enjoyment of unutterable and indescribable *goods, which eye hath not seen,* nor ear heard, &c., *into which things the angels desire to look,* and to see what good things GOD hath prepared for His saints, and for His children who love Him. . . . I, thy Nourisher, give Myself to thee as bread, which whosoever tasteth hath no longer experience of death; and daily I give thee the drink of immortality."

§ 99. *The Elevation, Fraction and Liturgical Commixture.* After the *Prayer of Inclination* the Priest says, "Peace be with all," and the Deacon exclaims, "With the fear of GOD (let us attend[1])." After which the Priest says the prayer, "Holy, most high, tremendous LORD, Who restest in the holies," &c., as in S. James. The Liturgy then proceeds as follows:—

The Priest says aloud, The Holy Things unto the holy.

People. One Holy FATHER, one Holy SON, one HOLY GHOST, in the unity of the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

Deacon. For salvation and succour.

The Priest, signing the people, says aloud, The LORD be with all.

And the Priest breaks (κλᾷ[2]) *the loaf, and says,* O praise GOD, &c., (Ps. cl.)

And the Priest divides (μελίζει), *saying to the attendants,* The LORD shall bless and minister with you, through.

And the Priest says, Command.

The Clergy. The HOLY GHOST commands and sanctifies.

The Priest. Lo, it is sanctified and consecrated.

The Clergy. One Holy FATHER, &c., (thrice.)

It will be seen that there is the same distinction of terms as in S. James between *breaking* the Bread at the ritual Fraction, and *dividing* It at the Fraction for distribution, and that there is no mention of the Intinction, Consignation, or Commixture. Neither have we the first formula, "The union," &c., nor the expression, "It is united," with which, in S. James, the second opens. But we have

[1] So in kindred rites. The words have dropped out of the text.

[2] The text has κλάνει, a non-existing word.

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the remainder of that second form, "It is sanctified and perfected," and preceded by a request to the other clergy to "give the command," which is done in a very solemn form, the people responding in the same words of adoration. All this, it has been suggested, points to some deep meaning attached to this formula, beyond what the existing text of the Liturgy shows. From the analogy of S. James it would seem that the Commixture originally took place at this point, but was afterwards lost, the words "It is sanctified," &c., being, however, retained as marking the point where all the details belonging to the consecration are finally completed. In the Coptic S. Basil the Commixture takes place at this point, and is accompanied by a long confession of the Real Presence, the first part of which is probably a development of the formula, "The union," &c., while the second part resembles the *Prayer of the Fraction* of the Monophysite James Barsalibi, which itself is an expansion and development of the Syriac form of the phrase "It is united," &c., in Greek S. James.

In the Coptic and Ethiopic rites, the Fraction immediately precedes the LORD'S Prayer; and Coptic S. Basil has, for an alternative *Prayer of the Fraction*, that which occurs in S. Mark as the *Prayer before the Lord's Prayer*. The same rite has, just before Communion, and therefore in the same position as in S. Mark, Elevation, Intinction, Consignation, Commixture, and further Fraction, together with the Confession already mentioned.

§ 100. *The Communion.* After the three-fold repetition of the "One Holy FATHER," &c., the Liturgy proceeds as follows:—

Priest. The LORD be with all.

The Clerks. And with thy spirit.

Priest. Himself hath blessed it.

And the Priest saith either the Prayer, According to Thy mercy, &c., *or else* Psalm xlii. *Quemadmodum.*

And he communicates. And when he gives the Communion to any one he saith: The Holy Body.

And when he gives the Chalice, he saith: The precious Blood of our LORD and GOD, and SAVIOUR.

In the Ethiopic Canon the Priest uses the following words of administration. For the Bread: "This is the Bread of Life which came down from Heaven, the truly precious Body of Emmanuel our GOD." For the Cup: "This is the Cup of Life, which came down from heaven, which is the precious Blood of CHRIST."

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§ 101. *The Post-Communion.* The Deacon says: "Stand for prayer." Then after a "Peace be" from the Priest, and a second exclamation ("Pray") from the Deacon, the Priest says a Thanksgiving, and (turning to the people) a prayer of Benediction. The Office then properly ends as follows, (although one or two prayers are appended):—

Deacon. Depart in peace.

People. In the Name of the LORD.

Priest (*aloud*). The love of GOD and the FATHER, the grace of the SON and our LORD JESUS CHRIST, the communion and gift of the HOLY GHOST, be with us all, now and ever, and to ages of ages.

People. Amen. Blessed be the Name of the LORD.

(*To be continued.*)

AFTER MANY DAYS.

THE summer bringeth countless flowers again
With lavish bounty; autumn's fair array
Of corn-sheaves doth the planter's cares repay
A hundredfold,—yet dost thou not obtain
The fruit of seed oft sown in grief and pain,
And watered with thy tears. The months display
Their treasures, and new hopes to us convey;
But all thy former labour seemeth vain,
O steadfast soul, that toilest on, content
With lowly service, seeking never praise,
And reaping no reward. In Him, Whose ways
Are not as ours, abide thee, confident
The promised harvest time is ever sent,
And thou shalt find it after many days.

M. T.

EARLY CHRISTIANS.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

IT is a source of deep regret to thoughtful Christian people that we know so little respecting the lives and career of holy men and women in the first ages of the faith, and to those who believe in the communion

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of saints, it is at all times delightful to read of the triumphs of the Gospel over the world; more especially to meditate on the daily Christian course of some servant of CHRIST JESUS, who though in the world was not of the world. History is too generally taken up with the great, the leaders of error, the victories and defeats, the dissensions and strife, the contending for the faith, to pay much attention to the lives of those who not only contended, but suffered and died for the truth. It is a mistake to suppose that the history of these primitive followers of our LORD does not in their personal, individual relations and influence, form an integral portion of ecclesiastical history. It is true that their actions, &c., have been so disfigured and transformed by fiction, that it is difficult to separate any well authenticated facts from the puerile traditions and absurd legends respecting them, and many say, "What interest is there for us in the story and fortunes of one, whose history is overlaid with so much that is fabulous, and with whose extravagant devotion at best, the enlightened Christian of the nineteenth century can have but little sympathy?"

To this question I will reply in the words of a celebrated authoress. "If we go back to the *authentic* histories of the sufferings and heroism of the early martyrs, we shall find enough there both of the wonderful and the affecting, to justify the credulity and enthusiasm of the unlettered people, who saw no reason why they should not believe in one miracle as well as in another." But still in those much-abused legends which took possession of the popular mind, there is some basis of truth to rest on, and in spite of the shape and colouring given them by the monks of succeeding ages, they truly reflect the character of those holy men and women, while the story of their patience, their courage, their chastity, is worthy of our admiration, our love, and may surely be read and pondered with profit. Why should we Christians, who live in more favoured times, turn away in cold disdain from the contemplation of those pure and saintly personages whose lives have illustrated, and will ever illustrate, the past sufferings of the Church militant? Contrast the period in which our lot is cast, with that period of persecution when to be a disciple of the LORD JESUS was considered a disgrace. Ah, dear reader, you who live in the noonday of the Gospel truth, you on whom GOD has bestowed so many blessings, so many advantages, which were denied to the first professors of the faith, let not them rise up in the judgment and condemn your life and conversation.

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Amongst all the glorious band of holy women of primitive days, perhaps none so admirably portrays the patience and constancy of the early Christians as the illustrious Roman lady, Felicitas. The notices which have come down to us respecting her, although exceedingly brief, are of such an interesting nature, as to make us deeply regret that they are not more minute. She was born in a dark age, an age of bitter and violent persecution, which we who live in Christian England can little understand or comprehend. She was like a light shining in obscurity, a bright star in the gloomy night of spiritual darkness, and blessed, thrice blessed is the memory of this heroic martyr!

It was in the second century, and during the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, that Felicitas lived. Of noble birth, she was educated in a manner befitting her rank and with all the refinement of her day. It is evident that her parents were not Christians, but we are not informed of the means by which she was brought into contact with Christianity. All we know is that she surrendered both her heart and her intellect to GOD, and became a zealous and devoted follower of the LORD JESUS. She dedicated herself to a life of ministry, striving to alleviate the sufferings of the sick, traversing the streets and lanes of Rome to enlighten ignorance, to supply want, and to afford consolation to the poor and distressed. She regarded her intellectual gifts, her wealth, rank, and all that she possessed, as precious talents committed to her care. The thought was ever present, that of these GOD would surely require an account, and this idea served to exercise a most controlling power over all her actions, words, and deeds. Gaiety smiled on her, but having once tasted the ineffable sweetness of the waters of life, earthly pleasures lost their charm. Friendship beckoned her into another path, but she kept firmly and earnestly on her way, remembering that the friendship of the world is enmity with GOD, and even when Paganism painted before her the terrors of martyrdom, and her own imagination pictured the tortures she might be called to endure, even then her spirit was undaunted, and GOD, in whom she trusted, gave her strength to resist these great and manifold temptations.

Felicitas, we learn, had a family of seven sons, all of whom she had educated under the auspices of the Christian doctrine, and each of her children gave remarkable evidence of having received the influence of the HOLY SPIRIT in no ordinary degree. How it must

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have rejoiced the mother's heart to watch the spiritual progress of her offspring, to guide their footsteps to the SAVIOUR, and to know that they had enlisted under His banner, and how fervently did she pray that grace might be granted them to nobly confess their faith, even should they be required to seal their testimony with their blood. Little did she think how soon they would be summoned to wear an immortal crown and bear the palm of martyrdom. War, famine, pestilence, and earthquakes befell the nation, and strange to say, Paganism, in its ignorance, imputed the cause of all these calamities to the Christians. Charges of the most vile and absurd description were brought against them, and we cannot but regard with astonishment the inconsistency of these statements when we remember how chaste and elevating were the principles of these disciples of CHRIST, and how spotless and exemplary were their lives. They were accused of crimes of a most revolting character, and were again and again called upon to suffer death on the false and detestable charge of Atheism. The infatuated heathen could not understand the pure and spiritual worship of the Gospel, they could not comprehend that GOD was a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. In the simple though solemn services of the Church they saw nothing to attract the eye or to gratify the popular inclination, no gorgeous temples, shrines, or images, and with the absence of all imposing rites and ceremonies, it seemed to them no worship at all. It can easily be imagined that Felicitas became a prominent object of suspicion.

She possessed a marked Christian character, and it was well known her numerous family were, like herself, earnest followers of CHRIST. Her great wealth was also another source of attraction, as the spoils of the martyrs generally fell into the hands of their enemies. Her hour of trial arrived. Under the inexorable edict that the Christians should sacrifice or die, she was arraigned before the tribunal of Publius, the prefect of the city. At first she was treated with courtesy, and in a manner befitting her rank, her accusers hoping by the deference shown her to flatter her into submission. This proving of no avail, the judge next appealed to her maternal sensibilities, saying, "If thou hast no regard for thyself, at least have compassion on thy sons, and persuade them to yield to the law." But although her heart yearned towards her offspring with all the tenderness of a fond and devoted mother, still she would not allow her affections to turn her from the path of duty; and remained steadfast in her resolve to suffer and

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to die, rather than submit to the demands of her relentless adversaries.

"Her sons would know how to choose between everlasting life and everlasting death," was her firm and dignified reply; and in this she discovered she was not deceived. The prefect then summoned each of her children, commanding them to abjure CHRIST on pain of torments or of death, and the heroic mother, fearful lest they should swerve from the faith, said in a tone of encouragement which appealed most directly to their young hearts. "My children, be strong, and look up to heaven, where CHRIST and all His servants await your coming; and defy this tyrant boldly; for so shall the King of Glory reward you greatly." The prefect was so exasperated when he perceived the influence she appeared to exercise over her sons, that he commanded the executioner to strike her on the mouth. All threats and expostulations proving of no effect, the work of blood was forthwith ordered to commence. Felicitas saw one child after another first tortured, and then murdered, while she ceased not to exhort them alternately to keep up their courage, praying earnestly that their souls might be received into eternal bliss. And when at length the last of her loved ones had bowed his head to the sword, her mind was at rest, while her heart throbbed with exultation, and her voice was raised in thanksgiving to GOD, for she knew that all their sufferings were over, and that they were already joining in the triumphant songs of the redeemed.

A bitter trial was yet in store for her: she had anticipated with joy a speedy reunion with her martyr-children, but even this sad privilege was denied. For four long months she endured an agony of suspense, her memory burdened with the recollection of the horrors she had witnessed. Her faith was tried to the utmost, but He Who is the Friend of all who put their trust in Him, gave her comfort and support.

Her last hour at length arrived, the time of her departure was at hand. Once more we see her, this time in the arena of the Roman amphitheatre, that place which had been the scene of so much bloodshed, and where so many before her had died a noble and glorious death. At her side stands her sister saint, the beautiful Perpetua, a princess and a slave,—but rank weighed not then. One LORD, one faith, one baptism was theirs.

The details of her martyrdom are too terrible to relate; suffice

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it to say, her end was only a fitting termination to a life that had been as pure and blameless as hers. She had fought the good fight, she had finished her course, and henceforth there was laid up for her a crown of righteousness, "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

From her brief, though touching story, I think we may learn a few valuable lessons. When adversity besets us, when our sky is obscured by the mists and clouds of this mortal life, when snares and temptations assail our path, and we discover that the world has deceived us by its flatteries, not less than by its frowns, when friends forsake us, and foes oppose us on every side; in such moments as these, let us, like Felicitas, place our whole trust in GOD, commit our way unto Him, feeling confident that He will undertake for us.

With streaming eyes and clasped hands we throw ourselves at the foot of the Cross, the blinding tears almost preclude our sight, thick darkness encircles us, our eyes cannot pierce the impenetrable gloom by which we are surrounded, weeping and terror-stricken we cry, "Will the night soon pass?"

There is silence. At first no response is returned to our inquiry. In bitter agony we call aloud for help. Then a voice is heard out of the darkness, the same that spoke to the ancient seer of old. "The night is departing, the day is at hand. Morning cometh, and with it joy and gladness." That voice speaks peace to our hearts, it calms our fears, a sudden light breaks o'er us, a gentle hand raises us from the ground, while a whisper sweet and low sounds in our ears, "It is I, be not afraid: when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, My rod and My staff shall comfort thee."

In the character of Felicitas we see a striking evidence of the influence of maternal love. What will not a mother do to save the life of her child? But here we see a mother sacrificing all natural instincts for the sake of her faith, nobly exhorting her sons to suffer and die rather than deny CHRIST; cheering them with words of consolation as they enter the dark valley of the shadow of death, and comforting them with assurances of divine love until they are beyond the reach of human aid, and heaven's morning dawns on the weary travellers, while the pearly gates are opened wide to receive them, and white-robed angels await them with crowns of unfading brightness.

It requires more than ordinary courage to renounce earthly attach-

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ments, to sever the cords which bind us too fondly to earth, and bravely endure persecution and affliction with the people of GOD. "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for CHRIST," and doubtless the same spirit that animated S. Paul also inspired the saints of later days.

"Be strong in the LORD." "Labour with all your might and with your utmost strength, and not in your own strength only, but in the strength and might of the LORD. The life and conduct of a Christian on earth is a continual warfare, not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers of darkness, a conflict for which the Christian ought always to be clad in spiritual armour, like a soldier in battle ready for the fight, and standing before the enemy, for his foes, like lions, are at every moment ready to attack and to devour him. Wherefore do we read elsewhere in Holy Scripture that the life and conduct of a Christian are his chief and most important business here on earth, and that he must devote the best part of himself and the whole energies of his heart and soul to the fulfilling of CHRIST'S commandments; that every day and at every moment many temptations befall him, with other hindrances to his leading a godly life, which he must overcome; enemies both visible and invisible,—this world, wicked men, his own inward passions, his evil inclinations,—which ever try to seduce him and to lead him from GOD. His garment should be righteousness and truth, his head-gear faith, and with his hand ought he to grasp the sword of the Word of GOD; clad in such armour only can the Christian fight and overcome his spiritual enemies, thus alone can he walk securely in the midst of all temptations, and at last be crowned in the kingdom of his LORD and SAVIOUR. May GOD, by His grace, give us strength for the fight, and make us worthy of our crown."[1] *Ad finem esto fidelis.*

C. M.

THE STORY OF A SHABBY CLOAK.

IN the "Times" newspaper a few months ago there was an account of Dean Stanley leaving America after his late visit there. "He was on deck," said the correspondent, "wrapped in an immense cloak, and a very shabby one."

[1] Gabriel, Bishop of Imereth, Serm. XV.

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As I read, I thought, who knows but that Dean Stanley's cloak has a history, though perhaps not of quite the traditional interest which a cloak had that I met with when away from England a year or two ago.

Its owner was an English nobleman, a very old man, bearing his ninety years with wonderful grace and activity, and though too deaf to enjoy hearing a continuous story, he was well able to tell one.

On a dull, and a somewhat cold day for the bright south where we were spending the winter, the old Earl came in wearing an ulster. He came to chat with an invalid friend, who at sixty was much the older man of the two. After a warm greeting, the Baron said, with a glance at the Earl's costume, "So you like to be fashionable even at your time of life."

"A very comfortable fashion for a cold day in an open carriage I can assure you," answered the Earl. "I should not go on the promenade in it, but driving, and at Church it is just the thing: I ought to apologise," he said, turning to me, "for making a morning call in it in the presence of ladies."

"Not at all," I replied, and I remarked that he must have seen and worn a great many varieties of out-door costume in his long life.

"Out-door and in-door both," he said cheerily. "But I possess one garment that I carry with me wherever I go, and I hope they will lay it on my coffin as a pall when my funeral day comes."

"What is it?" asked the Baron, "it must be a long trailing garment to be reserved for such an office."

"It is only an old cloak, and a very shabby one," was the answer, "but it has a history."

Then we knew that our old friend would sit for a long hour and entertain us. The ulster was taken off by a servant, who brought in tea; for the Baron des Fayeres was as English as any of us, and lived with his English establishment much as he would do at home. When tea was finished the Earl began his story.

"You know," he said, "I was a youngster once, though I am quite a Methuselah in my family. I was a young man in the year—let me see—the year of the siege of Copenhagen."

"Before I was born," remarked the otherwise elderly Baron.

"Ay. Well, like a good many younger sons,—for I came third,—it was a struggle to know how I was to get a living. Now-a-days I might have enlisted, or been put to a trade, but it would not have been

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the fashion then; and I was sent abroad to Sweden and Norway, and finally an acquaintance of my father's in the British Embassy at Copenhagen kindly offered me a seat in his office. I was to work, he was to introduce me into society. The Continent was beginning to be turned upside down at that time, as you may remember." The Baron smiled. "Eh? I don't mean remember, of course, but you have heard of Buonaparte's outrageous views and actions?"

"What is tradition to us, were facts to you, Lord Le Visme," I observed.

"And very unparalleled facts too, my young lady."

"We are not near the cloak yet," said the Baron, fearing a disquisition on the history of Europe was impending.

"No; and I must not spend all my time in telling my very short story. Of course I was no longer wanted when the upset came. The Embassy was packing up all in a hurry at its hasty recall. My father's friend, for whom I really had worked like a galley-slave for hours each day, merely came in one day looking grave and absent, and remarked as he took some papers from my desk, 'By the by, Stronan, you had better get off as quick as you can,—we are going away to-morrow.'

"'Can I not go with you as an attaché of any sort?' I asked bewildered. I don't think I had six pounds in my purse, and I had worked very hard and very regularly for some weeks. My gentleman shook his head. It was not the fashion at the beginning of this century to give reasons to young people,—orders were given, and we had to take them. It was a furiously cold winter; where to turn in my sudden extremity I knew not. I thought of my old Highland home, and wished myself there a thousand times an hour. I had my Highland servant with me, and I knew four or five young Englishmen who would be in a similar plight. 'We can take letters to your father for you,' said Mr. Secretary, graciously. I felt inclined for all answer to burst out crying. If there had only been time! But there were no telegraphs, no steamers, and news,—no one could tell when it might arrive in that unsettled state of things.

"I did write a note to my father however, and then, putting my desk a little in order, I brought up the letter, received a civil shake of the hand, a word of semi-regret at this compulsory break up,—and then I bowed myself out of the office."

"And you went out, put on this wonderful cloak, and ran for your life at once."

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"No, no, La Fayeres, we only ran our heads against a very hard wall if we tried at independence at that date. No, there was nothing for it in the world—"

"But philosophy," put in the Baron.

"Ay, but what philosophy could a youth at nineteen or twenty muster to carry him suddenly out of a dilemma? I called on my several young companions similarly circumstanced, and we agreed to run for it. And the next day we set out on our march across the Sound. It would seem fool-hardy now, but we had not much of an alternative then. We provided ourselves with flasks of the best brandy and some food, rolled our scanty toilettes in our knapsacks, took stout staffs, fur-lined boots and gloves, and I the great service cloak that my father had used in a Canadian winter some years before."

"How did you get unquestioned out of the town?" I interrupted.

"Ah, that I don't remember accurately enough to say. We were eight altogether,—my five friends, my servant, and the servant of one other of the party besides. Our spirits carried us along quite gaily at first. It was a novelty to be walking over the Baltic dryshod, and we had not stayed to calculate time, distance, or the drawbacks of a most inclement season."

"Desperately cold, no doubt," interluded the Baron.

"It proved so. We kept up well till the evening of the next day, and then as that intense cold just after sunset came on, one of the party succumbed. We could only leave him to his fate, or peril all our lives in staying with him. Poor fellow! I recollect the message he gave us to his mother and sister, and his watch and ring, in case any one survived to carry them home. Before the late morning broke another of the little band gave up, and we went through the same heartrending ceremony of farewell messages. I assure you it made us trudge on the faster, till within about seven miles of land, then my turn came next to grow faint, and experience the utter want of circulation, inevitable warning that nature was exhausted. They rolled me in my cloak, having dosed me with brandy enough to set me on fire, and left me with just the melancholy satisfaction, to themselves, that I should probably be the last victim, so near was the journey's end now."

"And you slept?"

"Slept like a thousand tops, I suppose. I knew nothing but the pleasant sensation of growing warm and sleepy, and then forgetting

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myself altogether. But my story is already too long, and I fear the carriage has been at the gates waiting some time," and the Earl stood up to go.

"First finish your story," said the Baron, peremptorily, "we are just reaching the *crême de la crême*."

"No; thank GOD, my servant flew on almost, after they left me, and the others wanted little urging to follow. They reached the village, ordered a strong party to go in search, and, dead or dying, to bring us at once, as they came up with us, off our icy beds.

"I slept seven hours on the Baltic in that cloak, and the cloak saved my life. When I woke, I was in bed in a warm cottage, with my servant sitting on guard at my side. I think that old cloak is entitled to the place of honour as my pall,—but it is very very shabby now."

THE ANGELS' FESTIVAL.

LIST to the harp-notes pealing in the land where there's no sighing,
List to the thrilling sweetness of the Psalmody undying,
Now slow and soft as morning dawn, now crashing like the thunder
Until the azure vault o'erspread seems almost reft asunder.

It is the white-robed multitude their Festival glad keeping,
Oh! sick one on your bed of pain, and mourner tired with weeping,
Look up into the calm fair skies, and read the blissful story
Those Blessed Ones are praying for you in the Home of Glory.

For ever rises to the King their Tide of Intercession,—
Take comfort, weary brothers! tired and sad with sore transgression.
Unto your FATHER'S House return, each stain of guilt confessing—
And oh! the peace of sin absolved, the rapture yours, of blessing.

Far in the golden distance, through the halls of Sion ringing,
The ceaseless chorus, "Alleluia!" wakes triumphant singing,
And cries, The lost is found! A blossom sprung from Aaron's rod!
Man! thou hast made the Angels glad by turning back to GOD.

Are trials pressing heavily? is daylight dark with sorrow?
O think upon the endless peace that dawns with thy last morrow,
And raise thine eyes, all tear-bedimmed, to the loved shores far gleaming
Where thou wilt know, in truth's sweet light, thy trials were but seeming.

As a panorama passes, thou wilt see thy lifelong story,
How each sad cross, that seemed so hard, was working for His glory.

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Not thine—but His, O blessed thought, and each succeeding trial
Made thee tread with firmer steps the path of heaven—self-denial.

O Land! O realm of fadeless Peace, our hearts are yearning for thee,
O Home of Perfect Satisfaction! Kingdom of fair glory,
O shall our feet, sin-stained, tread thy golden courtyards ever?
Toil! O brother, and cease not, faint not, in thy strong endeavour.

Let Jerusalem the Blessed be the goal of all thy yearning,
To its citizens all holy let thy thoughts be alway turning,
Till they centre on the Monarch's Presence, there to rest for ever,
Where nought throughout Eternity thy trancéd gaze shall sever.

Look thou at Him! His love-pierced wounds for thee all crimson glowing,
Tread then His Palace Highway, thick with Passion blossoms growing,
Where the lovely messengers with gracious words of comfort hover,
Till at last some calm sweet morning, when the long, long night is over,

They will come with radiant faces, glittering robes, and soft wings shining,
Their white arms, with looks of love and gladness, round thee gently twining,
Close thine eyes, and ope them wondering in the angel's land, beloved,
For only then will GOD's amazing love to thee be proved.

K. E. F.

CHURCH WORK AT SEA.

WORK TO BE DONE.

WHEN we reflect how many thousands of the Queen's subjects, our fellow countrymen, pass their days afloat, away more or less, from the Church privileges which are so common to us on shore, we must be filled with thankfulness that the whole subject of the "Church at sea" is engaging more than ordinary attention at the present time. We hear a good deal said about the evil lives, the vices, and general degradation of the sailor, but can it be wondered at, while so little has been done for his spiritual welfare! The blame is ours, as a Church, for neglecting him, or leaving his care to others. It is indeed high time that something was done. What would be said if no further provision were made for those on shore, than is commonly the lot of their seafaring brethren? It is very certain that public opinion would not long tolerate so grave a neglect. It would be impossible, in these days, to see whole towns and villages, without churches or clergy, and so consequently, without the means of grace. And yet this state of things is more or less true of the greater part of those who live afloat:

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for, speaking generally, it may be said that the Church is represented at sea, in the Navy, by a small body of chaplains, for one third the number of ships in Her Majesty's service; and in the mercantile marine, emigrant and passenger lines, as well as in the fishing fleets, and our home and foreign dockyards, chiefly by two societies, the "*Missions to Seamen*," (founded 1856,) and the "*S. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission*," (founded 1865.) These societies cannot be named without honouring them, for they have both done, and are doing a noble work, trying to bring the Church to those who cannot come to the Church. But still after all, they are not the Church herself, but rather societies within the Church, and therefore correspond so far, to the two great Missionary Societies, so called, the C. M. S., and the S. P. G.

As long as work which needs doing, is not otherwise provided for, there will always, doubtless, be agencies more or less rivals, even though unintentionally so, from the very different schools of thought from which they emanate, to do that work. But how infinitely better would it be, for the Church to bestir herself, and act in her own corporate capacity, as the one true missionary, as well to the heathen, as to those of her own children, who "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters." The work hitherto, good as it is, has been more the outcome of private enterprise, than of Church effort, *per se;* what it requires is organisation and Church authority, to make it capable of indefinite expansion, and able to cope with increasing needs in a way which cannot otherwise be possible.

From what has been said, it will be seen how incomplete, and inadequate is the existing machinery to overtake and keep abreast of the work to be done. Two-thirds of the ships in the Royal Navy, without chaplains, while the entire fleets of the mercantile marine, emigrant ships, and passenger lines, are wholly unprovided with any. The only recognition they get is from one or other of the above named societies, which to the best of their abilities, support clergymen who labour in harbours and dockyards, and do what they can in sailors' homes, and see that library boxes are available for the voyage. This ship-visiting is undoubtedly of the greatest value, and the men often deeply value such interest in their welfare; much influence for good may be gained, and very likely all is done now that is possible under existing circumstances. But after all, the voyage is the trying time, and it is there, where the present system fails. Some Captains do much to help their men by example, and by having public prayers on board

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ship, but they are undoubtedly the exceptions who act in this way, and Jack may very probably like to know why he has to put up with the captain, when the landsman has his parson. The sailor ought to feel that he is cared for by the Church. We need an abundant supply of clergy. Because there are none, or hardly any, those who care for such things have been anxious to do what they were able; but there is just a possible danger of making too much of lay agency, and too little of Church ministries. For, be it remembered, there is almost as much work to be done with a crew of men, as in many a small parish on shore. Some presumably are communicants, others might be trained to become so, there are all the lads and apprentices, to prepare for Confirmation, if not already confirmed, besides the difficult task of keeping a hold over them, as is attempted on shore, by Institutes and the like. Then there are the sick to care for; and will any one say why a sailor, stowed away in his dark and unsavoury bunk, doomed to days of weary waiting, should be without the kindly offices of the Church, which he could find on shore? As long as man's calling is in the world, there should the Church follow him.

Happily Convocation has now taken the matter up, and so long ago as July, 1874, a committee was formed to report on the "Spiritual provision for English seamen at home and in foreign parts." The Primate, who presided, thought it "a disgrace to the Church of England that we do not make some more united effort" in the matter. A few important statistics may be gathered from their Reports, of which three have been issued. The Royal Navy, consisting of about 60,000 men, either at sea, in home or foreign stations, in home ports, or in dockyards and marine barracks, is ministered to by only 56 chaplains. It is computed that the merchant navy numbers some quarter of a million souls. These have no chaplains at all, and when on shore are too often treated as extra-parochial, and "nobody's child." To meet the case, the clergy with sea-board parishes, have sometimes become honorary chaplains, but want of a recognised system, and a fear of clashing with others, may have operated prejudicially. By far the most valuable suggestion of the Committee's Report, was the revival of the appointment of Chaplain General, and that, as has been done in the sister service, he should be in episcopal orders. One can hardly hope for a better state of things till this change is effected, and it is encouraging to know that most of those appealed to for an opinion on the proposed measure, were favourable to its adoption. But a Bishop

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when so appointed, with the ocean for his see, must include more than the Royal Navy in his oversight. He must look after "Church work at sea" in its three divisions, and make complete organisation and spiritual provision for our seamen, (1,) in home ports, (2,) in foreign stations, (3,) on the high seas. He must be a chief pastor with his staff of clergy under him, not merely those told off by the Admiralty, even when raised to their maximum of 100, but those other marine chaplains who might surely gladly offer themselves for church work afloat under such conditions, and who are sorely wanted; not to touch upon the disadvantage of any associated clergy working with no one to whom they can refer as ecclesiastical superior, (such as the navy chaplains, who, "as regards their spiritual duties, are more irresponsible than any other body of the clergy,") some of the manifest benefits of having such a supply of sea-going clergy may be briefly pointed out.

(*a*.) More chaplains must be provided for H. M. Navy. It is difficult to see upon what plan the Admiralty ruling is based, which only allows chaplains for ships carrying a post-captain, and for training vessels under the authority of commanders. When it is remembered how apparently multitudinous are the officials (and no doubt necessarily) to the ships of the navy, for their due management, and proper care for the well-being of the crew, it is somewhat startling to find no special spiritual provision made for all other ships below the rating of a post-captain. Then (*b*.) there is a great and increasing need for voyaging chaplains to accompany (1) our emigrant ships, with their living freight of souls,[1] and (2) the principal passenger lines.

With regard to (1) it is well-known that in ships which carry 200 or 300 persons on a voyage of some months, sickness and death almost certainly occur. There is ample scope also for communicant or confirmation classes, and for devotional meetings other than the ordinary services. It seems a golden opportunity, not improved as it might be, and though there may sometimes be a clergyman on board as a passenger, it rests pretty much with himself to do as much or as little as he pleases; while, if duly appointed, he would feel a proportionate confidence in the discharge of his duties. (2) The passenger lines next call for attention. The writer is not aware of any published statistics of yearly voyagers, but the number must be very considerable. Take the Peninsular and Oriental alone, with its 300 or 400 passengers in the height of the season on steamers running to and from India and

[1] 300,000 Emigrants annually leave our shores.

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Australia, and other Colonies. It is usual for the captain to read prayers on Sunday, sometimes also every morning. The writer has known an instance of the latter occur, even when a priest was on board. Generally if there is such a passenger, the captain allows him to officiate. But the whole system has more of condescension than of right: and often a diffidence is felt about proposing a celebration. Captains may differ in their view of such things, but, due regard being had to discipline, no satisfactory reason seems apparent why authorized provision may not be made for Divine worship on passenger ships, as prevails at any rate in some of the navy vessels. The Church ought not to be represented hap-hazard, or to be left to lay-agency, when, with proper organization, a regular staff of chaplains might be obtained. It may be said there would be little for the chaplain to do. Any way he would not be more idle than the ship's surgeon, who in most instances has a very easy time of it; for besides regular daily services, and celebrations when practical, the sick who are generally found in such a company, might be glad to know that the ministrations of the chaplain were available. It may serve to show that some such plan as this is not chimerical, to know that formerly chaplains were carried by the American traders.

Of course to establish such a system many difficulties will have to be met, but it is believed that they will be found to yield to wise and thoughtful administration. The two chief needs are, (1.) funds, and (2.) fit men. There is no reason to think the money cannot be raised, when, in spite of trade depression, some fresh fund or other is started almost every day, and what is more, finds supporters. (At the present time, no less than the endowments of four new Bishoprics, involving a capital of something like £320,000, is making good headway.) The needful funds might be raised, partly by government subsidy, partly by the great shipping companies, and the rest by the general Church public. As to the men required, they would need special qualifications. To many it might offer an agreeable change to the monotony of curatedom, from which, if the popular cry may be credited, there is but small prospect of relief by promotion. To many the sea has great attractions, and it is quite possible that the office of Marine Chaplain might be readily sought after (were it known to exist) by those who can find no opening in the closed ranks of the Admiralty Chaplains. The smallness of the charges is no real objection, when the case of missionaries of far-outlying fields of labour is remembered. Indeed

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the incumbencies of the Church in Scotland, often include smaller congregations than could certainly be had on many of the larger ships already referred to.

Particular care would have to be taken in the carrying out of the plan into practical details. There would first be the Bishop, as Chaplain-general, who would exercise supreme control. He might, and probably would, gather round him a council, to assist him in the work. They might include some veterans in the service. The Bishop would have the final selection of the chaplains, as well as their distribution and superintendence, who would thus regard him as their diocesan and ordinary. A code of rules would have to be drawn up, more or less elastic, so as to avoid over-officialism. They would, however, have to make ample provision for everything connected with the internal organization and discipline of the "service." Arrangements might be made for chaplains to enter on a "temporary service," as well as on the "permanent list;" and a scale of pay, promotion, leave, and retirement, drawn up accordingly. An important item in the scheme, would be the due equipment of vessels carrying a "marine chaplain," with all necessary accessories of Divine service, as the present appointments even where found, are too often make-shifts. A moveable altar-slab should form part of these. Chaplains when in foreign ports and harbours should be instructed to visit all other British ships, and promote their spiritual welfare. An "Intelligence Department" would almost be a necessity where the chaplains would be so scattered; and they should keep a log-book, so that an annual report of the work might be given to the Bishop. He himself might, at stated intervals, make a cruise of inspection, and confirm those who could exhibit cards of preparation furnished by the chaplains. A Guild for seamen might also be founded corresponding to the G. H. S. for the Army.

The work of the Church in home and foreign ports and harbours, has received a fair amount of attention; but it is a question whether it would not be improved in many ways if the agencies at present at work were to join in some more general and comprehensive Church measure. For want of centralization and recognised supervision, unhappy cross-purposes have not been unknown; rivalries have separated honest workers. Very often Jack is beguiled by the "Bethel" flag which is frequently the signal for non-conformist assemblies, and the writer has known men drawn off to these, mainly because the

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Church was without her proper representation, and was not first in the field to minister to her sailor sons. The Church, *as* a Church, is often too colourless abroad, and Jack gets easy ideas about this or that service held out to him. But much might be done, if every one of our home and foreign harbours of sufficient importance were provided with a "floating Church ship," which should fly some distinctive flag at all times, as a signal to incoming ships, and have accommodation on board, (1) for a Church, (2) the chaplain's quarters, (3) library and reading room, (which might also serve for lectures and other entertainments.) There are a few such floating Churches; but how many are without them! Old vessels out of commission and no longer wanted for the sea, might very well settle down for the rest of their days in calmer waters for this holy purpose, and could be obtained from time to time at moderate cost. Sometimes they are put up to auction. Calcutta has a Church ship, but Bombay has none, and has to be content with the occasional use of a government hulk. The chaplain was therefore unable to hoist his flag, while, on the other hand, the Dissenters were befriended by the Dockyard authorities, and their work prospered proportionately, to the disadvantage of the Church. There was, also, at one time, no boat for the chaplain's use till he had one built by private subscription. He was supposed to use one of the Dockyard boats, at the pleasure of others. This very soon produced a dead lock, which would not have been possible if our harbour chaplaincies were part and parcel of regularly organized "Church work at sea." Proper recognition should be obtained for chaplains at all our Sailors' Homes within British territory; for wherever England plants the Royal Standard, there, side by side, should she unfurl the Standard of the Cross.

In the present paper the writer is fully aware of the difficulties which surround his subject; he is equally conscious of the imperfection of the sketch he has attempted; but he believes that something of permanent advantage might be done on the lines here indicated. The great thing is to interest and have the good-will of the shipowners and shipping companies enlisted in the work. With their help, the plan must surely succeed; without it, or at least their sympathy, it can hardly hope to do so. No enterprise requires for its ultimate success and harmonious working between all parties concerned, that all should pull together, more than "Church work at sea." But while labouring for this great object, care must be taken not

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to treat seamen too much as a class separate from those on shore, for all—in the one beloved Church to which they belong—are brethren.

D. J. MACKEY.

TINTERN ABBEY.

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view S. David's ruined pile:
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

So sang Scott of one of the most majestic religious ruins that ever helped to cast a certain degree of sacred awe on all who viewed it. Even the most unpoetical among us, on whom the love of the ancient and the mysterious has no effect, cannot help entering in some degree, however small, into the spirit of the noble bard of whose memory Scotland is indeed so proud. Though perhaps one may not have seen "Fair Melrose" either in its best aspect as when viewed "by the pale moonlight," or even in its worst during "the gay beams of lightsome day," yet the poet's description brings it before us, and we see it standing in all its ruined grandeur, monument of an age gone by, and of a people resting now within GOD's acre as to their bodies, but with their souls in Paradise, through GOD's mercy and His Church's prayers.

Yet not to Scotland would I turn either my thoughts or my readers, but to a land as dear to us, and to a country within whose rocky holds our forefathers, the ancient Britons, lived. Yes, to Cambria, with its hills and valleys, and its true-hearted and noble race. While

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Melrose stands alone in grandeur in Scotland, the venerable abbey of Tintern in Wales has perhaps no equal either in its own country or in England. As one gazes on its ruins, handsome and massive in decay, the mind cannot but think how similar Scott's description of Tintern, had he given one, would have been to that of his own dear Melrose. Though it has been my lot to view Tintern only in full sunlight, which Scott says,

"Gilds but to flout the ruins grey,"

still the sight was so grand and so impressive that it took one back in spirit to the years when Tintern, now a mass of ruins, lifted its towers to the sky, an honour and a blessing to the world around it.

A general description of Tintern Abbey as a whole would only confuse the mind and leave amongst those interested in antiquity, a longing for something more defined than a mere description of stones and mortar, of windows, and of tombs; so that we will take, as it were, the Abbey, or what is left of it, to pieces, and enjoy the thoughts of it bit by bit. Let us view it then as a whole, first from the exterior, then from the interior.

Firstly, then, as a whole from the exterior. Coming along the Chepstow Road to Tintern, either walking along the King's, or rather Queen's highway, or driving in the coach, a sharp turn in the road brings us in sight of the first glimpse of the Abbey; but here it would be scarcely fair to speak of it as a whole, for it is not till we get further up the road opposite the Beaufort Arms, or fairly into the grounds of that first-rate little hotel, that the full scene bursts upon us. But what a scene it is! What must he or she be made of who does not on the first sight of this grand old ruin feel an emotion of some kind? Bounded on three sides by noble hills raising their wooded tops upwards for many a hundred feet, there in a sweet valley through which the sylvan Wye twines its serpentine course, lies a gigantic ruin, lifting its topmost walls towards the skies. Massive in its build, and yet withal so light and elegant, almost white in parts, notwithstanding its age, stands Tintern Abbey, rivalled only in beauty by Melrose. Yes, there it stands, and as the sun lights it up it looks almost as if made of ivory. Look at its ivy decorations, too. Nature with her bounteous hand has twined garlands for the sacred ruin, on which man in bygone ages could not spend enough time or money that it might be adorned with many a costly gem. Oh, time, time,

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sharply does thy scythe cut on all alike. Not on man alone, but on the work of man's hands.

As then we stand and gaze upon the ruined Abbey Church, a wish I think most generally arises to know somewhat of the foundation of this fine ecclesiastical building. How came it to raise itself amid those solitary hills and dales, where scarcely man had ever stood in the bygone ages? And lastly, and saddest question of all, how came that which was once the glory and the pride of the land to be now nothing more than the skeleton of the once massive House of GOD?

Referring to history to solve question the first, we find that the original Abbey was founded in A.D. 1131, by Walter de Clare, the third son of Richard de Clare, a Norman Baron and cousin-german to William the Conqueror. This Walter de Clare it appears was a martial adventurer, who had acquired by conquest the whole of Gwent or Monmouthshire, including Striguil or Chepstow, the lordship of which village and district he assumed. In the year 1139 he died, and was buried at Tintern. When Walter de Clare built his Abbey it is well known that the Norman style of architecture prevailed, so that judging from this fact, and seeing that Tintern Abbey is of a far more advanced style, we at once conclude that little, if any, of the original building remains. At any rate the east of the present magnificent ruined church of the monastery was not commenced until 1269, the new founder being Roger de Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, and Marshal of England, to whom De Clare's estates had passed by marriage heirship. The present Abbey occupied eighteen years in building, the first celebration of service in it having taken place in the year of our LORD 1287. Not till the 5th of October in the following year was the choir opened and finished. From time to time monastic buildings were added, and even as late as 1496, bordering upon the sixteenth century, we find one William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, enjoins by his will, that one hundred tons of stone be given for the erection of the cloisters.

Thus much we learn of the founding of the Abbey. But now for our second question—how came it into the ruinous state in which we now find it? All readers of this paper will I feel sure be too conversant with history to need being reminded of the great suppression of monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth, during which persecution no less than 3219 religious houses were laid in ruins, and the king's yearly income was increased by the addition of their total yearly

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income, which amounted to £161,000. What wonder that Tintern Abbey is now a ruin? The Abbey is built as in most cases in the form of a cross, and was dedicated to the holy and Blessed Virgin Mary.

And now having gazed upon it as a whole in exterior, and having been, I trust, duly impressed and awed with its very appearance and its sacred associations, let us again view the exterior bit by bit before proceeding to view the interior. Hitherto we have been observing the Abbey more particularly from its south side, but if we walk to the northern side of it we shall then get a fuller view of the north transept window; this window like the western keeps much of its original beauty, for though the magnificent stained glass that without doubt once filled its graceful patterns has long since departed, yet much of the tracery still remains, helping to remind us of what it once must have been. Turning our attention for a moment to the ground behind us we observe in close proximity to the Abbey the river Wye. Oh, ye monastic rulers! ye holy fathers of centuries departed, well did ye know the proper places in which to build temples to your GOD! Observe the windows—of which there are many—going north and south down the nave, how comparatively small, and yet how beautiful. And now look at the exterior of the west window, see how grandly it raises itself to the total height from the ground of 112 feet. Nothing in the exterior of the grand Abbey can equal this window for beauty and massiveness. Almost the whole of the tracery of this window remains. Would that the holiest window in the Abbey—that of the east—remained as entire as the western, but to the lovers of the ancient it is a matter of much delight that any window retains tracery which in all probability was placed there not later at the latest than A.D. 1290. Very near the western window, but on the southern side, is noticeable a small pinnacle,—this most probably during the Abbey's peaceful days may have contained a vesper bell, or it is possible that it was merely one of the exterior ornaments. Looking at the south transept window we see that time has wrought its work there even more than at the north, for no tracery remains.

And now let us gaze for a few moments on the exterior of the sacred east window, sublime even in its decay. Ah, had we not been warned that time in its resistless course had despoiled it of its ancient beauty, should we not indeed feel sorrow at seeing all its noble tracery gone? But even from the mere skeleton we can see what majesty and

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grandeur this window must have given to the Abbey. Round by the nave we observed on the north side many ancient walls and divisions, these are the remains of the various monastic buildings in connection with the Abbey, they will prove of more interest when looked at from the inside than from without, so that in their place I shall have a few words to say about each particular building.

And now that our survey has been completed from without, it is time, I think, to enter the ruined courts of the house of the LORD, and view from the interior the ancient pile now crumbling slowly yet surely into dust.

We go again to the western portion of the church, for it is through the west door that we have to enter. Expect not however to find some ancient and magnificently carved door, for if you do you will be disappointed by seeing one of modern wooden structure, and of quite plain workmanship. On ringing a bell placed near at hand, the door is opened, and after descending about four steps, lo, we are within the Abbey. Before we can proceed to the work of inspection we pay sixpence to the man in charge. This sum is not demanded, but a polite notice board on the western wall informs us that such is requested from all who can afford it. Let us hope that none are so mean as to neglect this offering, which in reality is for their good, for it goes towards providing the necessary preservatives against the ravages of that class of society who, somehow or other, are never contented to view without handling, and who chip at anything, and write on everything, without the slightest care as to the building, or what not, on which we read that "Bill Jones" evidently visited such and such a place on such and such a date, which is all recorded, and which is no doubt very interesting to the mind of the said "Bill Jones," who perhaps not having the slightest feeling of reverence for an ancient and holy building, and not having any mind with which to conjure up thoughts of the Abbey as it once was, and feeling rather idle than sapient, proves the truth of the nursery rhyme that Satan

> "Finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do,"

and hence appears all that is known from the said "Bill Jones" of his visit to Tintern Abbey, or any other celebrated place. But we are digressing from our course rather than progressing in it.

Having entered there, we stand at the commencement of the nave of

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this ancient church. But what a sight! raising itself mostly to the height of seventy feet appears the nave, with its aisles on north and south divided now by heaps of what were once

"Pillars with clustered shafts so trim,
(And) corbels carved grotesque and grim."

There too also north and south, we can just catch a glimpse of the transepts which help to form the cruciform figure of the Abbey. And lastly straight before us (holiest sight of all) is the choir and the presbytery, where once the high altar raised above the common level of the things around it stood, object of adoration to all who passed within the western door, prominent too, so that all could on their first approach meekly bend the knee. As a whole then we have the interior, with its holy eastern and western windows, which for so many centuries both in their pride and decay the moonbeams have lovingly kissed. We have it with its broken pillars weeping as it were, not like those of Corinth over dear ones dead and gone, but as if over the years gone by when they were the chief supports of

"The darkened roof (which) rose high aloof"

in those days, on those very pillars so

"Lofty, and light, and small."

We have it in fact *in toto* as a grand and sacred old ruin, monument to the living of the works of the dead. But poor compliment would it be did we not treat the interior with at least as much respect as we did the exterior. Let us then commence our minute survey of the ruin, and see if such survey will not afford us ample thought for discussion and meditation.

Begin then with the chief entrance for the people, that of the western door. *Now* it is but of ordinary wood, formerly though doubtless a ponderous one of magnificent beauty, with perhaps as exquisite carving of appropriate subjects as ever adorned the doors in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi.[1] Think too of the archway of the door, for splendid must have been its workmanship.

And now, before going further, think for a few moments of those who in the bygone ages came through that doorway to take part in the worship of the Trinity. Knight and lady, page and squire, peasant

[1] For particulars of the carving on these doors see Virgil's Æneid, book vi., lines 20 to 36.

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and monk, all once passed through this way,—and where are they now? When the chill winds of evening and midnight play around the ruin, when the owl hoots from yon ivy-mantled tower, and the softened light of the moon falls in upon the roofless pile, who shall say that those departed ones do not enter through the fast shut doors, and re-people, so to speak, the massive nave,—who shall say this does not occur? and who shall or can say that it does?

Leave now the door and view the nave long and wide. Here we walk on velvety grass, the gift of Nature, who would not suffer the once tile-covered nave to look rough and dusty, but has laid down a smooth and downy carpet in which is life. Gone are the once rich and costly tiles, but many are still preserved in the south aisle. Think as you look at them of those who once trod upon them, and what different steps have trod thereon. These remaining bits, for they are no better now, have borne the bold defiant clanging walk of the warrior, as also that of the feeble, poor, lame, and halt; the dainty tread of fair ladies, thinking alas more often of their lovers than their prayers. Then too the feet of holy men have passed over these tiles, the Abbot and the monks, the priests and the choristers marching in procession to the organ's mellow tones,—no more are they to walk on these poor remnants of a better time! And now whether a warrior, a lady, or a priest walk up the nave, no sounding footsteps can be heard, for grass is the only tile or covering left.

There too over the door stands the almost uninjured west window, as grand from the interior as from the exterior. Think of the magnificence of it when every part was filled with mellow stained glass,

> "Showing many a prophet
> And many a saint."

And now visit the aisles,—here on the southern side is a tomb of one who perhaps was renowned for his deeds of war and love, there he sleeps, and has been sleeping for centuries, nothing marking him out to us but a somewhat broken stone, grotesquely carved with fishes. As we stand and gaze on this monument of one who once lived and moved and had his being like ourselves, how appropriately come the lines to our minds—

> "The knights are dust, their swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints we trust."

Leaving the south aisle we come to the south transept, here was

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once a door leading into the Abbey, but now it is not used as an entrance. On the right side of this transept, as we face the door, is the entrance to what was once a flight of stairs leading to the tower and belfry above. But age has completely eaten the stairs away, and as we gaze upward we see only a strip of our world's roof—the sky. Here too in this transept is a tomb to one Jenkyn ap Noell. In fact, we see that wherever we walk, beneath our feet are the bones of the dead. In the north transept is the entrance to the cloisters, chapter-house, and monastic buildings, all of which I will say something about in due course. Here in the transept is another entrance to the towers above, or rather what were once towers, and the stairs to these are in a much more perfect condition, in fact they are quite entire up to the highest wall of both transepts, and then all traces are lost. After ascending these well-worn steps for a short distance you come again into the Abbey, but on high, by means of little galleries and archways, better known as "monks' holes." Here one gets a splendid view of the nave and transepts, though the choir, altar, and east window are almost invisible.

If you are venturesome, you will be well repaid by a visit to the topmost wall, where you get not only a fine view of the abbey itself, but of the country for miles round. One is struck by the profusion of herbs and flowers which grow on the walls and out of crevices in them. Truly indeed has

"Boon Nature scattered, free and wild,"

her plants and flowers over the massive ruins! Taking in all around, one could indeed exclaim,

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

Before the viewer rises up in its tall and majestic beauty, the noble west window, crowned with festoons of the brave old ivy. Yes; there climbing and clinging, as if with affection to the dear old ruin, and wrapt around it as if in loving embrace, is the ivy, that plant of which he, who once as an author stood alone among us without rival, sang. Ah, how appropriate was one of his verses to the present time and scene.

"Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.

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> The brave old plant in its lonely days
> Shall fatten upon the past,
> For the stateliest building man can raise,
> Is the ivy's food at last."[1]

Yes; as the gazer notices the stout old ivy, hiding as it were the shame of the Abbey's ruin from the human eye, yet another verse is brought before him, and he is fain to think how true in this case, as regards the ivy, is the fact that—

> "The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd,
> To pleasure his dainty whim,
> And the mould'ring dust that years have made,
> Is a merry meal for him."

So that considering the barren places which the ivy covers in the Abbey, where no other plant or any approach to life is seen, the concluding lines of this song are indeed fully realised,—

> "Creeping where no life is seen,
> A rare old plant is the ivy green."

With these thoughts in our minds we descend again the winding staircase, and walking through the north transept, enter the choir, now bounded only by the before-mentioned parts of pillars and so forth. Here as we stand upon the green sward, and view before us at the east, the remains of the fine old window, while the still finer one at the west is equally visible, do not our thoughts go back to by-gone ages? Can we not think, and perhaps in our mind's eye see, the handsomely carved rood-screen, surmounted by a crucifix, that once partitioned off the choir from the nave? Can we not fancy too the anciently carved stalls filled with Priests and choir men and boys? Where now are they who once in that choir joined their voices in praise to their King? voices from whence at Vespers during the Magnificat often arose in subdued tones those sacred words, "Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles!" Ah! where indeed is that motley throng of surpliced and cassocked figures who once wended their way through nave and choir in procession, with the cross and banner of the LORD before them? They are at rest, and their bodies have long since returned to the dust from which they were made. And now from choir we come to altar, by sudden steps as if from angels to the Lamb Himself, or as if from earth to heaven. Yes, there before us stands the high altar, the

[1] See the beautiful poem of "The Ivy Green," by the late Charles Dickens, Esq., in his edition of the Pickwick Papers, p. 45.

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holy of holies, in the Church. Rightly the high altar, in contradistinction to the two lower ones, situated in those days in the north and south aisles. When I say before us it stands, it is indeed only in the mind's eye, for with the exception of some stones, formerly perhaps the foundations on which it stood, nothing of course remains of the high altar. But as in other cases we have gone back to the past in our thoughts, so can we do with the altar. There we seem to see it stand in all its holy splendour, adorned in sacred vestments, while upon the retable above it the subdued light from many tapers, throws out in bold relief the crucifix and flowers. And as we gaze, before us comes the scene of the good old Abbot in his full Eucharistic vestments, and with him his assistant Priests, about to celebrate the Eucharist to those penitents waiting humbly to receive it. And as the pealing organ dies away into a softer cadence, and while the incense is rising to the roof, lo, we are called back to the present by perhaps the laugh and noisy talk of some who, unlike us, feel no veneration or religious awe for the mouldering pile, and we find that it was but a dream of past ages, which came upon us for a moment and then dissolved, just as we were drinking in, so to speak, the holy joy of the worship around us. But though we shall again enter the sacred Abbey, perhaps, in two ways, it will be first necessary for us to view the monastic buildings which cluster round the northern transept of the Abbey.

Descending through a gate, once massive and grand, but now broken and rusted, we find ourselves in the ruined cloisters. Though doubtless of a very simple pattern of workmanship, these cloisters were very beautiful at one time. As we walked down their paved flooring, we thought that although no pillared arches were over our heads, still truly beneath our feet were the bones of the dead, for many (as was customary) are buried in the cloisters here. As the visitor gazes on this calm resort for the monks, does he not think of those who once paced up and down their arched paths in studious mood? There too, often, toward the evening, must have walked the good old Abbot of the monastery, soliloquising perchance much in the following manner:

"Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed,

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Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher."[1]

A direct walk through the cloisters brings us into what was once the Refectory of the Abbey. The Refectory was the hall of the monastery, where all the monks and others dined. This building retains the part of the pulpit from which it was customary for a brother to read to those at dinner from the lives of the Saints or any other holy book. A square hole in the wall too, called a hutch, is of great interest, for through that the dishes prepared in the kitchen were handed into the Refectory, thus saving needless running about. The windows in this room too are good. Enough still remains of the pulpit to allow of visitors standing in it, and as I stood within its shadow and noticed how its stone floor was worn away, I thought of those so pure and holy who were wont to stand there, alternately, day by day and read, while their brethren partook of that nourishment which is necessary if we wish to keep body and soul together. As I stood gazing on this room, I thought too of the pealing laughter that had re-echoed from the vaulted roof when the monks kept some festive day and drank right merrily to each other in their rich old wines. Who can say that a Friar Paul did not alarm the brotherhood with his shouting song of

"Ave! color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potentia!"

and then while alarm lest the Abbot should be disturbed, was drowned by excitement caused by forbidden indulgence, perhaps other renegade monks shouted in full the chorus,

[1] See Longfellow's "Golden Legend."

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"Funde vinum, funde,
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,
Nec quæras unde,
Sed fundas semper abunde!"

Ah! though the holy fathers who filled that Refectory may occasionally have given way to a little conviviality, still their song partook oftener of the form,

"Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes!"

than of the chorus above recorded. Turning our attention from the Refectory to the kitchen, we are surprised at its comparative smallness. Indeed, knowing that the monks of old were very hospitable, I should have imagined that the kitchen was formerly much bigger. Close to the kitchen are the remains of the guest room. How many wearied and travel-stained ones have found a shelter within the walls of this once most comfortable room. Perhaps here the wretched Edward II. while flying from the pursuit of his enemies may have rested and felt safe. Other ruins point to where the chambers and cells of the Abbot and monks were, and also to the common house, dormitories, infirmary, library, chapter house, inner parlour, and sacristy. But none of these require or conjure up such thoughts as those already mentioned.

Now that we have run over the whole Abbey as it were, let us, in conclusion, take it as a religious house, and view again in vision what were probably the type of some of its services. There (realized in vision only) stands the Abbey Church, in all its ancient glory, bathed in the summer's sun. The noon is some hours past, but by the ringing of the bell we know that a service is about to be celebrated. See too that quiet little procession entering at the western door, that handsome lady, noble and stately in bearing, yet showing in her clear blue eyes much kindly gentleness of disposition, mark how radiant is her smile as she with joyful footsteps enters the sacred edifice, amid a stream of sunlight, which makes each hair to seem a shining thread in the mass of luxuriant locks that fall from her covered head in golden showers. See too him who walks beside her with a stately step, a warrior probably who has braved many a danger for his lady's sake. Truly a happy couple are these, the husband and the wife, and doubly so at present, for mark that little form, borne with such care, their first-born son, destined perchance to be as great a warrior as his father. Yes, they have brought him to that Church to dedicate him in Holy Baptism to his GOD, and their GOD, to your GOD, and to my

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God. As we stand with them around that font and hear the solemn words proceeding from the Priest's lips, we see the whole scene melt before us, and lo! it was but a vision.

Again, in vision, we are attracted by the merry pealing of the Abbey bells, and as we enter we see the spacious nave well filled with people. And as upon the stillness comes the opening pealing of the organ, we see two forms above the rest slowly proceeding up the nave towards the chancel steps. Both are young, the one a blushing gentle maiden of high degree, the other a handsome youth, who looks as bold and noble as the lady is modest and gentle. Ah! in him who now stands before the Priests to receive the fair girl by his side, we recognise the once small babe who was brought to be received into the Church's fostering arms. And when the two are made one flesh, we see them kneeling meekly at the high altar, decked in glorious apparel and lighted with its hundred tapers, while the Abbot and his Priests celebrate Mass, and as they kneel there we leave them, and lo! once more it was but a vision.

Again we approach the Abbey, but with different feelings. Mark, what sound is that which comes at stated intervals from yon tower? Is it not the bell of death that is booming forth its message to the hills around? and see this mournful procession of men and boys, arrayed in cassocks only, chanting in subdued tones some prayers for the dead; and see yon coffin borne upon the shoulders of mourning men, and covered with its handsome violet pall surmounted with a cross; see too those figures following behind, with weeping eyes. Even the very Priests feel downcast, and show it in their looks. Then on entering the Abbey what a change is seen. The chancel draped in black, the altar shorn of its magnificent attire, the tones of the organ hushed. Ah! to-day the Church mourns a follower, the world a warrior. See yon scutcheon of a noble house raised aloft, marking him who now lies within that coffin to be of noble birth,

> "O fading honours of the dead!
> O high ambition, lowly laid!"

Yes, he who once was brought to the Church's font and knelt with lady fair at the high altar, now rests within his narrow bed, his life done, and all his fighting over. As then we follow the procession through the south transept door into the cemetery where

> "Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,"

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many a noble son of Cambria sleeps, and see many a monument to the memory of those beneath, we think

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

And thinking thus, we come back again to the grim present of our lives. And yet once more, and once only, do we in vision enter the Abbey. It is night, and every sound is hushed, save that of the owl, who from

"Yonder ivy-mantled tower,
. . . . . Does to the moon complain."

How beautiful was the Abbey in this state, as in vision we saw it:

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone.
* * * * * *
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red,
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride,
The moonbeams kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain."

Thus did the good old Abbey seem in our vision by moonlight. Now voices, and sunshine, and twittering birds recall us once more from dreams to reality; and time in his resistless course reminds us that our view of the Abbey is at an end. Has it interested us? has it done us any good? has it raised in any way the standard of our minds? are questions better answered individually than collectively. As we approach the door at the west, and return into the outer world, perhaps this closing verse of a very beautiful poem is most suited to our present thoughts and meditations:

"Lo, the brightest must fade, and the strongest decay,
For change and decadence o'er man hold their way,
Not here are true pleasures, pure wealth, or a home,
To dust and to ruin these ever must come,
Thus mused I as onward I went."[1]

[1] See the poem in Mr. J. F. Nicholls' book "Pleasant Trips out of Bristol," p. 145.

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SCALA CELI.

OR THOUGHTS FROM AN OLD BOOK.

THERE is no object in the world that affords more food for reflection than an old book. Apart from its contents and the interest they have, there are the considerations which arise respecting the author, his life, his times, and his contemporaries. Then perchance the old book arrests our attention from its age, from its type, from its paper, or from some circumstance connected with the place and cause of its printing.

We have an old book before us now; let us try and gather matter both interesting and instructive from the thoughts and fancies arising in our mind while contemplating this remnant of a bygone past.

Conceive first of all, if you can, what we should be without books. Is it not a vision of savages yelling and fighting? Then look along the records of the ages and see men humanized—with their manuscripts, their buildings, their social advance. A mighty power springs into existence, and men begin to print. Here we are at the period which saw the birth of our old book. It is a work executed in the early days of the typographic art, by one who was a pioneer, and a fervid promoter of the magic art. Let us briefly describe this volume—its exterior and its interior—before passing on to a view of its details. A small folio volume in parchment stretched over thick oaken board and brass clasps. Inside there is no title page, but a table of contents and one hundred and sixty-seven leaves of curious Latin text, printed in beautiful Gothic letters; no pagination, no catchwords, but a colophon which we quote,—"Anno Domini 1480, Liber iste vocat' Scala Celi, Ulme impressus p. Johannem Zainer, Explicit feliciter."—*i.e.*, "In the year of our LORD GOD 1480 this book, called the Ladder to Heaven, printed at Ulm by John Zainer, ends happily."

There is a curious quaintness in calling a book the Ladder to Heaven which promises a deeper interest. John Zainer, the printer, was a restless and roving man in the infancy of printing; he lived at Augsburg for a time, and there pursued his labours. All the productions of his press are famous for good workmanship. He appears to have begun printing shortly after 1460, and ceased about 1484. His relative, Gunther Zainer, was also a famous Augsburg printer, who had

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learnt the art from its inventors, and first introduced Roman letters into Germany. We cannot say how John Zainer lived, what his fellows thought of him, or how he conducted himself in public and private life. We would rather let our imagination only see him, and our fancy consider him as it will in a thousand varying moods and manners. There is a mist, partaking largely of the romantic, closing around the early printers; they were true knights, not of the lance and sword, but of the hammer, the punch, and the press; their assays were as bold, and their courage as true as ever were in listed field. Then their works, how much good have they sent down the stream of time even into our very hands? Did they not first strike the little spark which has gone on growing and glowing until it has reached the tremendous fire of knowledge that is warming and brightening all the world? We cannot but love and respect those ancient men of the press. Their tools are cumbersome, their models are grotesque, but the work they turned out is conscientious, and will stand the test of time with far more satisfaction than much that is modern and more showy. We will leave the old German Zainer to sleep in his tomb. If we have raised his spirit, and he is in the quiet room before us, regarding with wistful eyes the rows of volumes against the walls; if he should notice the smart new book we have reposing side by side with his venerable tome, he shall peep over our shoulder and see that we at least can revere him with a mighty honour. Could his disembodied spirit fly to the places of book production in this our day, and see there all the marvels of machinery and the power of steam, how amazed he would be. Yet letter to letter, page to page, he need not fear a comparison between his book of four hundred years ago, and the latest new books of to-day.

These old wooden boards are sound and solid heart of oak. Where did they grow? Perhaps in the solitudes of the Black Forest long before, an acorn fell to the ground, sprang up into a tiny tree, went on growing until in the days of Zainer the mighty tree was felled, brought to the Ulm city, and there its hard heart was used to shield the printed thoughts of a dead man for another five hundred years. Think what has happened in the world since the infancy of these oaken boards—the changes amongst the nations in a thousand varying years!

Let us examine the Ladder to Heaven, and consider the author, and the contents of our old book. The writer of the work was Brother John Gobi, of the order of Preaching Friars, who lived about

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1360. All we know of him is that he was commonly called John Junior; his father was named John Gibus, and lived in Aletensia, Alesia, Alais, or Ales, situated on the sources of the Seine and Mount Auxois, now called Alise. This Alais was in Lower Languedoc, and became famous for a revolt in the reign of Louis XII., who put it down with great cruelty. John Junior living the life of a friar was a man learned and pious: he died about 1406.

His Ladder to Heaven is the one Saint Augustine names, "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus si vitia ipsa calcamus," or as our Laureate so well renders it:

> "I held it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

Brother John, five hundred years ago, laboriously endeavoured to guide his fellow-men up this ladder. The means he used are contained in his work. First of all comes a "Register," i.e. an alphabetical list of various virtues and vices, and in the ensuing pages each one of these qualities is made a peg whereon to hang a moral discourse, enlivened by some one or more strange and awful tales—tales illustrative of the subject in hand, but tinged with all the superstitious credulity of the age. Taking a few heads of chapters at random, we get, Abstinencia, Ambitio, Bellum, Cantus, Delicia, Ira, and so through one hundred and twenty various subjects. The reverend Friar invariably introduces his subject with an axiom—either the thing does much good, or it does much evil. Then he carries his reader through his discourse by heads, making a statement, and culling a tale from among hosts of mediæval writers to enforce his teaching. We are surprised to find his reading so extensive. To quote from nearly two hundred classical and theological writers shows his knowledge of books at any rate; and this in the dark ages, as some people think they were.

We will now give our readers a sample of Brother John's work, by translating some of his tales and remarks from the curious Latin in which he has written them.

Under the head of Adulation or Flattery he says: "Secondly, it draws to the Evil One. For we read in the Roman history that it was often a disputed question which was the worse homicide—flattery

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or killing a man outright. It was determined that flattery was the worst, because flattery nursing us to be the children of the devil in untruthfulness, poisons the soul to its utter loss, in that by being ever pleasing it does not allow our minds to repent of any evil deed or thought."

We fear that the modern mind will hardly see the logical connection of the next extract. It is upon Faith. "First it is a conception of truth. We read in the Lombardy Legends that while a certain Bishop was celebrating not very reverently the Mass, he saw three clear drops of equal magnitude cast upon the Altar. These drops, flowing as it were together, were united into one precious pearl, which when placed in the middle of the cross, instantly fixed itself firmly between the other precious stones which were upon the cross. Then the Bishop was recalled to a firm belief in the essential unity of the Trinity in Persons."

Another story is a singular one upon Purgatory. "Purgatory ought to be feared on account of many reasons. Firstly, because of its sharpness of pain. Let us refer to Gyraldus, who tells us of a nobleman, rich in possessions, just, generous, gracious, and blessed. But as we sin all, as S. John saith, hence it was that this baron was smitten with leprosy by the LORD. Yet was this done only that it should be for the nobleman a probation in patience and a cumulation of merit. So that for many years was he vehemently vexed in his body, but seldom did he fall from the patient grace of humility. One day being greatly troubled and in anguish of spirit, coming into his house, he said, 'O LORD, FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST; FATHER of mercy and GOD of all consolation, who helpest us in all our tribulations; hear, O LORD, and if I deserve this affliction for my many sins, then Thou, with gracious and ready help, make this evil less. Cause this cup to pass from me; strengthen my soul, but only as it shall be pleasing to Thy will and expedient for my salvation!' While he thus revolved things in his mind, an angel appeared to him and said, 'Wherefore dost thou cry? Why hast thou a complaining mind? Know that it is given to thee to choose either another five years of leprosy or that thou suffer three days in Purgatory.' When the nobleman heard this he was glad, and said, 'GOD's will be done in heaven and in earth. I will be content to suffer a hundred days in Purgatory rather than again relapse into the dreadful bodily anguish I have suffered.' Then the angel took him and placed him in Purga-

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tory and went away. Scarcely was this done when the man began to murmur against GOD, and to call to the angel, 'Where is thy truth? Where is thy pledge of three days? Now for more than a thousand years hast thou left me to bear this pain and bitterness of purging fires.' Then the angel appeared, saying, 'How canst thou so cry and complain? Not three hours have passed since I bore thee to this place. But thou shalt return to thy body, and endeavour to sustain with patience the pain thou canst not avoid.' Then was he brought once more to his body on earth."

In quoting this we remember the beautiful legend of the monk Felix, so well versified by Longfellow in his Golden Legend. Felix is also in the Ladder to Heaven, in the Legenda Aurea, but as the reverse of the story above. The singing of a bird made a century seem but a very short time, as Longfellow puts it,

> "A hundred years had passed
> And had not seemed so long
> As a single hour."

There are many more stories in our old book, but we have translated enough to give our readers an idea of the contents. What shall we say as to the state of mind amongst a people whose sole mental recreation was marvellous tales like these? They were children; everything was taken upon trust; a child-like belief that never dreamt of reducing the narration down to the test of experience. Reason was hardly awake; imagination ruled the intellect, and under the then conditions of life, was the most conducive to content and happiness.

A. W.

Reviews and Notices.

Passages from Church History aptly describes the two posthumous volumes of Canon Jenkins, (Parker) which appear to have been most carefully and laboriously edited. They range from the Council of Nicæa to the first years of Pope Pius IX. They do not pretend to give a continuous history (the mind of the author was scarcely of the orderly kind that indites formal history,) and many portions of his MSS. were left by Canon Jenkins, the Editor tells us, in a very fragmentary state, and some needing more revision than an editor could venture to supply. Hence, of course, there are many *lacunæ*. Further, it may be said that the author was not endowed with the

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critical faculty. His disposition was to think well of every one, and so he gives us here a pleasant account of each person that comes before him who he had reason to think did GOD service, or intended to do Him service, in his generation. The style is easy and flowing, and carries the reader over the most thorny periods without his being conscious that he is in the region of controversy. And this arises not from any unfairness, but from an intense realization of the presence of CHRIST guiding His Church through all its chequered history. From some reason or another there is no separate mention of the English Church since the conversion of the Saxons.

There is much that is commendable in Mr. Bowes' *Notes, Questions, and Answers on the Church Catechism*, (Manchester Scholastic Company,) but like all that we have recently come across, it has its weak points. Thus, only to give one instance, the old blunder of a two-fold Confirming is repeated, whereas a moment's consideration would show the author that the child goes to the Bishop to *be* Confirmed, not to confirm.

Under the title of *The Balance of Power*, (Masters,) Mr. Carter has published the sermon which he preached before the English Church Union, and which caused some comment by reason of the distinction which it drew between Anglicans and Anglo-Catholics, the latter, of course, being those who would gladly see the restoration of some usages that have fallen into desuetude, while the other consider the existing English Church incapable of improvement. Theological readers will be surprised to find that Mr. Carter considers the Prophetical Office to reside not in the Priesthood but in the Communicant Laity. All of course admit that the laity have a kind of concurrent voice in the affairs of the Church, which is specially seen in the fact that a council is not considered Œcumenical till its decisions have been generally accepted by the Faithful; but we have always considered the Clergy to be both Priests and Prophets.

The Rev. Theodore Johnson has published *Six Metrical Litanies*, (Masters,) in a very convenient form for use at a Children's Service. They follow the order of the Church's year.

Messrs. Pratt and Sons, of Tavistock Street, have published a sheet of Designs for Ancient "Stoles and Vestments," which will be found useful in many houses where ladies are anxious to do something with their needle for the Church and do not know how to do it rightly. The designs here given are mostly taken from reliable examples, notably the Vestments of S. Thomas of Canterbury, which are preserved at Sens. Accompanying the engravings are some practical hints, which were first published in the "Church Times," which will serve to bring the whole question within the reach of the least accomplished reader. Working drawings are also to be obtained from the same quarter for any lady who is prepared to begin in earnest.

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Correspondence.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of the Correspondents.*]

To the Editor of the Churchman's Companion.

Queries.

PRAYER FOR THE DEPARTED ON MONUMENTS OF THE SEVENTEENTH OR EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SIR,—It would be interesting to see a list of monuments of the seventeenth or eighteenth century that contain a Prayer for the Departed, and I shall be much obliged to any of your correspondents who will help to supply such a list.

One is just now before me. It is to the memory of the Parents of the Rev. Isaac Milles, who died Rector of Highclere in the year 1720, and it includes all the three usual forms:

"Animis eorum propitietur Deus.
Requiescant in pace.
Æternam requiem det illis Deus."

Yours, &c., ECCLESIOLOGIST.

SILENT CELEBRATIONS.

SIR,—A custom is growing up in some churches of saying Mass at early celebrations silently, or so inaudibly that it is impossible to follow the Office. Again, another custom is the use of a bell or gong at the time of consecration. Will you inform me what authority there is for all this? I have endeavoured to get at the rationale of these customs, but have got nothing better than "it is very nice and more solemn, and that the priest likes to have it so." Perhaps you can help me to a good, reasonable, and trustworthy authority.—Yours, &c., ALIQUIS.

THE USE OF THE MARK ¶ IN THE BIBLE.

SIR,—Can you kindly tell me why this mark ¶, used in the Bible to denote a change of subject, is only continued as far as the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles?—Yours, &c., AGATHA.

WHAT IS A "FACULTY?"

SIR,—In connection with a church in which I am interested certain circumstances lead me to ask these questions:

(1) What is a Faculty?

(2) How far can it go? Can it, for instance, be used to cover what are vaguely termed "other alterations?"

(3) Can a Faculty be obtained for the removal of an article placed in a church under an earlier Faculty?

Yours, &c., BETA.

CHURCH MAGAZINE FOR 1867.

L. J. B. is desirous of meeting with "The Church Magazine" for 1867, either bound or unbound. It is now out of print. The publisher was A. R. Mowbray, Oxford. Payment on receipt. Please address, Mrs. A. BAINBRIGGE, 43, Montagu Square, London, W.

FANCY WORK FOR A CHARITY.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to beg through your columns for a Mission Room in a very poor and large district? the smallest help in the way of orders for fancy work, most gladly and thankfully accepted. Funds are greatly wanted. Letters promptly answered, by Miss TYTE, Woodside, Cambridge Park, Twickenham.

BISHOP GESTE.

Wanted, some account of Bishop Geste, of Rochester, who drew up a part, if not the whole, of Article XXVIII.,

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and, in a letter to Cecil, states that he had told Bishop Cheney of Gloucester that "ye aforesaid Article did not exclude ye presence of CHRISTIS Body from the Sacrament, but only ye grossenes and sensibleness in ye receavinge thereof."

Did the Bishop, in the year 1548, attack the doctrine which, later on, in his letter to Cecil, he seems to avow, using all the scholastic terms, and only excluding the "grossness and sensibleness?"

If so, is it known when he accepted the doctrine of the Real Presence?—DELTA.

FLOWERS FOR HOSPITALS.

SIR,—I will send flowers weekly to a London Hospital, if the hamper is *regularly* returned.—Address Miss N., Horsham.

PENNY ASSOCIATION.

SIR,—I am very anxious to form a Penny Association, amongst children, boys or girls, in aid of the "Orphanage of Mercy," Kilburn, under the care of the Sisters of the Church. I think that many may be led to take a very real interest in a work which is to help the most destitute and helpless class, like themselves children for whom CHRIST died, and in regard to whom it was His express command to His Apostle S. Peter, "Feed My lambs."

Any children who would for love of CHRIST and His Church help in this work will be expected to obtain six members of 1d. per week; they will send their collections quarterly to me, with their own name, sex, and age. To every collector I propose making a small present at the end of the year.

For Rules, &c., please apply to Miss TYTE, Woodside, Cambridge Park, Twickenham, Middlesex.

PAINTED TEA TABLES.

Tea tables painted to help a governess in poverty and delicate health. Flowers or fruit on a black ground, much admired, 18s. 6d. Address Miss N., Horsham.

VESPER LIGHTS.

Can any one explain the meaning of Vesper Lights at Evensong, and why the number six in each branch should be used? Also is it correct to light the two altar lights at Evensong when there are no Vesper Lights?—O. H. C.

AMATEUR HARMONY SOCIETY.

Send stamp for rules, to Miss BROOKS The Lodge, Old Windsor.

SOCIETY FOR INVALIDS.

SIR,—So many inquiries are made respecting the Rules of the Society of S. Katharine for Invalids, that perhaps it might be of use to some of your readers to see them in print in the *Churchman's Companion*, if you are kind enough to let them appear there. They are as follows:

Object of the Society.

To unite in prayer and sympathy, and to join as far as possible in the promotion of efforts for the alleviation of suffering in others.

It would be impossible to lay down hard and fast Rules in such a Society as this, but the following are suggested:

Rules for Associates.

1. To say the Prayer of the Society *daily*.

2. *If possible*, to employ as much as *half an hour* daily for the benefit of some Hospital, Charity, or Church Fund, in teaching, or in helping another—in short, finding out some way of doing good for at least this one half-hour.

The Rules are made thus as elastic as can be, that those most helpless, or whose family duties absorb all their little strength, may at least unite in

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prayer with those who may be able to do more.

Prayer of the Society.

O GOD, Whose Blessed SON did sanctify bodily pain by His own sufferings on the Cross, we beseech Thee to bless our Society of S. Katherine, and unite us in the bonds of fellowship and sympathy. Remove far from us all selfishness in our sufferings, and let patience have her perfect work in us, through the same Thy SON JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

Badge. A small silver cross (2s.)

Warden. The Ven. Archdeacon Pott (Berks,) Clifton Hampden, Abingdon.

Superior and Secretary.—Miss C. Lewin, Abingdon, Berks.

The Superior will be glad at any time to furnish Members with suggestions as to work, &c.

Manual suggested for use of the Associates: "Pocket Book of Devotions and Extracts for Invalids." (Masters. 1s. 6d.)

Subscription.—1s. per annum, to be paid on or before S. Katherine's Day (November 25th.)

The Society shall consist of Associates (Invalids,) Assistant-Associates (not Invalids.)

Office of Admission.

✠ In the Name, &c.

Receive this Cross in token of thy membership with the Society of S. Katherine. May the GOD of all comfort help thee to lighten the path of suffering to thy fellows, and shed a ray of light upon thine own way.

OUR FATHER, &c.

Unto GOD'S gracious mercy, &c.

(Associates should, *if possible*, be admitted by a clergyman of the Church of England in Priest's Orders.)

Assistant-Associates will only pledge themselves—

I. To assist the sick in any way in which opportunity offers.

II. To use the above Prayer for the Society *daily*.

III. To pay a subscription of 2s. to the Superior at the time of joining, and annually on or before S. Katherine's Day (Nov. 25th.)

A small Cross as badge will be supplied by the Superior to those liking to wear it. Price 1s. 3d.

Notices to Correspondents.

F. A. Apply to the Superior of the Sisterhood of All Saints', Margaret Street, London.

The poem entitled "The Church the Spiritual Israel," requires alterations, which can only be made by the author.

Accepted: "All Souls."

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THE

Churchman's Companion.

PART CXVIII.] THIRD SERIES. [OCTOBER, 1879.

THEN AND NOW.

WAIFS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

WE were many: sisters half-a-dozen, and a pair of brothers; and we gambolled on the lawn, or bestrode the old bridge above the cascade, or feasted in the old woods as only children can.

There was no beauty in the land of our dwelling: the country around was flat and altogether non-picturesque; no glorious shadowy hills, no winding wide-spread river; but our old house was fair and stately, and we were proud of it "then," and loved it only less than we love it "now."

The "then" of which I write, was when I was nine years old; a time when nothing escapes the vigilant eye and inquiring mind.

We had been brought up differently from other children, with whom we had little contact; indeed, the greatest treats of our childhood were —once or twice in summer time—when we were allowed to go beyond the grounds, and see what was to be seen immediately around them. The first occasion of which I shall speak was one of these. It was a lovely July evening; fiery thunder-charged clouds were gathering in the horizon, promising a grand though threatening sunset. A walk beyond the bounds was always a fête-day, and as nurse thought the expedition too far for Emmie and baby, our young nursemaid had been trusted, with a volume of cautions. She was only eighteen, but still double the age of her eldest charge. We wandered away in high glee

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towards a distant church; our young nurse had lived once at the Rectory, and we had set our hearts on seeing her former home.

Campville was the first churchyard I had ever entered since my baptismal morning, and that, in case you are inquisitive, fell in one year of Grace in the reign of our queen's immediate predecessor.

It was a good architectural specimen, this Campville; built of grey stone, with a high slender tower, something like that at Magdalene College, Oxford; and from that tower, just as we reached the churchyard, pealed forth a glorious melody. I had heard church bells before at two miles distance, never nearer; and the hot and cold physical sensation that came over me as I listened will never be forgotten. But impatient little faces peeped over and between the wire fence that divided the rectory garden from GOD'S garden, and Eunice and my sisters soon disappeared—Eunice having tried in vain to satisfy my questions about the green mounds that she called graves.

I turned into the open church, where there was much to admire, and more to condemn. The incessant peal of those eight charmed bells, the shouted though unintelligible commands in the belfry, puzzled me; the study of what Eunice called *death* was a more overpowering puzzle. It was more than a child of nine could grasp at once; so I sat down upon a mound near the old yew tree, and tried to fathom it all. A boy, a year or so my senior, wearing a straw hat with broad black streamers, and carrying a basket of fresh garden flowers, approached. He made a gesture of impatience, and coming nearer almost whispered,

"Little girl, please, will you get up?"

"There is room for you," I answered, pointing to another grave.

"Please, get up," he said, "you would not like it if you were dead, or if it was yours at all."

I understood not, but got up, and walked to the headstone, and read, "'Robert Hurst Trevilian, August 19th, aged six years: Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Is that your name?"

"No. I am Ernest; it is my only little brother."

"Why is he there? Did you not want him?"

"He is dead!" whispered Ernest, in amazement. "Little girl, you know what I mean?"

How should I? I had lived nine mortal years of life without knowing that life was mortal; that time would end with all, and an eternity begin. But the boy's manner troubled me, and in my agitated mind I began jumping from one grave to another. Ernest Trevilian said I

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was a heathen. Tears, though he felt them to be unmanly, were filling his eyes, and he slouched his broad-brimmed hat to hide them, saying most touchingly,

"Little girl, will you go to Eunice? Will you not go and speak to Annie and Gerty?"

"I choose to stay here, and I shall."

The boy gave me up as hopeless, and set to work to dress the little grave. I watched him quietly for a while, and then inquired,

"He does not know that you are making his green bed look pretty, does he?"

"Perhaps he does."

"Then they knew I had been jumping and dancing over them," I said, horror-struck.

"Their souls are not there of course."

I turned into the great church once more; the bells were silent just then, the ringers were sitting, some on the bier, some on the great chest; but all had cans or cups in their hands, all were drinking, all making riotous mirth.

They did not frighten me; I drew towards them, liking those material sounds better than the grandeur and stillness of the parts more distant; better than the awed feelings that possessed me when among the graves outside; but I did wonder how they dared be so merry in the House of the Great GOD. When after a time I came forth again, it was to ask Ernest Trevilian the use and meaning of it all.

"It is for church on Sundays, of course," he said, rather contemptuously.

"Do those men live there, and ring those bells to frighten people away from the graves?"

"No one lives in church, you wicked child."

"It is not wicked to be where GOD is; and I am sure those men were having their suppers."

The boy could not contradict a fact, and at that moment I saw Eunice coming with the little ones. The walk home was silent and reflective.

I went to bed in the little room near my mother's; where she lay ill many of the bright days of my childhood.

In my sleep came visions imperfect and perplexing—of that great church, those pealing bells, the graves of young and old—when a loud clap of thunder woke me, and found me on my mother's bed crying

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bitterly, nurse standing by soothing me in vain, and looking daggers at poor Eunice.

"Oh, mamma, I shall have to die! What does it mean, when must it be?"

My mother kissed me, and said I was strong and well, and she hoped I should live to be a woman.

"Can't you promise me?" I implored.

I saw nurse shake her head, and mutter,

"As if the child's brain had not been too full already."

The thunder rang louder; the lightning flashed blue and vivid through the room. Eunice stood and trembled, my mother soothed in vain. There seemed some spring of comfort on her lips and in her heart, that she repressed against her will; and then my father came, and learning how it was with me, he bade me think of fun and play, and said that I should never be a woman at this rate. But that was no comfort; it was only when I heard papa agreeing with nurse that Eunice must be dismissed for her thoughtlessness, that I roused myself, and swallowing my passion, promised not to be frightened any longer, if they would forgive Eunice.

This little episode will explain that we were curiously brought up. We were kept in ignorance of the great meaning of our existence.

In our ancient home luxury abounded: the fondest parents, careful servants, loving brothers and sisters, and all the attributes of wealth. These last I had been taught to regard as gifts of no merit in themselves, but as instruments of power in our hands for good or evil. Now everything palled me, for the veil was taken away, and the meaning of life revealed. Wealth could not save me, life would last for me and for those I loved only an uncertain while. A grave sorrow ate into my heart. I lost first energy, and quickly after, health, the free fleet step that used to distance all, grew slow and weary; the younger ones passed me without effort at our lessons. Death in its cold abstract was writing itself into my life.

My mother watched me untiringly, drawing out my thoughts, but never quite discerning the secret grief. And yet I did not desire to bear an unshared burden; it is what children cannot do, only I had a notion that as death was a forbidden subject, it must be too fearful to think of, far more to make it matter of conversation even with my mother.

The opportunity came at last in the birth of a new brother. I had

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gone to bed one hot summer evening, not over happy in being moved from my accustomed quarters to another part of the house, the dressing-room next to papa's room. I was half asleep when the news was whispered in my ear by papa himself.

"A new brother for you, Ciceley! Mamma sent her love, and asked me to tell you to-night, the others will be told in the morning."

A great gush of joy came back into my heart. I threw my arms round my father's neck, and almost choked. "Let me come and see him."

"Nay, not to-night: I told you the news, Ciceley, because you have a woman's heart, and will know how to bear such good tidings."

Proud of my father's eulogy, I lay down again, and sent a thousand kisses to mamma.

This was indeed very precious news to me. I longed for some one to come and talk to me; and then revolving in my mind all the little accidents of my daily life, I came in due course to Ernest Trevilian and his lost little brother. I wondered why this new baby should have been sent to us instead of them. I tried to lie awake and ask my father, but the summer twilight faded into darkness, and I must have been asleep hours before he came to his chamber. In the twinkling dawn I opened my quick eyes and ears. A step was in the gallery, a tap at my father's door. It was one of the maids, she opened the door a slight space, and said in a tone that told that other ears were not meant to listen, "It is the baby, if you please, sir; mistress said we were to let you know."

I heard my father's exclamation, "Dear! how sad! well, I will be there directly."

I calculated the time that my father would be dressing, but he was too speedy, and at the very moment I meant to venture to call him, he was gone. I could not construe for myself the import of that brief message. A vague fear crept over me, and I resolved, that if no one came to me before the next hour chimed, I would go and investigate for myself. I lay and listened, all was still: but I was so far from the generally inhabited part of the house, that stillness was no marvel. I peeped out at my window, but it looked across to the woods. There was nothing stirring yet, and when the clock above the chapel struck three, I stole away on my inquisitive pilgrimage. The gallery was long. Portraits of our ancestors hung life-length. I longed to speak to them and to be answered by my protectors, as I used to call them. Without

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recking of the danger of being caught, I crept on till I reached that dressing-room, my own little bedroom, where I felt a right to enter. It stood unlatched, untenanted, at least at the first glance, but the second revealed, on my own little bed, the tiny cherub, my new-born brother, its wee hands folded on its breast; its fair limbs covered only by the long white robe. A sweet stillness prevailed. I made one step towards the bed, and leaning down kissed the death-cold forehead, and then retreated, for the chilling touch frightened me. Steps and voices low and subdued were in the next room. I listened, held my breath, until I heard my mother speak, that was enough. I hurried back to my distant bed, wishing I had not indulged my curiosity, and wondering why that baby brother lay so very still and cold, with no one by to watch him. Was it possible that they had forgotten him?

The sun was up an hour or more before my father came back. I had been into his room to find a book and had opened the window. He guessed how it was, and came softly to my door. There was a look upon his face that sent a pang into my heart. "Oh, Ciceley," he said, mournfully, "it is so very sad."

"What, dear papa?"

He came and sat down upon my bed, and laying his hand fondly on my arm, his eyes glistening, he whispered. "The baby brother is dead."

"Yes," I answered also in a whisper without comprehending.

"He was very ill, and suffered such cruel pain all night that we were thankful when he died."

"Are you sure he does not feel any pain now?"

"He is dead, there is no more pain after death, Ciceley."

I did not make confession of my intrusion: I felt that I could only tell my mother that. I was almost proud in thinking that now I had a grief in common with Ernest Trevilian.

To see my father sad, appalled me; I inquired eagerly for mamma. "She is quiet and comfortable; by-and-by you shall see her, and perhaps—but you are a good child not to ask to see him," and my father hurried to his own chamber, not trusting his discretion in the matter of commendation to his children.

The secret did not burden me, because reserve was a strong point in my character. My four busy sisters and brothers knew nothing of the events of the last twelve hours; and my being invited to companionize my father's lonely breakfast spared me any chance nursery

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interrogatories. Throughout the day our house was invested to my mind with something solemn and unusual, I had seen death face to face that day.

In the evening my longed for invitation to my mother's bedside came. The galleries were dim, all was unusually still. I felt nervous about that visit, but once in the room, the white hand pressed to my lips, the wan smile exchanged with my sympathetic glance, and all was peace.

"This is a sad disappointment for you all, Ciceley, but it is for the best."

"Papa said so too," I answered, making a very strong effort against the rising tears.

And then mamma said presently, "Nurse, let her see him."

Nurse rose at the bidding: I waited pride-prompted till the woman was out of hearing, then bending down to the pillow, I whispered, "Mamma, forgive me, I have seen him; I was frightened when Marks fetched papa in the night, and I came as far as the dressing-room at three o'clock. He was lying there, was he dead then?"

Nurse came back, and asked if Miss Beaumont was afraid to see the baby.

My mother answered, "Not afraid, but she would rather stay with me," and the good woman kindly left us together.

"Now, mamma, what is death? is that baby like Ernest Trevilian's little brother? Eunice says he is in Heaven, and that there is no sorrow nor wickedness there."

"No sorrow, no pain, Ciceley; but a Home for ever in GOD's love, never ending, never changing. We must not cry about our baby Sigismond being there."

"Sigismond! has he got a name for us to remember him?" I exclaimed.

A beautiful smile came over my mother's face. "Mr. Kirkham came at two o'clock and baptised him, thank GOD. Now, my dear child, I must not talk more to you."

"If we could die now and be there," I whispered.

"Blessed are they that wait, Ciceley." And then I had to go. But this had given me food for reflection, and moreover, taken every cloud, every dread away. When I left my mother, I lingered in the hall courting the darkness, and fancying, a child's fancy, that perhaps the spirit of my little brother had not yet reached its haven, and that

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I might see him on his upward journey among the pale summer stars, though how embodied I had not imagined.

This was the second era in my half score years of existence, marked for ever in my memory. The first had suddenly lifted the veil of mortality and made me chafe and feel bitter at life, the second had shown me that greater knowledge, that of Immortality. In my repining against life I was taught its only purpose, that the desire to live for ever was to be realised, that every breaking tie on earth was binding fast a great family at rest, and filling the number in the Coming Kingdom. Sigismond was our first link.

Chapter II.

"No more the mass on holidays is sung,
The host high raised, a fuming censer swung,
No more in amice white, the fathers, slow,
With lighted tapers, in long order go."

We had been then curiously brought up. Until I was eleven years of age, I had been educated by my father, mother, and nurse. Next to me came twin brothers, Geoffrey and Henry, so that in my composition there was a strong spice of tom-boy. I learned Greek and Latin with my brothers, and disdaining French and German, avowed a strong preference for dead languages, and while my sisters delighted in the scanty literature in the shape of fairy stories of that day, I listened with real enjoyment to my father's handling of Herodotus, and cullings from the Siege of Troy. But I could work well with my needle, and master vulgar fractions before I was eleven.

Then came a change of dynasty. A young man of the Romish persuasion was engaged to tutor me and my brothers. He was about four and twenty on his introduction, fresh from the College of S. Omer, speaking French as facilely as his native tongue. He was an Englishman, of family more ancient than ours, and proud of their decayed greatness earned through their steadfast adherence to Rome, amidst vacillations which had made us great. He was not allowed to talk to us in English, and as there was a threat that if this did not answer, our favourite Eunice must go, to make way for a French *bonne*, we submitted.

We were a trio of torments, with high, unchecked spirits, strong wills, and no positive knowledge of the words authority and submission.

The same nurse had presided from the institution of a nursery. Love parental had ruled us unconsciously. Poor Mr. Vyvyan was the

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first stranger brought to exercise dominion. I often think of those days; oftener, and with a more vivid recall as I grow older, the large warm library where he worked with us and taught us, and patiently won us, the awkwardness of the first few days, when every sentence we tried to utter sent us into fits of laughter, and made us defiant when he would have explained.

Then the long delicious walks, far beyond the bounds, that he took with us, explaining without prejudice and yet without compromise, the reasons which made our ideas on certain subjects so very different from his. Points of special debate in history were favourite subjects with him and my brother Geoffrey; he taught Geoffrey how to argue, and how to draw conclusions.

My twin brothers were little alike in character; Geoffrey, fair, tall, and thoughtful looking, loved to do battle with the difficulties of his classic, or the abstruseness of his mathematical studies; to him, Philip Vyvyan was a prize of untold value. Harry was full of fire and championship, wrapped heart and soul in the legends and traditions of our home that had unwarily reached him: Harry's dark eyes never flashed so brightly as when, even in joke, a word was uttered in any sort disparaging Beaumont Priory.

Stormy were the scenes now and then between Harry and Philip Vyvyan. I remember the onset, for it took us all by surprise. Our tutor had been riding out with Harry and myself, perhaps a year after his introduction to us, and we heard the distant tinkle of a bell.

"Hark!" I exclaimed, "what time is it?"

"The hour of vespers," Philip answered quietly.

"It is the Priory bell, sir," said Harry, impatiently.

"Alas! no, my boy," and the unusual melancholy in the tone made me regard Philip an instant. "It is three long centuries since the Priory bell was heard to toll for vespers."

"So much the better," replied Harry, slyly, "it will be more than three centuries ere it is tolled for that again, I venture."

Philip Vyvyan stooped to smooth his horse's mane, murmuring, "Be not too confident, Harry Beaumont."

I coaxed my pony a little nearer the young tutor's side. "What does it mean?" I asked, "it is our place now, and we never shall be Papists."

"Is it yours, Ciceley? might makes right in some cases. I doubt not you have heard this saying?"

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"A royal gift to Geoffrey, ever after Geoffrey de Beaumont; ours by right, and to be defended by might. Now, sir, I challenge you to dispute our title deeds," exclaimed Harry.

"Geoffrey had done his king and country good service for this," I pleaded, to help my brother.

"Such a king!" said Philip, with controlled scorn.

"Harry of glorious memory! my namesake, and our common benefactor, Mr. Vyvyan."

"I maintain what I have said," Philip answered, quietly, "there is time yet for you to learn that a curse ever follows sacrilege."

We were now in front of Beaumont Priory, our beautiful, our loved old home. The approach to the house was long and winding, winding as it seemed with the river. The babbling of the cascade, the cawing of the rooks sailing homeward, and the occasional trill of nightingales in the woods behind, broke the monotony of the vesper bell. Our home, with its broad imposing front of grey stone, picturesque buttresses, oriels, the chapel turrets rising in the centre, faced us full, and by unspoken consent we drew to a standstill.

"What should our home be that it is not?" I whispered soothingly to Philip Vyvyan.

A look of pain contracted his expressive features for a moment.

"About the sacrilege?" Harry said, before Philip had time to answer me. "Mr. Vyvyan, why do you speak so bitterly of us all?"

"It was built for holy uses, money was devoted to its maintenance, by it the poor around were cared for, nursed in their sicknesses, prayed for and helped in their spiritual needs, travellers were sure of rest and welcome on their journeys, the sad or suffering of a home for life; and in everything they were serving GOD day and night. Beaumont Priory was consecrated to Him for ever by its saintly founder."

"Society was differently constituted then, sir," Harry said, thoughtfully. "I have heard that the monks and nuns would have so little room for exercising their functions now, that the chances are it was far better to dissolve the orders."

"To desecrate, to suit a king's caprice, and satisfy a favourite!"

Harry did not notice how the subject went to Philip's heart; how should he, a boy of ten?

"I wonder with such scrupulous conscientiousness you can bear yourself at ease here, Mr. Vyvyan," was the boy's next remark.

Philip's lip quivered, his face crimsoned at Harry's speech. "I

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often wonder too," he said, meekly, "but it is better for my sister Julie, and, thanks to your good father, I have never felt the sacrifice until this moment."

"Your pardon, Mr. Vyvyan," Harry and I both spoke at once, "we were foolish not to guess that we should hurt you."

"The bell has ceased now, children; our quarrel began with it, and so ends. Harry, I was rash in venturing such a subject."

We had reached the archway. Philip dismounted me, and led my pony to the stables. I rushed hurriedly up the great stone stairs to my mother's room, where I thought to find her dressing.

"Well, Missie Madcap," was my mother's greeting, as I gave her a smothering embrace; "riding to the last moment; your poor tutor should keep better order for his own sake."

"He will be in time, mamma, for to-night it is his own fault. Why does he think so differently from us?"

"Does he try to draw you over to his opinions?" my mother asked, instead of answering my question.

"No, never; I think he is quite proud of us when we keep our ground manfully."

Mamma looked me steadfastly in the face.

"Ciceley says *we*, as a matter of course, it is a good point in men, right for Geoffrey and Harry."

I had always felt one with the twins, this intended distinction alarmed me.

"What dispute have you fought over to-day?"

I might have answered for myself, making a good case for Philip, but Harry bounded with as little courtesy as I had done into the room.

"Good evening to you, my fiery knight," and my mother kissed her boy's glowing cheek with affectionate pride.

"There, mamma, Harry had better answer your question, he is the champion of the Beaumonts."

"Both up in arms! and is it a common cause? come, Harry, explain for yourself and Ciceley."

He drew one of his riding gloves out of his pocket, and playing with it while he spoke, said, "Mamma, have we no honest right to this home? is it sacrilege? he says so; there was another word he used, too hard for a lady's ear."

Certainly I felt that I should have handled the subject in another way altogether.

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"Was it Philip Vyvyan who said this?" my mother inquired of me. I murmured an assent; to have said an open downright yes, I feared might condemn him. A sternness, not of anger, but of controlled feeling, was on my mother's countenance. Harry stood at her side, eager, and inquiring; before us spread the broad park with its massive oaks and graceful beeches, around us in the chamber everything was luxurious and yet needful, but in each of our hearts a dread misgiving, a newborn fear that Philip Vyvyan might be right. Each moment that my mother delayed a direct answer to Harry, increased my doubt, and in my fertile imagination the park and river, the pleasaunce and the gardens, were transformed, the great house dismantled of its furniture, and cells and sackcloth reigned paramount.

"Why, Ciceley, how pale you are!"

My mother's words roused me.

"Ought Mr. Vyvyan to have said this, mother?" Harry inquired.

"It is something like a breach of trust," the words came irresolutely, "yet, was it Philip's fault, was he taunting you, that it has grown so serious?"

Harry threw himself upon his knee at our mother's feet. "Answer me," he pleaded, "tell me that there are no grounds, or I shall hate the Beaumonts as I thought to hate him."

She stooped over her impetuous son, and once more kissed him and raised him to her side. It was a curious spirit for a child of ten; the name he bore solved the marvel. She whispered in his ear, "Harry, for your mother's sake wait till you are one and twenty. Feel for Philip Vyvyan; sensitive to the past, and strongly superstitious; respect his creed, Harry, and forgive him heartily." She looked so wistful, and her unnamed wish had ever been her children's law, that Harry gave in. He threw his glove on to the table as if proud that she had vanquished him.

"Be it so, mother. Eleven long years of suspense." A sigh followed his concluding words, and we heard papa's step and the gong for dinner simultaneously.

We joined Geoffrey at tea in due time, my heart still beating unwontedly; Harry flushed and silent, looking harassed, as if at the first his yielding was too much for him. I was sure there must be a mighty secret about our right to Beaumont Priory, or my mother never would have imposed eleven long years of waiting. Philip Vyvyan perhaps would be less guarded, for I remembered an explanation

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was due to me, and our good tutor never failed us even in trifles. Nothing wins children's lasting respect and confidence so much as considerateness in small things. Philip made it a principle, and we hold his name in honour now. The small regard I paid to my younger sisters, little and rare as it was, I owed to his example. He never scorned to leave a favourite book or give up a chosen holiday expedition if he saw indirectly that we should be the happier. Geoffrey profited more by him than Harry or I did; but we all took our tone from our parents, so that we knew his worth by their way of speaking of him, and treating him: to-day he had gone *contraire*, and even mamma had scarcely upheld him. In that year's acquaintance he had made us love him, in our studies he had helped us on like a friend; besides being a great scholar he was a true gentleman, and there was something so pure and unaffected in his nature that the household generally venerated him. The authorities in his own church had bidden him GOD speed in his mission among the heretics, but Philip Vyvyan was very single-minded, and had no purpose at heart beyond the task he undertook. No restraint had been laid upon him, he might have undermined our faith, and winning our affections he might next have gone further, but true to his trust he set things before us as they were, recommending us to our mother or father for countenance, and never colouring a fact with his own opinions; when people shook their heads, and told my father in strictest friendship, that he would repent the Romanist's surveillance of his children another day, papa would smile and answer pleasantly, that "now" all was safe, and as for "then" he did not anticipate.

He did not add that Philip Vyvyan's £300 a year for his tutorship maintained a widowed mother and a young sister, and that, as mamma observed to him when they accepted Philip, "out of good evil cannot come." "Charity thinketh no evil."

CHAPTER III.

"Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven
The best fruits grow."

MONOTONOUS and wearisome to the reader must be perforce an autobiography, especially of the uninteresting days of unformed youth. Pleasant enough, and eventful, to the writer, but at best a selfish task. Gentle reader, be thankful then that it is at the utmost mere gleanings;

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waifs and strays missing from the manuscript, and collected piecemeal in these pages.

One Sunday, two years after our discussion about possession, my father took us,—that is Geoffrey, Harry, and myself,—to Campville Church. An old bailiff much respected by our family had died the week before, and we went, my father out of regard to his servant's memory, and we out of curiosity to hear the funeral sermon. Four years before I had received my first impressions. I saw nothing fresh; I only thought all looked that much further sunk in decay and wretchedness; nothing had been renewed but the silk curtains round the two select inclosures, into one of which we were duly ushered. I cannot blush at the feelings which possessed me on that day, for they were the result of honest ignorance of devotion. Our little chapel service, with none but our immediate dependents around, the dim light from the storied windows, and the full monotone and response, seemed necessary to my idea of worship; but at Campville, I could look up through the clear glass, and watch the clouds and trees, could peep through the curtains upon scores of open-mouthed though silent gazers, and wonder why they came if not to take their part. The little organ and the gallery of ill-behaved school girls who formed the choir, rather shocked my prejudices; while, as a counterpoise, Ernest Trevilian and his sisters, although with neither mother nor governess to take care of them, were setting an example of hearty devotion and true reverence.

I do not remember the sermon. I thought of it only because Ernest Trevilian's father was the preacher, and I tried to remember a little to tell Eunice; but it was a poor attempt, and is all vanished now.

The service over, the Trevilians came to us in the churchyard; and while my father talked with the good pastor, Ernest renewed his acquaintance with me, and I introduced my brothers—the girls were too shy to come near us—and I am not sure that I was very inviting towards my own sex. The twins were boys, and my sole friends in those days, besides our tutor. But Ernest was not alone, he had a cousin, likewise Ernest Trevilian, they were at school together, and it was the summer vacation which they were spending at Campville. They took us to see their rabbits and pony, their little spaniel, and their big mastiff, and though they were three years older, and had seen something of the world in their school days, we were soon at home with them; so much so that before we parted papa asked for them to spend a day with us at the Priory in the following week.

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The twins scampered away on their own errands when we were within our home grounds, leaving me tête-à-tête with my father. His first query was,

"Well, Ciceley, how did you like it?"

"Not a bit, papa; to me it was like playing at church; the people were all dumb, I think."

"At least you wished we could have such singing in our little chapel."

"I thought that was the worst part," I answered, "those girls were playing almost all the time."

"Well, the sermon, my little critic?"

"I cannot pick that to pieces, some of it I did not understand; but I liked that part where he said all Christians were servants. I thought of mamma and Philip Vyvyan."

My father smiled to himself, saying, "You have queer notions for a Beaumont, Ciceley."

I would rather he had said, You are a vixen, Ciceley; it was not the first time I had been indirectly told that I was little of a Beaumont, for the name to me was all that honour, bravery, and antiquity should be. My father smiled still, and said, as if he read my thoughts,

"A thousand pardons, maid of Beaumont, but was it out of compliment to your two best friends, that you associated them with the servants of the sermon?"

"With the faithful ones," I said.

"Less and less a Beaumont," my father replied, somewhat tormentingly. "Where was the analogy?"

"Mamma rules the house well, and lying on her sofa, helps us all; is not that serving patiently?"

"And Philip Vyvyan?"

"He is always on duty; I think he believes in Mr. Trevilian's idea that all are servants; and he is always faithful to his trust."

"Anti-Beaumont nevertheless, Ciceley. I shall thank Philip Vyvyan for thus impressing you."

"Or Mr. Trevilian, papa," I ventured, "for it was to-day the first time that the comparison entered my head."

And so the argument ended, for Philip met us in a cross path coming from the Priory chapel, and we saw the pony chair with my mother and my next sister, who must now be introduced, little Felicia, called for brevity, and not inaptly, little Fée. I was young at thirteen

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to draw conclusions; but as Philip came towards us, his calm grave walk, his fair anxious face, the blue eyes set in deep shadow, seemed one and all parts of something better than general human-kind. He put his service book quietly into his pocket, and met us with a look of welcome.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "I wish you could have gone with us, you must come some week-day, and tell us all about the architecture, and the date, and the mutilations."

"Where are the twins?"

"They are gone on," I said hastily, not observing that Philip spoke of them to evade my subject. "It is a beautiful church."

"It is younger than the Priory," my father remarked. "It is said that some of the brethren here served the chapel, at first merely a temporary erection, when a garrison was placed in the neighbourhood during the wars of the Roses."

"Then the date is decided," I said, "and we have an interest in it; the Priory was the parent to Campville."

"Beaumont in the pre-Beaumont age," returned my father.

Philip did not help me. "And then in the pre-Beaumont times, papa, where was the burial-ground?"

"The Priory"—I shuddered—"there are plenty of vaults as well as dungeons under the pleasaunce, and under the chapel, and the inner court."

In my heart I was thankful that Harry was not listening instead of myself. My father put his arm kindly round my neck, fearing he had distressed me, and added,

"Live and learn, Ciceley. It is a curious world to children, and they must understand it by degrees;" and he stooped and kissed me, as he once did when I could not comprehend death, and leaving me as unconvinced as then, he turned off to the gamekeeper's lodge.

I hoped Philip Vyvyan would have said something to qualify what I had heard; but his duty was to cultivate our minds, and leave them unbiassed, so he only walked by my side until we reached the pony carriage. Fée was driving, and felt very important; but, like the best of sisters, resigned the moment I came up.

"We are to exchange companions, Mr. Vyvyan, I suppose," my mother said pleasantly to Philip, "but will Fée be troublesome? are you going elsewhere? we have room for her."

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"I am engaged to take her to see the pheasant's nest in the pleasaunce, if you will spare her," Philip answered.

On my lips the words were, "I hope you will talk to her, poor child," but there was no necessity. They went off hand in hand as gay and happy as if they had both been children, and I, Ciceley, was jealous for a moment, until recalled to the subject of my thoughts.

"Keep in the shade, Ciceley dear," my mother reminded me, "and drive slowly, dear child, for it is Sunday, and very hot."

I apologised, and obeyed; my heart was aching, and I seemed to have exchanged my usual endless chatter for Philip's taciturnity.

"What did you hear at Campville, Ciceley?" at length my mother inquired.

I told her all I could remember of the sermon, without my added comments; mentioned the invitation to the Trevilian boys to come to us; and gave my opinion upon the service.

"Have you been saying all this to Philip Vyvyan?" she asked.

"Oh no, mamma! he never tells us what they do at the Priory chapel, and it would not be fair."

"I am glad you are considerate, Ciceley; but what brought the clouds to your face on such a sunny day?"

I lifted my eyes; on the blue arch above us not a speck was visible: one radiant glow was over all, above us, and around. My mother followed my glance and added,

"Your face was not in harmony with this holy day, my daughter."

"I wish I was as young as Fée, I should have no clouds then, mamma," I answered hopelessly.

"Courage comes with years," my mother said, encouragingly; "tell me your trouble, dearest."

"Harry must wait till he is one and twenty."

"Poor Beaumont is a sad burden to our children. What has worried you to-day?"

I knew by that she did not mean to enlighten me upon Harry's secret; but I answered her question, feeling that if comfort could be given on the subject, it would be from my mother.

"I do not like to know that this was holy ground, and that the dead are laid in numbers so near us."

"The dead! the holy happy dead, in the keeping of their FATHER! think of little Sigismond, and your Uncle Cedric."

And beyond this, my mother could not help me: the question of right

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or wrong, of sacrilege or desecration, I durst not ask her. I said only, "There must have been a dreadful time when it was all changed: I am not afraid of the dead, dear mamma, only afraid *for* them; as though it must be wrong to dance, and play, and plant our flowers as if it never had been consecrated ground."

There was no immediate answer: I drove along an avenue waiting for the silence to be broken, at last it came.

"It is your home after all, Ciceley, you did not bring yourself here; if it be holy ground it should chasten and sanctify us in the association, keep that in view, and it will help you; but let the question rest. When you are all older it may be your duty then to inquire, but not yet for many years."

"Be patient," was to be our watchword, and I resigned myself. Philip Vyvyan was as plainly bound as we were, for he never gave even an opinion, except that once when we were silenced first and last.

Fée and our tutor did not reach the house till after we had been in some time, but she brought her hands full of flowers of Philip's plucking, and I am afraid I was not quite happy in that kindness being shown to her, even though she gave me all the prettiest.

Sunday, I think it was my mother's arrangement, was an especial day of gladness to us as children; marked simply enough, but to us who had not service often to break the long hours, it was something to show that it was not like the ordinary days. There was no late dinner, and all above nine years of age drank tea downstairs with papa and mamma. It would be hard to say which of us enjoyed it most, for although I and the twins had been some years out of nursery latitudes, still we were not often enough in the dining-room, not to think it a great privilege. I generally sat between papa and Philip, while Geoffrey and Harry supported our mother. Fée had been for a long time promoted, and Mary made her *entrée* on this evening—two little sisters that one so much older should have been proud to possess; but I had been too long apart from them, and held myself too much their patroness to be any special favourite of theirs, and I was already predisposed against Fée at this moment. Mamma was over-tired, and required me to preside at tea: she took a seat by papa, and Philip had a little girl on either side. It was a pretty happy party; Mary so pleased and smiling, and Philip rejoicing her little heart with his thousand attentions; Fée, our true fairy, finding out every one's peculiar want, and supplying it unasked; the brothers teasing me and quizzing my performances as

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teamaker; and I, often absent either at Campville or in the vaults around our home, but doing my work creditably enough to escape general notice.

"I have asked the Trevilian boys for Tuesday, dear wife," my father said, in a general pause.

"You have? I think Ciceley said so: what shall you do with them?"

Papa's eyes appealed to Philip Vyvyan.

"A good deal older than we are, remember, and Eton fellows into the bargain," put in Geoffrey by way of aid.

"We shall amuse them," I said, carelessly.

"They are your friends, it should seem by-the-bye," my father said, in return.

"Mine? only one of them."

"Heigh ho! Silly Ciceley, Turkeycock, look in the glass."

"That will do, Geoffrey," my mother said in a low tone, hardly hiding a smile. "Ciceley has a right to respect a friend of auld lang syne."

"Give me a friend I need not blush for," returned Geoffrey.

"You will be cautious if you go through the world on that system," remarked my father.

"Scarlet ears are so unbecoming," persisted the teasing boy, "look, Mr. Vyvyan." And of course Philip turned the other way, and said, "Fishing, or cricket? I think with Ciceley that we shall easily amuse them."

"Unless Ciceley means to appropriate them for the day," observed my father.

"It would have been kinder in you to have asked the girls as well; she has not many companions," said our mother.

"Write for them," papa replied, "it was an oversight, indeed, I do not think I saw any."

"O yes, too little misses with long frocks and short hair, more fit for Fée and Mary, I saw," said Harry.

"I don't want any but Ernest and his cousin, thank you, dear mamma, girls are so shy and stupid."

Philip Vyvyan did not approve of my speech, I knew without looking at him, papa laughed aloud, saying, "Candid at any rate rather than correct."

"Fée and May acknowledge the compliment," added my mother, "it was very sweeping, what are you?"

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"Why, she's a defeated argument," said Geoffrey.

"A practical contradiction of her own theory," said Philip Vyvyan, quietly. I was not old enough to feel the force of such a compliment, and wondered at the applause voted it by my father.

"Have a care, Vyvyan," he concluded, "it will all be visited back upon you; it is to the teaching of the severer sex that Ciceley owes her opinion."

Philip was more used to my father's irony than I was, but whether he liked it I could not tell, tea was over, my work done, and Fée and Mary dismissed to bed. Papa and the boys departed, and I followed mamma to the drawing-room. She was too tired to sit out of doors and be read to. She lay quietly on her sofa, while I stood in the deep window watching the rooks and starlings floating far above.

"You are growing tall, Ciceley," my mother said, watching me with more interest than I watched the birds.

"Five foot two," I replied, abstractedly.

"And in four years you will be grown up."

"Four years is a long time, dear mamma."

"It will soon pass, my child."

"And what when I am grown up?" I inquired less listlessly, for the rooks and starlings had wheeled away out of my sight.

"You will be a useful daughter I hope, go out with papa, take care of me, and be a good sister to Fée and the other little ones."

"And after that, dear mother, when I am older still?"

"The future must take care of itself, if you live you may marry."

"Oh, no, I never should. I could not go away from you, and the boys, and Philip Vyvyan."

"I may go before then, Ciceley, or your father, or even your brothers, this is not our only home."

There were no further charms for me out in the landscape, chequered with the twilight. I drew to the couch and stood half entranced.

The fondling hand lay softly on my hair. "And in that other home we shall never be separated, where little Sigismond is waiting for us."

"But this home, dear mamma, we love it so dearly, could we not be always here?"

"It is not our best home, Ciceley; that other is ten thousand times more lovely. There the King reigns in His Beauty, and when we reach that land which is very far off, we shall see Him and reign with Him."

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And I answered in a whisper, catching her tone, but not her spirit, "I would rather wait, mamma, a long, long time in this home."

She drew me closer, and said, with something of sadness, "Four years ago you wished that we could join baby Sigismond at once, the world has charmed you out of that happy wish," and kissing me, she bade me leave her to rest alone a little. I went straight to the library, Philip Vyvyan's private room on Sundays, but I forgot that; my heart was full to bursting; it seemed that on this Sunday, one revelation after another would finally turn my brain. Throwing myself into the first deep chair I reached, I began to reason.

"I had better never have been born than have to die," I murmured, "and life is so delightful."

"Poor Ciceley!" I heard in Philip's voice, and then I got up, begged his pardon for intruding, and hurried towards the door.

"Stay, Ciceley, you are welcome to be here, and to be alone if you wish it."

"Indeed, I had forgotten, I beg your pardon, let me go."

"Of course," and he rose to open the door, "if you would rather go, but what is the matter? Are you at war with the damozelle de Beaumont?"

"Promise to make me happy, and I will stay and tell you."

"I possess no talisman, little lady."

"Then let me go," and without remembering that it might hurt Philip to see me in such plight, I walked through the doorway in a martyred spirit. I went to the dreary end of the great hall, and sitting down on the step of the old confessional I began to feed my reflections. The holy twelve with their cold bright gaze looked down upon me, their emblems in their hands, and their names and legends in quaint old Norman characters written below. They were in paradise, had walked this earth awhile; had each been a little child, had lived through manhood for one great holy end; and given up their lives joyfully to obtain that far off land, and were set before me as examples. Almost bewildered with all that the day had brought to me, there was something most pacific and soothing in the contemplation of the twelve glorious representations. A flood of childish tears opened the burning entrance to my better self. I threw myself on my knees upon the cold marble floor, and for the first time in my life, prayer came spontaneously, not merely to my lips, but from my laden soul. I knew no words except our LORD's own prayer. Seven times I repeated it before

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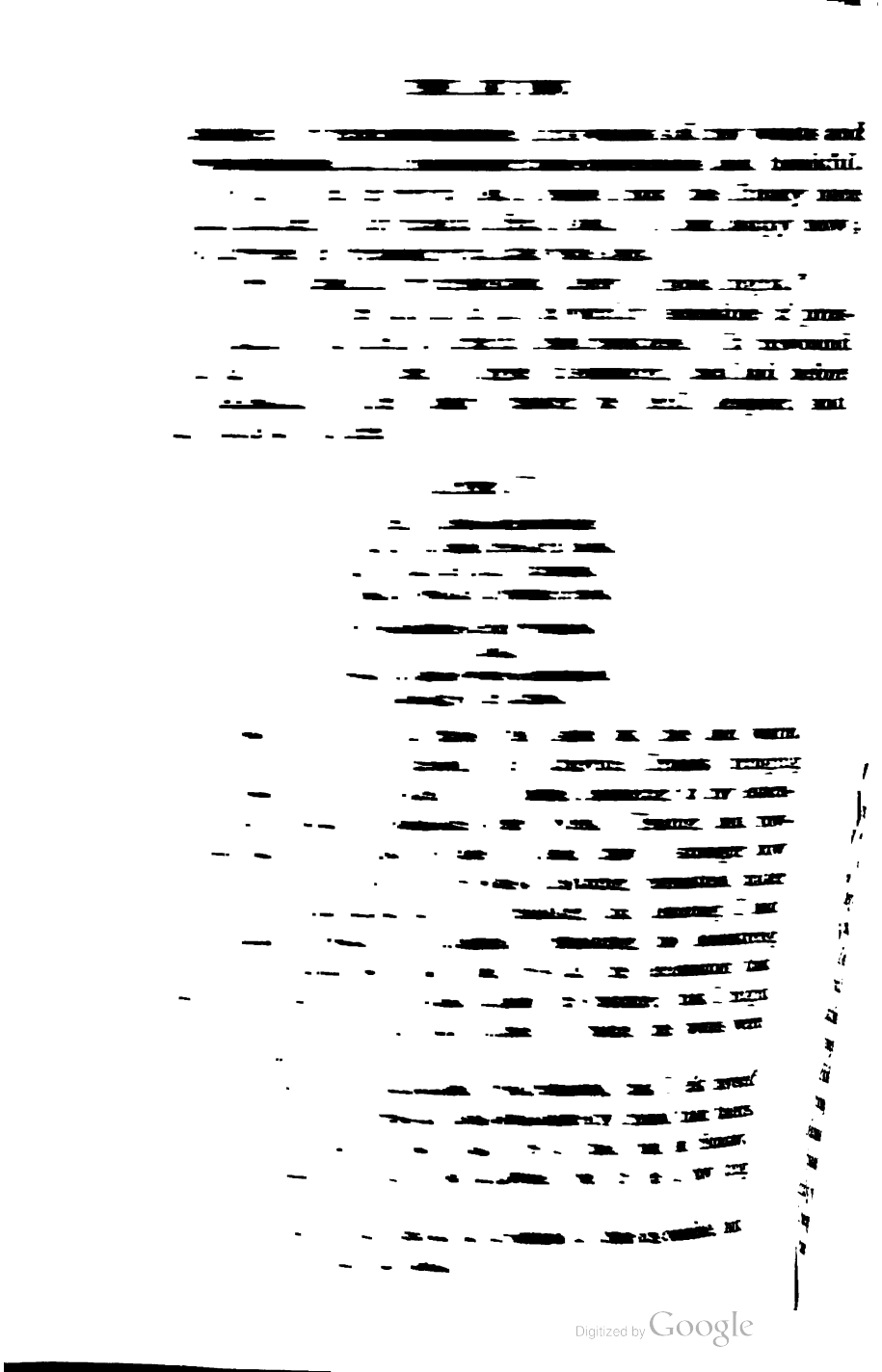

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"You must learn to fraternise with Fée; there are not many sisters like her."

"She is a darling of a plaything, but not much of a playfellow," I replied.

Philip Vyvyan was present at this discussion, and he put in his opinion at variance with mine.

"Indeed, Ciceley, you should try her before you condemn her."

"She does not know anything: one cannot talk to her about Shakespeare; and even to run a race or shoot at a mark with her would be absurd."

"If Ciceley's elders had thus argued where would she have been?" my mother said gently; "it is time Fée should begin to share your pursuits, and you restrain yours to such as are womanly."

"The privilege of the eldest," I said coaxingly.

"The misfortune of the eldest, some people think," was the return; "some mothers looked upon us as insane to let you learn Greek, and read Virgil, and all other masculine studies; but when they found that you could stitch, and hemmed all your father's and brothers' pocket-handkerchiefs, they retracted a little—so, Ciceley, it behoves us to be considerate, and a change is coming."

"It will break my heart to be turned into a prudish, simpering miss, dear mamma," I said, disconsolately.

"As you desire Fée to be by way of distinction," said my father in irony.

"Oh, papa!"

"Be sensible and rational, Ciceley, that is all we wish: of course they break the colt before they put it to regular harness, and you must not take this first denial hard."

I suppose this called up my womanly spirit, and with it my blushes, but the pleading was at an end; my mother kissed me, and my father patting my head, called me a blue Beaumont, and they both went away.

Philip resumed his reading, and I paced restlessly up and down the room, proving that I was not ready yet to let the question rest. The Beaumont rampant did not disturb the tutor's study; sometimes I glanced at him as I passed the opposite end of the table, but his serenity was unprovoked. When I stood still he looked up, and then I begged his pardon. His only answer was, "Sit down, Ciceley." I drew a chair near him, and then he closed his tempting book.

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"You often say 'I beg your pardon' after your will has had its way."

"Is that boyish?"

"That subject may rest now, I should think, Ciceley."

"It is uppermost in my mind; if you would lay the ghost," I entreated, "then it could rest."

"How much older am I than you are, Circe?" he inquired, changing his lecturing tone to a companionable one.

"Fourteen years, I think: it seems more though."

"And how much is Fée younger than you?"

"Nearly four years."

"Good: then I have ten years to set off on my side."

"Mr. Vyvyan, you are teasing."

"I am so much older, Ciceley."

I tried to stand my ground, but to see him even only mockingly repellent and lofty, rather wounded me.

"So it is, Ciceley, with us all. As soon as we get above the level of our duty we are in a dangerous latitude. If Fée were not your sister, and so near in age, it might not be a duty, but there is no doubt about it."

"Is she coming to you for lessons?"

"Very likely, by-and-by: you were not older, I remember."

I knew that; but thanks to my father and my being the eldest, I was some way advanced in the elements of the classic education Philip was continuing.

"You like Fée because she is girlish, and perhaps because she is pretty; I know beauty is winning."

"Oh, Ciceley! there was never truer woman's speech than that—less than little, and of your sister."

"I beg your pardon." An arch smile crossed Philip's face as I said the expected words.

"Keep your large true heart, Ciceley, boyish as it be, and don't compound. The Sunday jealousy of Fée was less than womanly; the Sunday sorrow at the announcement your father made was large and noble; and all within ten minutes. Such jumbling of opposite principles should have no place in a well-regulated mind; it puzzles one and leads to false estimation of character."

"What an uncertain character it must be, Mr. Vyvyan."

"Well, it appears such at present: but this lecture must end, I hear the Trevilians, and must go to the boys."

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"And I to Fée if I can find her; I am convinced now that papa is right, and I am headstrong."

"Live and learn, Ciceley, farewell."

The two Ernests had arrived: when I went to the drawing-room, I found them with mamma, Philip's search for the boys having succeeded as fruitlessly as mine for Fée, as all were far away on their several amusements.

A little shy, and a little frightened, after my recent lecture, I met the boys; and in my secret heart wondered if Ernest had forgotten my heathenism, and forgiven my ignorant desecration of his brother's little grave. The stranger, however, undertook me, the other being engaged in describing some village catastrophe to my mother.

"What a splendid old place yours is, Miss Beaumont."

"Have you never been here before?"

"Never; of course I have heard of it, everybody knows it by report."

I laughed, and said I did not think it had any fame.

"Not Beaumont Priory! and the heaps of traditions and legends belonging to it! I suppose you have them all at your fingers' ends."

My "no" was but half credited.

"Dear me, and with a Catholic tutor who must take a savage pleasure in reciting the aggressions of your ancestors, and colouring and interpreting to his taste."

"You do not know Philip Vyvyan," I said coldly, "he is too noble to be a bigot."

How far we should have gone I guess not, for the other Ernest joined us at this juncture.

"What is my harem-scarem cousin saying to you, Miss Beaumont? he is such an antiquarian, he won't be satisfied with less than the history of the Priory from the laying of the foundation-stone."

"I should be little help," I answered.

"The old proverb, 'Go from home to hear news,' eh?"

"Nonsense, why it is all ready made to hand under your very nose, and worth fishing out."

I would not even tell him that Harry could set his heart at rest, and hoped that he would learn little enough.

"Don't forget that you are rather personal, old fellow," said our Ernest, not seeing the most amiable expression on my face.

"It is a pity your cousin does not possess this place," I said, rather piquantly.

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"Thank you; no, not for the world; nor any of its belongings."

I wondered what would come next, and thought of Philip, and of Harry's secret.

"I ought to beg ten thousand pardons, Miss Beaumont; what a fool I am to speak my mind like this before you."

"I dare say you have reasons for it," I replied coldly.

"Show him the Flemish tapestry, and the carving in the Gothic chamber, and he will change his song before night," said Campville Ernest, apart to me.

"Why has he such a horror of us?" I inquired, when he had gone to the inner room to talk to my mother.

Ernest looked disquieted. "I had it once, when we were small children; do you remember? I used to think I could never endure to come here even to see all its beauties."

"I wish we lived in a hovel," I said, "or that King Henry had found some other courtier more deserving than Geoffrey."

There was no time to explore the renowned Priory, as had been intended, before luncheon; and directly afterwards the expedition of the day was undertaken. They were going to row down the little river to a certain spot for fishing,—my mother and I took our promised drive.

I knew what would be the subject of her first words, and so it was, "Well, Ciceley, you held a council this morning."

"I don't like that cousin at all, mamma; he is no more an Eton gentleman than I am."

"He is a clever, manly boy; there is twice as much in him as in the Campville Ernest."

"He lays down the law, and says what he thinks, like a dictator."

"Does he! then I dare say you can see why there was policy in never having more than one at a time in a kingdom."

I could not on the instant. "Don't give Cardinal so much rein, dear child: well, have I puzzled you?"

"One must defend one's own, I thought."

"And one must bear to have one's own offended sometimes," was the reply.

"I am not like you, dear mamma, I don't like to have to bear anything. I thought children had no troubles."

"None, comparatively; few but those they make for themselves. There are many girls, Ciceley, who envy you."

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"Me! envy me! ah, then they know nothing about it; but that other Ernest raves about the Priory, yet I believe he would sooner die than be one of us."

"And you make that a new trouble; I saw it in your face at luncheon; give all things their relative value, if you must speculate. Would any other place be what Beaumont is to you?"

"I suppose not; but, mamma, you were not born here."

"My children all were except you, Ciceley; I wonder if it is on this account you weary yourself so much."

"I never did so until the day you would not answer Harry's question: how did you learn to love it?"

"I had no father and mother; no one but your Uncle Edward, my brother, to care for me in the whole world, and when your papa asked me to marry him there were two between him and this place. Soon after we were engaged your eldest Uncle Geoffrey died; and a few months after our marriage the only son and heir to the Priory lost his reason, which had such an effect upon his father's spirits that it hurried him to his grave. When it came to us full of such melancholy associations, the superstitious boded evil and misfortune. We were young, and cares sat lightly upon us; blessings have been multiplied upon us. What right have we to repine?"

"What mean these curious lines, mamma, that I found on the fly-leaf of so many books in the library?

> 'To the Beaumonts, the Mowbrays, de Lisles and de Brands,
> There ne'er shall be joy in their wealth or their lands,
> Two never shall live till the birth of their heir,
> And two shall die sonless though sons they've a score.'"

My mother smiled faintly. "It is a superstition attached to those families. I dare say it was in queer old writing in some of the ancient books."

"Oh, yes; and under the lines was written in handwriting like yours, mamma, 'GOD wills it.' 'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the LORD.' And there was a date and some initials,—they were only written in one book.

"Turn the ponies' heads homewards, Ciceley." And with this command came I knew a truce to my inquiries. There was a spell against my diving into these mysteries. I tried to be resolute and give it up until it should come to my knowledge duly, but I was a woman and curious.

We were at home of course long before the fishing party, and that

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my promise to Philip Vyvyan might not be mere empty words, I invited Fée and Mary to come and be read to for half an hour. Fée was a darling child, "too good to live," the old women murmured if they ever caught sight of her, and to them her goodness must have been in her face, for she had no power to manifest it to such admirers otherwise. She was small, so tiny as not to reach higher than Mary's shoulder, a great bonny maiden of nine without a spark of etherealism in her composition. Long and abundant hair of the rare golden hue gave Fée's calm white face a picture-like radiance, not a tinge of Beaumont had she in feature or complexion, there was the promise of our mother's beauty developing in time in her countenance, but she already inherited her peculiarly sweet and happy disposition. Fée was like her—a being to be loved. By nurse, and through her by the household generally, Fée's title was, the angel of the house. She was happier than I, in that she had loved from very babyhood to be mamma's companion, to sit at her feet and learn of things more precious and abiding than Greek poetry or problems in Euclid. Everything in the economy of Beaumont Priory was against the making prominent a teaching which had blessed our little Fée, and yet when I made the contrast between us and saw what knowledge I had missed in all my learning, I was tempted at fourteen to wish my childhood back again. At present papa's *three* boys and mamma's five girls were different specimens of the same family; perhaps too the elder ones suffer from experiments by which the younger profit in large families. The two children sat and listened to my reading with an attention quite complimentary. I had chosen Scott's "Marmion," being deeply in love with it myself, and in the midst of the first canto Philip Vyvyan walked in, looking pitiably hot and tired. A glance of surprise and approbation mingled was on his face.

"What a happy party! I will not disturb you."

"Is not Ciceley a kind sister, Mr. Vyvyan?" Mary screamed, detaining him.

Philip glanced at me to see that I understood how even the younger of the two appreciated my intentions, and then said,

"She is a good sister. I must come and listen too when I have dressed."

"We shall be gone to tea long before you come back," replied Mary, disconsolately. Fée looked at the clock and then fetched a chair to the table.

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"Is time so very precious to nursery maidens?" Philip said, drawing his seat round to Fée's side. "Now, Ciceley, we are all attention."

Such a thing as nervousness, had I known its name, I should have disclaimed utterly, and yet my reading was not at all like that before the tutor came in. Line after line went away at a sing-song gabble, and when about twenty were murdered, Philip leaned forward and relieved me of my task without saying anything. This was a strong rebuke, but I had been theorising about Fée, thinking how little Philip knew about the management of children; of a certainty he would ruin Fée directly she came under his tutorship. If my mother had come in then she would have discovered a new trouble-cloud on my face, and would have given my thoughts a truer interpretation than only regard for Fée's welfare.

When Philip read the verses I had attempted, it was another thing altogether. Fée clasped her little hands together, her head raised, her attitude settled attention. Mary left off her pencil scrawls and sat opposite the reader with her mouth open, as if the sound and sense entered therein. Now and then he stopped to make a remark or to provoke one, but it was to me he addressed himself, and I felt it was not by way of courtesy for usurping my office, but to give me weight in my little sisters' eyes. When had Philip a little motive?

He gave us the end of the second canto, though the dressing-bell which was the children's summons to tea, had rung some minutes before its conclusion. A message to the effect that Mr. Vyvyan had kept them would restore Fée and Mary to nurse's good graces, in whose eyes want of punctuality was usually an unqualified sin. After dinner Harry came to invite me to dessert, and though I felt a little aggrieved at my solitary tea, for I was too proud to get it in the nursery, I accepted the invitation.

I sat between mamma and the Campville Ernest. I think Philip had reported my virtuous sistership, for Ernest said, "Are you fond of Scott's poems?"

"I have not read them all yet," I answered, rather savagely.

"You are on ahead of my sisters I should fancy: Gerty is fourteen, I don't think she has made Sir Walter's acquaintance."

"I am thirteen," I said with some dignity.

"But of course you have advantages over a poor clergyman's daughters," Ernest went on, half in apology.

"What do your sisters do with themselves when you are gone to

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school?" I inquired. "I should just go melancholy without my brothers."

"Oh, they have enough to do; what with lessons, and poor people, and school prizes, and writing to us."

"They do not miss the Latin and Greek I dare say, Ciceley," my mother remarked, "with such other varied work."

"And besides there is nursing," added Ernest, tenderly. "I have one little sister, Miss Beaumont, who cannot run about and play like the rest."

"Poor little child, what is amiss?" mamma inquired.

"A fall, I believe. She has to be kept in irons, and they can't tell yet whether she ever will walk; poor Katie!"

"How does she amuse herself all day?" I asked.

"She can read quite nicely, and sew a little, and papa has made her a little carriage; in the summer she almost lives out of doors; they call her Queen Catherine; she is served and waited on quite royally."

In our house we had no such care as that. Five strong and healthy little sisters marched in to say good night soon after, and proud I felt that there was no sickly, nor deformed, nor puny one in that bright group. Ernest looked on them with interest.

"Tell me their names," he said, "that I may have something to tell Katie to-morrow."

"There are Felicia and Mary on each side of papa, and that is Susan by your cousin. I should not have thought he cared about children," I said, interrupting my enumeration, as he lifted Susan on to his knee, "and those wee things are Emily and Baby."

"Baby! why she is a little woman."

"She is always Baby though. Laura is not a baby name."

I wondered at it all, for I thought boys never cared for anything younger than jackets, and here was one Ernest nursing Susan, and the other entering into childish detail with acute interest.

Papa proposed that if anything was to be seen it must be at once, before the sun got lower, and there was a general move. Mamma gave me leave to go round with the visitors, and the little ones went to bed, Ernest carrying Susan to the nursery passage quite gallantly. Then he kept close to my father's side, that he might lose nothing that would be communicated. Our Ernest resigned himself to my explanatory powers, Harry flitted about between the parties, and Geoffrey made an advance guard, opening doors, &c.

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On the ground floor there was only the library by way of sitting-room, and we intruded upon Philip Vyvyan for a few minutes' admiration of one or two of the oldest printed books in the country and an ancient missal, the covering inlaid with jewels, which was supposed to have been left among other valuables when the Priory was dismantled and made over to our ancestor. Besides this the Gothic chamber enraptured them; the rich fluting of the white columns, the carved chapters, the illumined roof. The stranger Ernest asked question after question untiringly. I was thankful that papa had the benefit rather than myself. The room, it was conjectured, had been the refection room originally, but the wings were additions of the Beaumonts, who made it a banquet hall, and Royalty had once supped there.

From this we passed into the chapel. It was too small to allow of much display in architecture. First there was the Baptistery, screened off as an ante-chapel. The whole building would not contain more than thirty persons, but it was unique. Behind the altar there was a reredos, hangings of rich tapestry, beautiful even yet. The boys had little note of admiration for aught except the tapestry, at which I marvelled. I had not then seen Eton Chapel, or I should not have wondered. Through the cloistered court we came to my hallowed spot, the confessional. Ernest, my companion, whispered that he should hardly like such a remnant of Popedom in his house, and my father turned to him and said, "Such is the whole place, I imagine, and these relics of a barbarous system are our best enlighteners."

A look of fierce disgust came over the other Ernest's face.

"And, sir," he said, "it also unravels the mystery of possession."

"It does that certainly enough," my father replied, good-humouredly, not noticing either tone or countenance.

They reluctantly left this real little oratory, and we proceeded to show them the modernised apartments, for which, even those with real old pictures, they had little regard. It was the state bedroom with its furniture of gold-coloured satin and royal velvet, the face of the latter being quite lost by age, that recalled their admiration. A narrow strip of carpet round the bed, a square before the great open fireplace, was all the luxury allowed in Charles the First's time. The rich old Flemish tapestry draped the walls almost entirely, and as he had found it, so it was sacredly preserved. Only a panel had been removed above the fireplace and a Vandyke of the Royal Martyr inserted instead.

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"Ah, this room tells its own melancholy story," observed the strange Ernest with a gravity not youthful.

"There you witness remains of Susan Beaumont's loyalty," said my father. "Here slept the unfortunate king on his march towards Leicester. All the brothers and the father of that adventurous maiden had taken the field under Fairfax, leaving only serving-men as guards to the ladies. Susan was a girl of sixteen,—as chivalrous as I am half-inclined to fear this Ciceley of mine would be were we in such sore plight."

"I would have cried 'GOD save the king' in Cromwell's face, papa," I said heartily.

Ernest Trevilian stood before the picture, gazing with reverence on the large melancholy eyes, the flowing hair, the striking *contour*. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, "I never guessed his face was half so beautiful. Tell us the rest of the story."

"The poor simple-minded peasantry were royalists around us; they told the Beaumonts, the hour when the king would pass to join the army,—that he would be likely to sleep at a little inn at Whenbury, a few miles on. They say that Susan knelt an hour at her mother's feet praying her permission to invite the king and his one attendant to accept the hospitality of the Priory. The mother in heart was devoted to the king, but those were no days for the expression of opinion."

"As a wife she was required to forget herself as a subject," remarked the Campville Ernest, who, less deeply interested in the story, could afford to interrupt.

"For her husband's honour she was obliged to withhold her consent, but Susan undaunted, went down to the servants, and selecting one she thought most trusty, told him of her intentions, and begged him to go with her on her errand."

"It was no work to be done by deputy,—I was afraid you were going to tell us that she sent him."

"*Allons* not *allez*," resumed my father. "It was now evening, and Susan set forth: tradition says that she walked three miles along a by-lane ere she met the single horseman and his servant; others, that she met the king at the second gate in the park riding forward to venture to ask shelter of those who owed all to the munificence of a sovereign. Be it as it may, Susan waylaid the riders,—her servant kneeling on one knee before the foremost, while his young mistress, with the foresight of her sex, stood humbly by the stirrup of the

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second, and prayed him to rest the night at the Priory of the Beaumonts, from which all the men of the family were absent.

"'Do you usually greet wayfaring men with the like hospitality, damsel?' said the king half playfully. 'How know you us to be gentles? the Beaumonts be brave soldiers, we have met them afield.'

"'And belike your Grace doth know their ensign?' murmured the foremost rider half suspiciously.

"'We are women only, dwelling in the Priory at this time,' said poor Susan, hurt at the reproach being extended to her, when her heart beat truly for him at whose side she stood. 'May it please your gracious master to house at the Priory to-night, and nought shall befall him.'

"And the king looked down upon her with the same speaking eyes that you see there, and drawing off his stout gauntlet, offered his hand to Susan, 'We will thank thee hereafter for this unhoped for courtesy, maiden.' Susan kissed the proffered hand respectfully, the solitary friend, whom he called Ashburnham, fell into the rear; the serving-man, bare-headed, walked in front, opening gates, while Susan, at her liege's side, trudged happily along."

"Did her mother make any compromise when he really crossed the threshold?" inquired the Trevilians.

"She did the honours of her house as became a De Beaumont. Susan waited on the royal guest at supper, at which he pledged her and his hostess in a glass of the absent parliamentarian's famous Burgundy, while Ashburnham and the small staff of servants kept guard."

"And he slept in this very room, truly," said Ernest.

"He slept here. Only five short hours' rest were allowed him. Ere day-break he and Mr. Ashburnham sallied forth, this time exchanging their horses for two from our stables,—Mr. Ashburnham donning a worn-out suit of the Beaumont livery, and the king in the dress of a private gentleman. At the head of the stairs, as he was leaving, and bidding a grateful adieu to Susan and her mother, Susan craved his blessing. He is said to have thus spoken: 'May the blessing of the King of Kings be with the daughters of the De Beaumonts for ever for this act of gentle courtesy to the hapless king.' That is the end of the story,—now come, or we shall be too late to see Susan's portrait distinctly."

We hurried through rooms which deserved more notice, but daylight

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waned, and immediate inspection of the picture in question was necessary. There was nothing peculiar in the face of the patriotic Susan, she who it seemed had inherited a blessing which descended to us. The features of the Beaumonts were unmistakeable,—the long thin face, small hooked nose, and rosy complexion. She stood full-length, in the long-peaked boddice, the short full dress and sweeping train of a later costume than that of Charles the First. Of course that picture was the heroine of the gallery in the eyes of both our young visitors.

"I am glad you perpetuate her name," said the stranger boy.

"In truth the charm would cease if we failed to memorialize her," answered my father sarcastically. "What inference do you draw from all that you have heard and seen?"

The question puzzled, and perhaps pained the boy, but he said manfully, after a moment's consideration, "Susan Beaumont has redeemed the daughters only."

"Redeemed!" said my father amused.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Beaumont,—you have asked me a very awkward question,—but is there not always some penalty for sacrilege? if there is, I don't believe even the good king could blot it out."

I looked round—my brothers and our Ernest were at the far end of the gallery, quizzing the costume of a minister in James the First's reign; and they would not hear if the mysterious ban should be mentioned.

"Here we are in a goodly number," my father said with ill-concealed dismay; "what is said of us, my boy?"

He looked round as he asked this, and ere Ernest could reply, saw that I stood near; without apparent motive he turned to me, "Ciceley, go and tell Ernest and the boys not to spend too much satire on Berkley Beaumont,—there is more to see."

And obeying, I lost what the other Trevilian had to say; when I came back they were moving to another part of the house where the rest of the tapestry was displayed, and I left them and went to my mother. When they came to say good-bye, and to thank mamma for the entertainment, she gave the Campville Ernest a basket of hot-house fruit for his little sister Katie, which she had thoughtfully ordered while we were absent. The other boy in shaking hands, said hurriedly to me, "I hope you forgive my bearishness, Miss Beaumont,—I did not expect to find one of your name stand up for a Charles or a Stuart."

"Is this to Susan, or to me?" I asked.

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"O, both, if you will accept for both," he answered,—and the Trevilians departed.

It was a day that lived long after, that still lives fresh and vivid in my remembrance.

THE CHURCH.

IX. The Chancel, (S. Stephen's, Lewisham.)

The Three Creeds.

"I believe in God the Father Almighty."
"I believe in one God."
"This is the Catholic faith."

Saviour, Thou on Thy Church and Bride,
A living voice hast well bestowed,
By which each morn and eventide
She tells the wondrous things of God.

"The Almighty Father, Lord of all,
Thyself the Virgin's spotless seed,
Who to redeem Thine own from thrall,
Didst on the cross endure and bleed,

"Pass through the abodes of gloom, and rise
Incarnate still, on Easter Day,
Then mount above the parting skies,
And take Thy seat 'mid Heaven's array.

"The holy Dove, the source of love,
The enthroned Spouse, the sons of God,
Sins pardoned, sinners raised above,
The life eternal." Brightly glowed

That early faith! Alas! that we
Must seek by sterner words to tell
God's purpose to mortality,
The world once lost, yet loved so well.

Bright faith of childhood, youth, and age!
Fenced in the arms thy lore supplied,
Strong manhood views the hosts engage,
And speaks the challenge of the Bride.

Nor manhood's lips alone proclaim
The creed that old Nicæa gave,

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The serpent's rising crest to tame,
And pluck the world from error's grave.

"And was Incarnate," kneeling low,
With parted lips and tight clasped hands,
Meek maidens too adoring bow
Towards One, Whose love all souls commands.

And must we leave the two-fold creed,
And track the wildering maze of doubt?
Along the mountain top proceed
The hosts of thronging fiends to rout?

"Eternal and Almighty One,"
Nor heaven nor earth may Thee contain,[1]
Dread Trinity, our three-fold Sun,
How may we better insight gain

Of Thee, save in the words which tell
The Universal faith, that can
Bid mortals view the invisible,
And Heaven's mysterious archives scan?[2]

On rolls the awful creed to bid
The lowliest soul, enlightened, gaze
On things from angel spirits hid,
Thy two-fold nature, LORD of Grace.

How, like a solemn dirge it ends;
Life, or pale death, man's chosen doom;
The SAVIOUR'S foemen, or His friends,
Eternal life, or endless gloom.

ACCIPITER.

MEEKNESS.

MEEKNESS may be said to be a grace too commonly relegated by Christians to an honourable obscurity. They admit its beauty, nay in a measure its attractiveness, in the abstract, but as a grace to be earnestly sought after, they do not consider it, and yet, for the sake of

[1] Incomprehensible.

[2] Lest this line should be considered unduly bold, the author would remind all readers of the promise to the Apostles that the Comforter should guide them into all truth. In the Athanasian Creed, the Church does surely set forth the deep things of GOD; and the line must be understood entirely in connection with the declarations of the Creed concerning the Trinity.

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consistency, they are obliged to admit that they are as much bound to seek after meekness as any other of the gifts of the HOLY SPIRIT, for no Christian grace or virtue can be honourably set aside in the face of the command, "Be ye therefore perfect," and the responsive vow of obedience made at Baptism.

Undoubtedly meekness is not so attractive as many of the graces of Christianity, for the simple reason that it does not appeal in any way to a man's *amour propre* even in a good sense; it is eminently, at least it is supposed to be, a passive, not an active virtue, but one of the reasons why this grace is not earnestly pursued is because its very nature is generally a subject of misconception, it is confounded with a cowardly submission, not an honourable fortitude, and certain practices are considered meek which few men would ever conform to.

In a little book called "Line upon line," formerly very popular with parents and teachers, meekness is defined as passive submission to insult and ill-usage, in the following words: "Are you meek, my dear child? Can you bear to be pushed and slapped, and not push and slap again? If children call you rude names, can you be gentle and not call them rude names in return, &c., &c. A meek child can do all these things." One can scarcely imagine a teacher possessed of the necessary *sang froid* to lay down such a code for children. It reminds one painfully of the rules of certain teachers who laid heavy burdens grievous to be borne on their pupils' shoulders, which they themselves would not touch. To teach such an unnatural code to little girls, let alone boys, seems preposterous in the extreme, not but what, like most strained notions, it has a substratum of truth, and perhaps the author would plead that literally it was right that children should not return blow for blow, and insult for insult, and to this one cannot except, but to expect a child to endure blows and insults passively, (which I take to be the implied meaning,) is unnatural, nay unscriptural in the extreme; men and women, as a rule, would not be constrained to practise such behaviour, far less young recruits arming for GOD'S service.

It may be laid down as a rule, that except in certain cases of which I hope to treat presently, self-defence is not only lawful but right, whether the person or the character be attacked. Quakers and other adherents of unnatural doctrine, have pleaded the authority of certain texts in the Sermon on the Mount as being the guide to Christians on such questions, and honestly enough starting with the literal interpreta-

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tion of *some* of these commands, have lifted up their testimony against both litigation at home and war abroad. I say *some* of these commands, because though Quakers have been known to turn the other cheek, they have not as a rule yielded their purses and possessions willingly to thieves and swindlers, a course to which they are equally pledged if the first of the texts is to be taken as it stands. The fact that Quakers have not been consistent in their obedience, obliges us to assume that they prefer blows and insults to pecuniary loss, a conclusion not over honourable to that estimable body, whose non-natural teaching, one is thankful to be able to say is fast disappearing before the advanced Christianity of the Catholic revival. Few reasoning Christians will however dispute that the SAVIOUR'S precepts are to be taken as general rules against revenge and avarice, though perhaps it must be allowed that many Christians have come to consider them as so general as to be safely ignored by followers of CHRIST; hence the state of our law courts, which are too often a professing Christian's first resort instead of his last.

Perfect in meekness as in every other virtue, the Master stands as the example for Christians to follow. We read that "when He was reviled He reviled not again." Does that mean that He allowed Himself and His teaching to be traduced and slandered? Far from it! He ever was ready to justify His divine work, and had He meant His followers to endure slander in silence, He would scarcely have answered the Jews as He constantly did with positive rebuke. He did not *revile* again, and hence we may learn that mere recrimination, even if it stop short of positive insult, is not justifiable, though He always silenced the tongue of malice.

But it may be urged, that though our LORD defended Himself by *word* He never did so by deed, but allowed Himself to be seized, bound, and led away a captive without any resistance. I would ask, however, do people who urge this fact ever contemplate the tremendous question they tacitly raise? Can any one doubt that, independent of the fact that every part and circumstance of the Passion was a fulfilment of a prophecy, any resistance would have been a terrible lowering of the SAVIOUR'S perfect human character, that, to speak as men, resistance would not only have been vain without the assistance of angels, but that it would have interfered, so to speak, with His character as a victim, and therefore that His conduct is no positive rule, save for those of His followers who are called to witness a like con-

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fession with their blood, and to such speaks the Apostle, especially in the context to the words quoted above.

But resistance, to be justifiable, must in most cases be in self-defence and reasonable; to resist when there is nothing to be gained by it cannot be right, save in the case of soldiers, who are bound, as a rule, to fight to the last, and in the event of resistance either to violence or slander, the individual should, as far as he can, efface himself and resist as matter of principle.

Again, passive submission to blows or insults may be accompanied by a feeling of bitter hatred to the aggressor, while self-defence, even to the extent of counter violence, does not imply always anger or resentment. As Christians, men are bound to check violence and brutality as much as any other form of sin, and the man who stands by and sees a woman or a child ill-used, conscious that he has either physical power or moral authority sufficient to prevent the outrage, is a poor Christian.

As to personal injuries or abuse, the feeling to be guarded against is not indignation, for that is righteous, but revenge, the positive desire to injure another because he has hurt us, the wish to see him wretched and miserable because he has made us so, or in plain language, the returning evil for evil; and yet how long the mind of man clings to the *lex talionis;* should I be far wrong if I were to say that the first feeling of a man injured by another is a hope that the injurer may soon suffer as bad an injury if not worse?

And yet this feeling must be crushed in all true Christians and not allowed to enter into, as it too often does, their very prayers for their enemies. Love only can quench the spirit of revenge, sympathy with men, and humility can alone bring the sufferer to say from his heart that he forgives in very deed. To pray for one's enemies is no impossible command; it can be done in spite of wounded pride, and I would say to all who read these lines, make prayer for your opponents in religion as in other things a special weekly duty, and beneath the cross strive to put yourself in the place of an enemy, and say before the LORD, "homo sum, nihil humani alienum a me puto," a man can always find a plea if he will for a brother.

Perhaps, however, to the young especially, but also to all, injustice is harder to bear than mere abuse. To be treated as guilty when innocent, particularly by those whom you respect, is about the hardest trial one can suffer here. Far be it from me to say that injustice

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should be tolerated as a rule; love of truth, the nature of GOD, alone should forbid one allowing oneself to be falsely accused, and a boy at school has a right to make his innocence clear if he can when falsely charged, but if he cannot, may not endurance of punishment be necessary? Certainly in the army and among religious orders discipline calls on the innocent occasionally to suffer death or public shame undeserved, and the victim, though blameless, must submit, rather than set an example of danger to the very life of the community. Examples in the armies of all nations are common enough, and among religious orders I may cite two cases; the first that of Ignatius Loyola, who when a young man after leaving the army studied for a time with boys at a seminary, and was condemned by the Rector to be publicly beaten by his companions, whereupon rather than offend against the rule of the institution, this brave knight of Spain and true soldier of the Cross came forward to endure the blows of boys whom he could have hurled to the ground in a moment. The other case is that of the saintly Angelique Arnaud, who was ordered after her degradation from the post of Abbess of Port Royal to stand in the refectory before the assembled nuns wearing a large paper mask, on which was written an offensive charge of hypocrisy, and to this indignity Angelique submitted in the same spirit that led Loyola to face the buffets of the school-boys.

These two examples are indeed bright, but in each case there was a strong reason for passive submission, because the more than military strictness of conventual discipline demanded it, it was better to suffer than to set a bad example.

The cases of the early martyrs too deserve notice, especially where the sufferers were strong men, often soldiers, well able to sell their lives dearly. Sebastian, Basilides, George, and countless others were men of war, to whom death at the hands of the cowardly scoundrels who acted as torturers must have been well-nigh insupportable, but the first ages of Christianity had to teach a new lesson, that of endurance. Little honour would Sebastian have won for CHRIST had he resisted his comrades and taken three or four lives ere he yielded his own; for such a feat heathen prowess could easily have accomplished; but what heathen would have laid down sword and shield, and borne scourging, and a lingering death at the hands of the archers, as the brave Christian veteran did? Worthy indeed is the Lamb to receive blessing and honour, when such deeds are the fruit of His passion.

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If we turn to the female martyrs of the Primitive Church, we find examples of meekness in abundance, but then theirs was an easier victory. Women have more passive endurance though far less active courage than men, for the very reason that by nature they are formed to endure as men are to do. Active resistance on the part of a woman is an outrage on her nature, because she has not the requisite energy or strength to make it available, and hence the wives and maidens of the Catholic Church were ever among the foremost in the ranks of those who laid down their lives. To S. Vivia Perpetua or S. Agnes submission to torture and death must have been far less intolerable than to S. Sebastian. Once in the grasp of the Roman apparitors, a female martyr was perfectly helpless, she could not, even if she wished it, break away from her captors, nor would she have felt the same fierce shrinking from bonds or cowardly insult that a man, especially a soldier, must have experienced.

But can meekness alone be shown in enduring injury and insult? Do not honour and the praise of men call especially for an exercise of this sublime grace? Indeed, I believe it is easier to bear suffering, than to take praise meekly, and they who, like John Keble, can humble themselves as unprofitable servants, while the very Church resounds with their praises, achieve a glorious victory over self. Saints indeed never think themselves to be saints, and a higher example of true meekness cannot be found than the prophetic reply of the righteous at the last day, who on hearing their own praises from the Judge, answer, "LORD, when saw we Thee an hungered, &c.?"

Meekness is no ideal grace, the strong man can grasp it as freely as the gentle maiden. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." And what shall I say, my readers, of those meek ones among us who bear the cross of deformity? You who know not what it is to shrink before the eye of your fellows, think sometimes on those whose lives are blasted by unsightly bodily defects, remember them especially in prayer, aid them to bear their burdens, and so fulfil the law of CHRIST.

ACCIPITER.

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OUR SEAMEN AND THEIR CHURCH.

We are all of us accustomed to speak of our parish church, and in a similar sense only do I assign such a specific heading to this short article as "Our Seamen and their Church," for their Church is that of their country.

As having been intimately connected with the Church in the Navy for a quarter of a century, it is with feelings of deep thankfulness that we notice a general awakening of our National Church to its responsibilities to our seamen. The movement has found expression at the meetings of the Church Congress, it has been ventilated in our Church periodicals, and has now thoroughly engaged the attention of the Church's supreme Synod, which however betrays a practical ignorance of the subject.

In the last number of the "Churchman's Companion" a paper on "Church Work at Sea" treats of "work to be done." A few suggestions of "how to do it" may not be altogether out of place from one who claims to be heard on the score of actual experience.

And without delaying to lead up, in any way, to the conclusion, we feel so strongly the importance of the issue, that we lay it down as a fundamental axiom to protest most solemnly against legislation which would, in any degree, tend to isolate seamen from their brethren—members of the same Church.

The proposal of appointing a separate bishop who, having a firm footing as Chaplain-general of the Royal Navy, should from that vantage-ground, extend his care over all our vast sea-faring population, contains, on the first flush, a very fascinating idea, but confronted with the regular arrangements of our Church and put to a practical test, it will be found to be quite inoperative and sterile.

The principle has been tried in the Army, and what is the testimony of army chaplains, of the greatest experience and widest views, as to the working of a bishop as chaplain-general? They tell us that the arrangement has a direct tendency to establish an *imperium in imperio;* that it isolates the chaplains from the general body of their brother clergy; that it prevents the bishops in their respective dioceses from coming among the officers and men of the army to confirm the neophytes among the young soldiers, and establish those who are more advanced, influencing and stirring up the officers to take a deeper in-

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terest in Church matters through identifying the Church in the army with the Church of their country. The present arrangement in the Army is, in its very nature, hostile to all this, as it has a tendency to foster, if not dissent, at any rate, an isolated churchmanship which is akin to dissent. And the evil of this to the Church at large is that our officers and men become dissenters or lukewarm Churchmen in the Army, and when they return to civil life—as they rapidly now do under the short service scheme—they are not likely to prove helpful to the parochial clergy. It will be perceived that here we have only considered the question in its broadest bearings,—as an important general Church question in the widest sense of the words. We are assured also that the present system in the Army is objectionable from a narrower official point of view; but we will not enter upon a departmental question.

The work to be done will be best accomplished by expanding and throwing more spiritual life into our ecclesiastical system as at present existing. And in speaking of the Church we must not allow our minds to entertain unconsciously the error that the clergy are alone the Church or that a body of Christian laymen are in utter spiritual destitution when deprived, for a time, of the ministrations of an ordained priest.

We must recognise the fact then, first of all, that a large number of our sailors must, from the nature of their calling, spend much of their time away from "bishop" and "curate." We have thus indicated to us clearly one part of the problem to be solved. And how does our Church suggest that this should be done? A ship with its crew may be regarded as a house with its family. From time to time a household comes under the direct ministrations of the clergy of the parish; in the intermediate periods it is regularly called together for family worship; and religious, devotional reading is provided for it; and the work and engagements of the various members are so arranged that they may all take advantage of these privileges. Here then we see the parochial clergy obtaining access to the seamen when in harbour by receiving them into their consecrated buildings on Sundays, and visiting them in their floating abodes as opportunity offers. We see the captain conducting family prayers at sea, and the crew carrying with them books for religious edification; the work, so far as wind and weather will allow, being regulated by owners and captains so that the spiritual welfare of the men is cared for.

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But how can the parochial clergy bear the extra work that this throws upon them in crowded water-side districts? Here comes in the office of the spiritual overseer, the Bishop of the diocese. Our population shifts, so that the supply of clergy has to be regulated accordingly. We see this exemplified in thinly populated agricultural districts becoming crowded centres of manufactures. We see it exemplified in London. In former times the people gathered in crowds in and about the city, and there a large number of churches were provided for them. The City is now used for business only, and the population dwells in the environs: many of the city churches have been pulled down, and many others are almost without a congregation. The Church has had to follow the people and provide consecrated buildings and clergy for them where they dwell. The bishop of the diocese is responsible for this readjustment. And so the bishop of the diocese is responsible that due provision is made in buildings and clergy, whenever and wherever commerce draws together a large number of seamen within his jurisdiction. But the bishops have hard work oftentimes in obtaining funds and men to meet this call. So much for the merchant service.

We now turn to the Royal Navy. The Admiralty stands in the position of a large employer of labour, and, for the public exigencies of the state, its employés are gathered together in large bodies, as at our naval ports or in fleets of men-of-war. Like other large employers of labour, the Admiralty are bound to assist the Church in those localities where it thus brings pressure upon it. And it does so very liberally. The nature of its service makes it expedient to have a special body of clergy who are ready, like the officers and men to whom they minister, to go to any part of the world whenever duty calls. Some misapprehension exists as to there being an insufficiency of chaplains for the requirements of the Navy, and this point was not cleared up by the Reports of the Committee of Convocation. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, communicated with the authorities, and he gave much more definite information to the Upper House of Convocation in February last. He said:

"On the first of February, 1879, there were 251 ships in commission in the Royal Navy, with a total complement of 33,942 officers, men, boys and marines. Seventy ships, with a complement of 23,353, have chaplains. It appears then that of the 251 ships in commission, seventy, having a complement of 23,000 out of 33,000 persons em-

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ployed, have chaplains. It must not therefore be supposed that because out of 251 ships only 70 have chaplains, anything like that proportion of men are without attention being paid to their spiritual wants by providing chaplains, because the number of men in the ships with chaplains is as 23,000 to the whole number of 33,000. Therefore there are 10,000 to 23,000 who are not brought immediately under the supervision of chaplains. Further, 38 tenders to these 70 ships, with a complement of 784, or on the average 21 men in each, have the services of chaplains. There are tenders to the great ships, and the chaplains of the great ships are responsible for the supervision of the men in the tenders, so that you must consider that something like another 1000 men are directly brought under the influence of the chaplains; leaving about 9000 who are not. Of the remaining 143 ships, with a complement of 9,800 men, or an average of 69 men, which ships have no chaplains—these when in company with a ship that has a chaplain, can command the services of a chaplain when they happen to be on a station where one of the larger ships is."

It should also be borne in mind that only 75 per cent. of these men belong to the Church of England, so that there are comparatively few, who are, for any length of time, beyond the reach of the ministration of her clergy.

The last point to which we must refer is that though these chaplains do not take out the licence of any bishop, they are practically quite as much under spiritual control as the rest of our clergy. We need not quote instances to show how a parochial incumbent may set his bishop at defiance, in a manner in which it would be quite impossible for a chaplain in the Fleet to disregard a bishop's wishes. The Admiralty desires to interfere as little as possible with the regular arrangements of the different dioceses where their clergy labour and these have the benefit of the fatherly counsel and episcopal assistance of all the bishops where our seamen and marines are trained and serve. To say nothing of the freer Churches of our colonies, in England they are brought specially into contact with such men as Archbishop Tait, with his suffragan of Dover who bears a name dear to seamen; with the Bishops of Rochester, Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, Truro, and S. David's.

The Naval clergy and the Naval laity will not willingly forego such practical advantages, as this arrangement gives them, in exchange for a theoretical maritime Episcopate.

AN OLD CHAPLAIN IN THE FLEET.

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THE OPEN CHURCH.

PARADISE of Glory,
How we long for thee,
When, by tempests driven
Heart and courage flee;
Long to stand, sin-cleansed,
'Neath thy portals blest,
Long to see thy Beauty,
Long to feel GOD'S Rest.

When the heart is weary,
With its load of sin,
And dark storm-clouds gather
O'er the soul within,
When our feet are treading,
Tired, the thorny road—
Come we to the shelter
Of the Church of GOD.

And its sacred stillness
Drives away our care,
Earthly strife and suffering
Cannot enter there.
Fair its peaceful beauty,
Lit with holy calm
To the troubled spirits,
Like refreshing balm.

Then, we kneel, O JESU,
At Thine Altar fair,
Laying down our burden,
And our trials, there;
Finding in Thy Presence,
Peace, the gift most sweet,
As Thou the ten belov'd ones,
Didst at Easter greet:

Peace amid the turmoil,
Comfort in the strife,
Rest for sad and weary
In the war of life,
Whisperings of joy bowers,
In the battle's din,
Glimpses of their brightness,
Through the veil of sin.

'Tis the Gate of Glory,
Shrine of peace and love,
In this world of sighing,
Taste of bliss above:
Where the light that lightens
Heaven, the dear Home Land,
Shines upon us exiles
To earth's dreary strand.

'Neath the hallowed arches
Of Thy Holy Home,
Pain, and woe, and sadness
Never, never come:
Like a sun its gladness
Chases night away,
Swallows up our sadness,
In the burst of day.

White wings rustle o'er us,
As we kneel in prayer,
Guardian Angels bending,
Clad in raiment fair,
Whisper of the Beauty
Of the Land of Light,
Waft our supplications
To the Throne all-bright.

Then the organ thunder
Wakes the echoes nigh,
And the sweet boy voices,
Pealing clear and high,
Mingle in grand music
Like some far off dream,
Wild harp notes come ringing
From the Land unseen.

And celestial fragrance
From those spirit flowers
Wafts in clouds of rapture,
To this world of ours,
As the swelling chorus,
Men and Angels sing,
Rises, on sweet incense,
To Creation's King.

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May each blessed moment,
In Thy House, O CHRIST,
Mould us for the Temple,
Built with stones unpriced;
Where the Saints are ever,
'Neath the arches bright,
Rapt in blissful sunshine
From the source of light.

Where the white-robed choir,
Raise an endless song,
And glad strains of music
Roll the aisles along,
Ringing clear through balmy
Incense-laden air,
May we worship, SAVIOUR,
In that Temple fair.

K. E. F.

ŒDIPUS, THE FULFILLING OF DESTINY.

AN OLD GREEK TALE.

THE fair city of Cadmus, glittering in that broad plain of Bœotia, on the southern side of which frowned the lofty ridge and wild peaks of Cithæron, had been from the first a prey to many a strange calamity. Misfortune had dogged the footsteps of the Phœnician stranger, its founder, even to his own end. The wrath of Heré, called forth at the first by her old jealousy of Europé, her rival in the affections of Zeus, fell also on the guiltless brother, and though the city of Thebes grew in strength, it also grew in the fame of the misfortunes of its rulers. But now at last, after a long lapse of years, after many a strange vicissitude had visited those who therein had borne sway, the calamities of the place seemed to have come to an end under the kingly rule of Œdipus, a stranger, as it was thought, whom the people's voice had with one consent called to the throne of the Labdacidæ. And right well did he deserve that high honour, and the hearty welcome with which he was greeted by a grateful people. For Laius, the old king, the son of Labdacus, had strangely disappeared from the sight of men. Whither he had gone no one could tell. It was only known that he had travelled forth, attended by a faithful charioteer and a few others. Such was his will, which no man dared to cross, and from that journey he had never returned. What had become of him, or whither he had gone, no one could conjecture. His throne meanwhile was vacant,—but who was to occupy it? Who was to take up and wield the sceptre that had fallen from his hand? Children he had none. One indeed his queen had born to him, but that birth had brought no joy to the house or to the father's heart. Dark had grown the face of Laius, fierce was

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the frown that furrowed his brow when the messenger brought him the tidings, "Thou art the father of a fair boy." For in the days of his early manhood, when his marriage with the beauteous Jocasta had hitherto proved unfruitful, he had in his anxiety for a son and heir to his throne inquired of the god, the far-darter, the far-seeing, the son of the deep counselling Zeus, and this had been the answer of Loxias to him:—

"O son of Labdacus, thou prayest for goodly offspring,—a fair son will I surely give to thee; but at the hands of this thy son shalt thou be reft of the light of day. So hath fate decreed, and such is the will of Zeus, in recompense of a sin of thine own youth, and in answer to the curse which Pelops imprecated upon thee."

Thus spake bright Phœbus Apollo; and ever did that, his mournful doom, hang over the mind of Laius, albeit buried in the depths of his own darksome soul, damping all his joy in prosperity, poisoning his festal cup, marring the blessedness—otherwise unalloyed—of his own home life. And thus when he heard of the ill-omened birth, his fears for the worst were stirred within him, and in the hope perchance to avert his threatened destiny, he commanded the hapless infant to be committed to the charge of a trusty servant, who should make an end of him. By him was the innocent babe cast forth exposed upon Mount Cithæron, on one of the tree-clad slopes, there in the savage wilds, those dark haunts of the death-loving spirits of evil, to meet his doom. And henceforth no doubt remained in the mind of Laius that his undesired son had perished, either by exposure to the cold, or by the slow lingering death of famine, or by the merciful jaws of some devouring beast that had made him his prey, some ravening wolf, or fierce lion, or mountain bear, or rapacious eagle. So at last the anxious thoughts of the king were set at rest, and he feared no more that doom with which the oracle of Zeus had threatened him.

But after the lapse of many years Laius had disappeared, and had left none to take his place, to sit on his throne and wield his sceptre; and the elders of Thebes were perplexed, and were at a loss to whom they should entrust the royal power, for the laws were set at nought by evil men, and there was no sceptre-bearing king, inspired by Zeus, to execute judgment and justice in the land. The people therefore clamoured for a king who should rule them with might and equity, for they hated Creon the queen's brother, who had assumed the government for the time. His rule was not prosperous, his character

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was severe, his sense of equity was feeble, little knew he, and less cared he for Justice, the co-assessor of the gods of the nether world.

And now a new calamity troubled that city, hated of the gods. A fell monster laid waste her fields of golden corn and her bright green pastures with her poisonous breath, yea and further, devoured the men who fell within her way. Whence she came, and who she was no one knew, but all saw in her a portent of evil omen from the deathless gods. A fair woman above was she, but no woman's soul was there within; the body of a foul dog was joined to that beautiful bust, and a lion's paws, eagle's wings, and a serpent's tail completed her horribly varied figure. Her birth was above that of men. Dread monsters, the Storm King and the Viper had been her progenitors, and Heré's undying wrath had sent her to the ill-fated offspring of Cadmus. No one could save the country from her all-desolating fury, save only that this poor hope was left to the Cadmeians,—could any one be found adventurous enough to face her, and by the inspiration of the gods above solve the riddle which she might propound, then his wise answer would be her death-blow, and the city of Thebes would be free from the curse. But who could do this? Many, alas, made the attempt in vain, and the failure of each added one more victim to the monster's all-devouring maw, and plunged the citizens into deeper despair. Right royal rewards were offered to any who should achieve this enterprise, even the crown of Thebes, and with it the hand of Jocasta, the still youthful widow of the lost ruler Laius. But these glittering prizes still remained unwon.

Œdipus at length drew near to the city; Œdipus, the man with ankles bored through and swollen, although otherwise the fairest of men; Œdipus, the son, as it was supposed, of Polybus, rich Corinth's ruler. He was self-exiled from his home, for an oracle had declared that he should one day be the slayer of his own father who had begotten him, and commit further another unholy deed, hitherto unheard of among men. Dreading this he had left Corinth, determined never to return so long as Polybus, whom alone he knew as a father, should continue in life. But vain is the endeavour to elude the decrees of fate. *Polybus* had not begotten him, but being himself without a son, had adopted him, a strange child, whom a stranger of mean appearance had brought to the city. And he had grown up in the mansions of Polybus as his son, and yet was not his son. But this he knew not.

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And now his wandering steps had taken him to Thebes, where he learnt the sad calamity of the city, and the despair of its senators. His kingly soul was moved within him to pity, and he resolved himself to undertake the enterprise, and face the dreadful and dreaded monster. He went up the hill, followed by the prayers and good wishes of all; he stood before the savage portent, and spake boldly and confidently:

"Put forth thy riddle, thou horror, and I will solve it."

Then she answered slowly, turning fully upon him her cold, glassy, expressionless eye:

"What is that creature that walks this earth, on four feet, on two, and on three, and yet its voice is but one; and of all the creatures that creep upon earth, or soar in the air, or dive into the depths of the sea, it alone changes its form: but when it goes, by limbs most supported, then its swiftness and strength are at the least?"

Œdipus looking steadfastly into that pitiless eye, that was then fastened upon him, answered with loud voice:

"Hear, though against thy will, thou ill-omened monster, thou herald of death. From my voice shalt thou hear the well-earned doom for thy sin. Of *man* hast thou spoken, who first when he crawls upon earth, the weakest, supports himself on limbs four. But when old age wears down his strength, then he supports his tottering steps with a staff."

When she heard this answer, with a wild shriek of despair that rang through men's ears for days after, Sphinx dashed her head against a rock. And so the city of Cadmus was freed for ever from the monster. With joy and gladness did the people of Thebes welcome Œdipus as their deliverer and their king. He entered the palace; he mounted the throne of Laius, and after a short space his nuptials with the queen Jocasta were celebrated, amid the rejoicing of the whole people.

For many a year did he rule in Thebes, and he gave the people of the land no reason to repent of their choice; for he executed judgment and justice among them with strict integrity. He was as a father to his people, and all loved him. Meanwhile his wife had borne to him four beauteous children, two boys and two girls, who were now growing up before him, fair and accomplished all. Happy seemed his lot; happy was his household; happy was the city of Cadmus under his rule. Men said, "It will be his lot to go down to the grave, when the irreversible doom falls upon him, in a good old age, honoured,

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respected, loved; his memory will be reported by the gifted of song with all praise; and his name will be retained in the world by worthy offspring, noble scions of a noble stock."

But who can forecast the future? Trouble again, manifestly sent by some god, fell upon that city of many troubles. The crops were ruined, a murrain wasted the herds of cattle, and a death-giving pestilence raged in the city. In vain did the people supplicate the cloud-compeller Zeus and Athene. There appeared no remedy for their ills.

Their king felt for them. No pleasure-hunter, no selfish haunter of the palace was he. The cry of a people's distress had reached his ears. He sent swift messengers with Creon to consult the oracle of the prophet-god in holy Delphi. Short and heart-moving was the answer of Loxias: "The stain of *blood* rests upon the land. The soul of Laius cries out for recompense. Drive out the pollution."

But where was that pollution to be found? Who had slain the king? Œdipus sought for the murderer and imprecated against him curses, most dire, but none knew upon whom that curse might fall. Whispers were spread about of a deed of violence, from which one had escaped. Too full of fear had he been to note accurately what had happened, and he spake darkly of robber bands. In his perplexity the king summoned the wise seer Tiresias, whom the Gods had bereft of bodily sight, but had in recompense gifted with knowledge of the future, and of him he inquired what he should do? Brief and dark was the answer of the seer; and indeed for a long time he refused to say anything plainly, until Œdipus, whose hot blood and imperious temper could brook no opposition, threatened the old seer with dreadful threats, and accused him of having been suborned by Creon to deprive him of his throne, for Tiresias had thrown out a hint that both the evil and the remedy rested with Œdipus himself. Bitter was the altercation that followed, until at last, moved to anger by the king's cutting words, the servant of Loxias opened out to him something of the future, albeit yet obscurely. He declared Œdipus himself to be the cause of the divine judgment; he foretold that the day was near when under the curse of both father and mother, he should go forth from the land a blind exile, supported by his staff only, dependent for a scanty subsistence upon the precarious charity of others, who should loathe and shrink from his person as from a pollution.

But Œdipus still thought that the seer's answer was inspired by Creon's jealousy; and though he let the old man depart unharmed,

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save indeed by bitter reproaches, he turned his wrath against his supposed suborner, Creon, his wife's brother, with whom he was soon in fierce strife engaged. Ah! vain man, to despise the messenger of Loxias, the all-seeing, to whom the Father of gods and men had given the power to know future things. Ah! foolish man, in the fulness of his own power to insult the innocent, and alienate his friends. Fierce was his reproach of Creon; hot was Creon's answer in reply; nor could any one put an end to the unseemly strife, until the queen herself drew near and spake words of peace, so that the anger of Œdipus was somewhat softened, and Creon was suffered to depart from the royal house unscathed though still muttering threats.

But a terrible suspicion darted into the soul of Œdipus, when Jocasta made known to him what she had of late discovered of the circumstances of Laius's death. For that he was really dead, not only had the oracle of Apollo declared, but a servant from the folds who had happened to be present, and who alone of those present had escaped, reported the same to Jocasta. And she now told the king that in a retired place where the roads from Daulis and Delphi meet together and run through Phocis, Laius had met his fate, shortly before Œdipus had come to Thebes. And Œdipus remembered that about that time, he had chanced to fall in with a chariot at that same place: and the old, white-haired man within commanded him imperiously to get out of his way, and when he with the impatient spirit of youth refused, the driver struck him; whereupon Œdipus had felled him to the ground. Then the old man had interfered in the fray, and aimed a dagger's stroke at his heart. Whereupon Œdipus, in self-defence, as he deemed it, had struck him on the temples, and he never spoke again. Was that old man LAIUS? Was Œdipus himself the pollution whom the gods required to be driven out of the land? A fearful horror came upon him, and to clear up all doubt he sent immediately for that herdman who had escaped. Meanwhile as he was distracted by various conflicting thoughts and anxious forebodings, a messenger came from Corinth, bearing tidings alike of good and evil. Polybus was dead, and the hearts of the Corinthians were yearning for Œdipus, whom they wished to have for their king. Œdipus mourned over the death of his father, as he deemed it, but rejoiced in that he had escaped the fate which the oracle had threatened to him, of being his own father's murderer. But while he gave vent to his joy, the messenger interrupted him: "No son of Polybus, O king, art thou save by adoption. I

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myself saved thee from an untimely doom in thy earliest infancy. I received thee from the hands of a herdman of Laius, who had found thee, a tender infant, exposed on Mount Cithæron in a wild wood-covered hollow, far from the tracks of men. I bare thee to Corinth, where Polybus took thee to be a light to his own childless home."

Thus spake the messenger from Corinth; and when Jocasta heard this story, with a fearful shriek she rushed away from the presence-hall, and hurried to an inner chamber. But no surmise of the truth crossed the mind of Œdipus. Anxious, however, to discover his real parentage, he sent a messenger to that old herdman, whom he had already summoned, to hurry his movements. He came, and then by his testimony the whole of this dread mystery was cleared. It was *Œdipus* himself who had slain Laius, and upon *him* therefore had fallen the wrath of the avenging gods, who were then desolating the land: upon *him* had fallen the imprecation which his own lips had denounced. In consequence of the oracle he had been given to the herdman that he might be exposed upon Mount Cithæron; but the old man had in pity given him to the Corinthian stranger, who had taken him a helpless babe to Corinth, and had handed him over to Polybus.

There was terrible wailing throughout the royal palace. In the city men's hearts were heavy, and their countenances were sad from sympathy with the calamity of their king, Jocasta was no more. She had hanged herself in her own inner chamber, as soon as she had heard the tidings from the Corinthian stranger; and the king whom his people loved, the king who had saved them from the dread monster, in the first fury of his horror and despair, had torn out his own eyes, as being unworthy to look upon the light of the sun, after he had done such unholy deeds. And now he sat in his chamber, a blind miserable wreck of his former self, vainly praying for death at the hands of those who were around him, exposed to the contemptuous pity and cruel mercy of Creon, the very man whom he had himself insulted and threatened in the days of his own power. But Creon who had assumed the government, knew not what it was to spare the fallen. In vain did Œdipus pray that he might be driven out as the pollutor of the land, that he might be permitted to wander forth into strange places where he was not known, and whither his evil influence could not penetrate. But other counsels swayed the minds of the new rulers of Thebes, and for a time Œdipus was suffered to remain in the mansion of the kings, neglected and forgotten by men, but cheer-

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fully waited upon and tended by his two daughters, until at length the violence of his sorrow had spent itself, and he learnt at last submission to his lot. He was content to remain in the land of his birth, thought little of indeed by the people over whom he had ruled so prosperously, but suffered to enjoy rest, peace, and quiet.

S. C. A.

NOTES ON THE PRIMITIVE LITURGIES.

BY DAVID BURNARD JONES.

(*Continued from page* 200.)

XII. The Liturgy of S. Adæus.

§ 102. *Liturgical Family.* The Liturgy of the blessed Apostles SS. Adæus and Maris is the norm of a family of Liturgies in use among the Nestorians, who "at the time of the First Crusade, formed a larger communion than the Eastern and Western Churches put together," but are now "reduced to a few hundred families, in an obscure corner of that continent which once they dominated."

This family is variously known as the Eastern, the Edessene, (from the city of Edessa,) the Nestorian, the Persian, and the Assyrian or East Syrian.

In Dr. Neale's Translations he speaks of the Liturgy of S. Adæus as *All Apostles*; elsewhere he calls it the "Liturgy of the Apostles, ascribed to SS. Adæus and Maris." Dr. Badger calls it "The Liturgy of Mâr Adäi and Mâr Mâri, of the Seventy, commonly called the 'Liturgy of the Apostles.'" Adai, Adæus, and Tadæus, all equal Thaddeus.

The other extant Liturgies of this family are those of Theodore the Interpreter, Nestorius (the arch-heretic,) and that formerly in use among the Christians of S. Thomas, or Malabar.

Two others are mentioned by Mâr 'Abd-Yeshua', (or Ebed-Jesus,) Metropolitan of Nisibis, A.D. 1298, in his *Catalogue of Syrian Fathers*, those, namely, of Narsai and Barsoma. Dr. Littledale calls the former *Narses the Leper*. These two, and one ascribed to Diodorus of Tarsus, are believed to be lost.

The following note is generally prefixed to the Syriac MSS. of the Liturgy of Theodore: "Be it known that when Mâr Awa went into

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the country of the Greeks, he translated this Liturgy from Greek into Syriac, with the assistance of the divine, Mâr Tûma, of Râha." Mâr Awa is said to have died in A.D. 552. Dr. Badger said that he had looked in vain elsewhere for some confirmation of this Nestorian record. Mr. Palmer however states, that Leontius of Byzantium, [A.D. 590,] accused Theodore of Mopsuestia of writing a Liturgy, "neither regarding that of the Apostles, nor that of Basil the Great, written in the same spirit." Palmer's *Origines*, Dissert. § ii. p. 46.

Ebed-Jesus states that the Liturgy of Nestorius was translated (into Syriac) by Tooma and Mâr Awa.

The Liturgy of Malabar, or S. Thomas, requires a brief notice, as it is on several grounds of great importance; though we believe that in its origin it is simply an edition of S. Adæus, with some possibly independent matter.

At some early period, possibly in the fifth century, the Church of Malabar, which claims to have been founded by the Apostle S. Thomas, adopted the opinions of Nestorius, and thenceforth, until the sixteenth century, obtained its metropolitan from the Nestorian Patriarch.

In the sixteenth century the Portuguese endeavoured to procure the submission of this people to Rome, with, however, but indifferent success, until in 1594, Alexius de Menezes was appointed Archbishop of Goa. He entered upon the work with such firmness, perseverance, and unscrupulousness, that in 1599, at the Synod of Diamper, he procured, (although the Synod only lasted seven days), the rejection of Nestorius, and of the Patriarch of Mosul, submission to the Roman See, and the delivery to him of all books, &c., in order that they might be destroyed, or purged of heretical doctrine.

Owing to this destruction of books by the Jesuits, very little is known about the history of the Church of Malabar, and their Liturgies are not known to exist, except that of S. Thomas, as revised by the Jesuits, of which Dr. Neale has attempted a restoration.

When, some time after, (about A.D. 1665,) the Dutch expelled the Jesuits, some of the Syrians threw off the Papal yoke, and, unable to obtain a metropolitan from Mosul, attached themselves to the Syro-Jacobites, and adopted their Liturgies.

§ 103. *Antiquity.* The antiquity of S. Adæus was denied by Mr. Palmer, on the ground that S. Ephrem Syrus places the Great Intercession *after* the Invocation, contrary to the present use. To which Dr. Neale replies: (1) That the change of the place of a prayer was

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no unusual occurrence in Liturgies; (2) That S. Ephrem's words, so far as they tell either way, are in accordance with the opposite opinion.

In favour of the Liturgy, Dr. Neale urges (1) That the Liturgy of Nestorius borrows, either from S. Chrysostom or S. Basil, the phrase "Changing them by Thy HOLY GHOST," which must have been done before A.D. 431, since after that date the Nestorians would not have borrowed from Constantinople, nor have been likely to introduce such a phrase as that; (2) That the Liturgy of Nestorius borrows from S. Adæus, which must therefore be of still earlier date; (3) The very name of S. Adæus shows its Persian origin; (4) It has no taint of Nestorianism, while the other two have; (5) It bears every mark of the remotest age; (6) That had such a change of Liturgy taken place among the Christians of the far East, the opponents of Nestorianism would have cast it in their teeth.

But the first of these arguments of Dr. Neale's may be very considerably strengthened by a circumstance which he appears to have overlooked. When writing, in his *General Introduction*, of the Post-Sanctus, he says, with reference to the Liturgies of Theodore and Nestorius: "The other two forms contain nothing remarkable."[1] This, however, does not hold good of the Liturgy of Nestorius.

For a careful comparison of the Post-Sanctus of S. Basil with that of Nestorius will show that the composer of the latter Anaphora has not merely imitated the Cæsarean rite, but has simply taken about one-third of the Post-Sanctus of S. Basil, and incorporated it into his own Post-Sanctus, merely making one or two verbal changes; and has also, in his Preface, borrowed several passages from the Preface of S. Basil.

So that, instead of saying that the Liturgy of Nestorius borrows a phrase from either S. Basil *or* S. Chrysostom, we are able to say that an important part of it is practically word for word with S. Basil.

Another result of this is, that we are able to say that within fifty years of S. Basil's death, (A.D. 379,) the text of an important part of the Liturgy bearing his name agreed with the present text.

Some other indications of antiquity we shall notice as we go along.

[1] By comparing this with what he says elsewhere, that "the Liturgy of Nesterius is a graft of the Constantinopolitan on the old Assyrian rite," we see that Dr. Neale recognised the style, but had never instituted a close comparison. The author had himself several times read the borrowed part, and had recognised one or two phrases, before he saw that the whole context was taken bodily from S. Basil.

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§ 104. *Special Features.* These are: (1) The division of the Liturgy into three parts; (2) The position of the Great Intercession, mixed up with the Great Oblation; (3) The peculiar wording of the third versicle before the Preface; (4) The insertion of a prayer between the versicles and Preface.

The omission of the Words of Institution in S. Adæus is not, as we shall see, a special feature of its Liturgical family. The short, stern nature of the prayers in S. Adæus has been already noticed.

§ 105. *The Pro-Anaphora.* The Priest says, "Glory be to GOD on high," down to "goodwill towards men;" the LORD'S Prayer, and the following prayer: "In Thy compassion, O LORD our GOD, strengthen our weakness, that we may administer the holy sacraments which were given for the salvation of our race, through the mercies of Thy well-beloved SON, O LORD of all, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen." Pss. xv.,[1] cl., and cxvii., follow.

It is worth while noticing that nearly, if not quite, all the Offices of the Nestorians open in the same way as the Liturgy does. Thus, in the Baptismal Office the first prayer is word for word with the above, the words "of sin-forgiving Baptism," being inserted after the word "sacraments." In the Baptismal Office, too, there is throughout a parallelism with the Liturgy. The same thing occurs in the Coptic, Ethiopic, and one[2] of the Maronite Baptismal rites.

The prayer beginning "In Thy compassion," is said on the higher festivals. On lesser days one is said which, in the Malabar Liturgy, follows it. The Psalms given are for the lesser days. For Sundays, and all the greater festivals, others are appointed. The Psalms ended, the Priest says the following *Canon:* "Make me to stand before Thy altar, O LORD, with a pure heart. *Deacon.* Peace be with us."

The word *Canon*, in the Nestorian rites, is given to a number of fixed formulæ, mostly doxologies, which occur in different parts of the services, and at the end of prayers.

After a second short prayer, which like the first one, varies with the day, the Deacons sing, at the door of the Bema, the *Oneetha d'Kanké* or Anthem of the Altar, answering in position to the Introit of the Western, and the Initial Hymn of the Orthodox Eastern, Church. This

[1] In the E. C. A. version this is printed xc., clearly by a printer's error, since in the translator's "Nestorians and their Liturgies," in Renaudot's version, and the Malabar Liturgy, it is xv.

[2] The Maronite Office of James of Serug.

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is followed by a Prayer, an exclamation of the Deacon, said three times in the Malabar rite, (twice by the Priest,) and a short petition introducing the *Trisagion*. The short prayer which follows the Trisagion is noticeable: "O Thou Holy and Adorable, Thou Strong and Immortal One, Who dwellest in the saints who perform Thy will, we pray that Thou wouldest regard, pity, and have mercy upon us, as is ever Thy wont, O LORD of all, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST." It is not a little curious that in Greek and Syriac S. James and S. Chrysostom, the corresponding prayer should open with the same expression "Who restest in the holies." We may observe that the use of certain passages of Scripture, &c., in the same connexion, by different Liturgical families, is one of the most curious facts in Liturgiology, and one which deserves more attention than it has, so far as we know, received.

The use of the *Trisagion* is one proof of the antiquity of this Liturgy. If borrowed from the Greeks, it must have been done before A.D. 431. It also corroborates, we think, the theory of Neale and Freeman, as to its Apostolic, and even Jewish, antiquity. It seems unlikely that a very recent introduction should have found its way, by A.D. 431, into the Liturgy of the far East.

The *Trisagion* is followed by the Lections, which consist of (1) Two *Karyané;* (2) Apostle; (3) Gospel. The first *Karyana* is taken from the Old Testament; the second usually from the Acts, but in a few cases from the Old Testament. We have already pointed out that *Prophecy* was formerly more widely read than it is at present. The *Karyané* are followed by a *Shooraya*, answering to the Mozarabic *Psalterium*. Then a short prayer, a *Turgama* or anthem, and a blessing, are said, and the Apostle is read, the Deacon adding, "Glory to CHRIST our LORD." Then a short prayer is said and is followed by the *Zoomara*, which answers to the Roman Gradual, and, (though not exactly in position) to the Constantinopolitan *Prokeimenon*.

The *Karyana* is now read by the *Karoya*, or Reader, at the door of the Altar, on the south side; the *Shlicha*, or Apostle, by the Subdeacon, on the north side. Formerly, however, the Epistle was read on the Gagolta, or ambon, at the west end of the Church.

Before the Gospel, Incense is burnt, and three short prayers are said, one of them by the Priest "as he bears the Gospel from the Altar to the door of the Bema." This, it may be noticed, is the nearest approach we find to the *Little Entrance* of the Orthodox Church. The *Turgama*, or anthem, being sung, the Deacon Epistoler takes the

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censer and says aloud: "Stand ready to hear the holy Gospel," and another adds: "Let all keep silence." The congregation then uncover their heads, the "Peace be with you" is said and the response given. Then the Gospel is read, either by the Priest, or, if one be present, by the *Gospel Deacon*,[1] the exclamation "Glory to CHRIST the LORD" being said before the reading, and after it "Glory to CHRIST the LORD, and let us all commit ourselves and one another to the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST." Dr. Badger adds that the Epistles and Gospels "are strikingly adapted to the occasions for which they are appointed, and are generally remarkable for their devotional and practical character." After the Gospel another anthem, from a different collection, the *Warda*, is sung.

In the Malabar rite the Lections are deferred till a later stage of the Liturgy.

The *Ektené* follows, which Renaudot calls the *Proclamatio*. Neither Renaudot nor Badger prints it, but Neale does in his Malabar version. It differs considerably from, and yet curiously suggests, that of Constantinople. Among its commemorations are, "the Mother of *Christ*;" "The Lord Patriarch, the Pastor of the whole Church;" (*not* the Pope of Rome, but the Nestorian Patriarch of Babylon); and "S. Nestorius (the arch-heretic), S. Diodorus, S. Theodore" (of Mopsuestia), &c.

In the Malabar rite the censing of the Paten, Chalice Veil, and Chalice, the mixture of the wine with water, and the Offertory, follow. The Assyrian rite proceeds at once to the Offertory, but the mixed Chalice is always used,[2] as it is in every other rite, except the Armenian. This is especially to be noted, since an attempt has very lately been made to depreciate the use of a rite which is mentioned by S. Justin Martyr, A.D. 150, and was a Paschal ceremony.

Among the versicles said at this point, two must not be allowed to pass entirely unnoticed. The first is, "On the holy altar be there a commemoration of [*Mal.* the Virgin] Mary, the Mother of CHRIST," where we see the Nestorian heresy, which refuses to call the B. V. M. the Mother of GOD. The second is peculiar to the Malabar rite: "*Deacon*. The Mighty GOD is with us, our FATHER is with us, our Angel, our

[1] Either a Deacon as distinguished from a Sub-Deacon; or one distinguished by that title from his fellow-Deacons. Without a Deacon (or at least a Reader) the Liturgy cannot be celebrated. This is also the custom of the Orthodox Eastern Church.

[2] Badger's *Syriac Liturgies*. E. C. A. Occasional Paper, No. xvii. Rivingtons.

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Helper, the GOD of Jacob." Upon this Dr. Neale remarks: "If we compare these versicles and responses with the 'GOD is with us' in the Great Apodeipnon[1] of the Constantinopolitan rite, (which we know to be, at the very latest, of the beginning of the fourth century,) we may conclude them in like manner to be of the most remote antiquity."

In Renaudot's edition the Offertory is made to follow the Expulsion of Catechumens, instead of preceding it, as here.

The Malabar rite has an addition here which must be noticed. As the Priest covers the oblations, he says, "Thou coverest Thyself with light as with a garment," &c., "now and ever, and to ages of ages;" and then washes his hands. While doing so the Deacon says as follows: "By the prayer and supplication of the angels of peace and love, we ask, (People) *From Thee, O Lord.* Night and day and all the days of our life, we ask for eternal peace to Thy Church, and a life without sins, (People) *From, &c.* Remission of sins and that which may be profitable to our life, and may appease His Divinity, we ask, (People) *From, &c.* The mercies of the LORD, and His benignity, ever and at all times, we ask, (People) *From, &c.* Ourselves and our souls let us commend to the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, (People) *To Thee, O Lord.*"

We have given this from its very curious resemblance to the Constantinopolitan Ektené. Notice the expression "Angels of peace." The angel of peace is often mentioned by S. Chrysostom. So again, the "Let us commend," is almost word for word with the "Let us commend ourselves and each other and all our life to CHRIST our GOD;" said at the end of the Ektené.[2] So also the "To Thee, O LORD," is the very response which follows that Ektené.

The inference seems a very strong one that we see here the influence of Constantinople. But another supposition is equally probable—that both rites have retained or adapted and developed a Jewish use;[3] and

[1] The Western *Compline*. The Great Apodeipnon is said during Lent.

[2] And a similar clause occurs at the end of the Ektené which comes just before the Anaphora in the Clementine Liturgy.

[3] We mean that the Jews probably had a kind of prayer, which beginning with a petition for peace, afterwards went on to mention special needs. The modern Jewish services contain some prayers (believed to be of great antiquity) which have a sufficiently close resemblance to the Christian Ektené to suggest that both are derived from the same source. One clause is particularly noticeable—*without shame and without disgrace;* cf. the clause in the Christian Ektené, used in the same connexion—*without pain and without shame;* or as in the Great Intercession —*without shame and offence.*

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it is not a little curious that these Malabaric petitions are exactly those of the short Ektené before the Trisagion in Greek S. James, which Trollope considers to be "of very early date, if indeed it did not constitute a genuine portion of the original Liturgy."

The Offertory is followed, in both the Malabar and Dr. Badger's version, by two prayers and the Expulsion of the Catechumens. Renaudot's version makes this precede the Offertory, thus occupying its more usual position. The Nicene Creed is then said, the Malabar rite inserting the Lections before it. The Creed, of course, has not the *Filioque* clause. After the Creed follow some prayers for the acceptance of the Oblation, and then the Kiss of Peace. The Malabar has, immediately following the Creed, two prayers not in S. Adæus. The first is really an Ektené, or Deacon's bidding prayer, and consists of two subjects, prayer for the departed, and for the acceptance of the sacrifice. It begins: "Pray, bearing in memory our fathers, the Catholics, and all Presbyters and Deacons." The Roman Censors allowed the term "Catholics" to remain, in the sense of "our Catholic fathers," but it originally referred to the Catholic of Mosul or Babylon. It seems, too, to denote the great age of the Ektené that the term "Catholic" should be employed, since that term had been dropped in A.D. 498, and the higher title of Patriarch been assumed, though it is not certain that the two were not both used in the same sense. The same Ektené contains the following sentence: "That *by the Word of God* and the HOLY GHOST it [the Oblation] may be consecrated"—to which we shall refer again.

The *Kiss of Peace* is then given, and the Diptychs [*Diopatkeen*] are read, after which one or two short prayers for acceptance are said, and the Anaphora follows.

§ 106. *The Anaphora.* The Priest offers incense, and says in a loud voice: "The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and the love of GOD the FATHER," &c., and signs the Sacraments. The people answer *Amen.* It should be noticed that though the Benediction now adopts the order of that in 2 Cor. xiii. 13, the words "of GOD *the Father*" seem to indicate an original agreement with S. James. The Priest then says the *Sursum Corda*, the response to which is: "Unto Thee, O GOD of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." This it should be remarked, is only one of a great many decidedly Jewish traits in the Nestorians, who have, in fact, been supposed by some to be the lost Ten Tribes. The *Sursum Corda* is very much amplified in the Liturgies of Theodore and Nestorius; in the latter as follows: "To the highest heights above,

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to the place of the awful praises, where the fluttering of the wings of the cherubim ceases not, nor is there any intermission to their hallelujahs, or to the song of Holy, Holy, Holy, of the Seraphim, thither lift up your hearts."

In the next sentence the Assyrian rites have a very noticeable variation from that which every other Church employs. Instead of saying, "Let us give thanks," &c., S. Adæus has, "The Oblation unto GOD, the LORD of all, is about to be offered." The Liturgies of Theodore and Nestorius expand this also, as we showed on p. 292. They all have the usual response, "It is meet and right."

Another peculiarity of this family is the insertion at this point of a short exhortation from the Deacon, (in S. Adæus simply "Peace be with us,") and a prayer of the Priest. Thus, S. Adæus: "O LORD, our LORD, vouchsafe unto us an unclouded countenance in Thy presence, that with the boldness which cometh from Thee we may administer this holy service, with our minds free from all evil and bitterness; and sow within us love, and confidence, and goodwill towards one another, and towards all men."

The Preface, which follows, is very similar to that of every other rite, but is shorter in S. Adæus, and opens in a slightly different way, thus: "Praise becometh all lips, thanksgiving all tongues, and adoration and magnifying from all creatures, to the adorable and glorious Name, the exalted TRINITY," &c.

Of the Prefaces of the two other offices, that of Nestorius is noticeable for its greater length, and for its curious employment of a number of expressions and passages of Scripture, which also occur in the Preface to Constantinopolitan S. Basil. Another point is, that here, as in the Creed, the Liturgies of Theodore and Nestorius speak of the Procession of the HOLY SPIRIT. The former has: "The Spirit of Truth, Who, O FATHER, is from Thee;" the latter: "the Spirit of Truth, Who proceedeth forth from Thee, O FATHER."

According to Renaudot's version, the *Benedictus* does not form part of the Triumphal Hymn in S. Adæus, while Dr. Badger merely has "Holy, Holy, Holy," &c. But it occurs in the Liturgies of Theodore, Nestorius, and Malabar. It also occurs in the Baptismal Office, which, as we have already said, is adopted (sometimes awkwardly, as here) from the Liturgy. The Malabar is curious: "Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD, mighty GOD, heaven and earth are full of His songs," &c.

The Post-Sanctus follows the usual type, and we must not dwell

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upon it. But that of Nestorius calls for special notice. We saw just now that its Preface was suggestive of S. Basil, and our readers are aware that either from S. Basil or S. Chrysostom it borrows the phrase "Changing them by Thy HOLY GHOST;" and a close examination clearly shows, what has not hitherto been pointed out, that a large portion of the Post-Sanctus is taken bodily from S. Basil. Thus the latter has: "Gave Himself a ransom unto death, wherein we were held, sold under sin, and passing by the Cross into Hades . . . He loosed the pains of death," &c. Compare the following: "And yielded Himself unto death for every man, under whose sentence they were, to whose power they were subject, to whom we were sold for our sins. And He descended into *sheol*, and loosed the bands of death,"[1] &c.

One sentence, however, throws suspicion on the antiquity of the Liturgy of Nestorius. "*After the Paschal Supper of Moses*, He took bread," &c. But this must either be a late insertion, or an accidental allusion, in no way resulting from the controversy concerning Azymes.

The Liturgy of S. Adæus, as we have it, omits the *Words of Institution*. But they are found in the two other Liturgies, and in the Malabar rite. That they were found in the latter originally, we know from the corrections which the Portuguese made, and it is all but certain that the form was that which was formerly in S. Adæus. Ancient Nestorian writers mention the Words, and although some (not all) of the Nestorians have been unsound on the doctrine of the Eucharist, it seems difficult to suppose the Words to have been omitted on this account, while they are left in the other two rites, and a strong expression left in that of Nestorius. To this we may add that the Words are found in an Anaphora of this Family, of the sixth century, in the British Museum, and that the Liturgy of Malabar ascribes the consecration to "the Word of GOD and the HOLY GHOST."

The Great Oblation follows, with which is incorporated the Great Intercession. This is short in S. Adæus and may be dismissed without special remark. That of Nestorius again speaks of the Procession of the HOLY GHOST from the FATHER. The Malabar has a paragraph which calls to mind the language of S. Ephraim. The Invocation of the HOLY GHOST follows: "And cause Thy Holy Spirit, O LORD, to come and rest

[1] This mention of the descent into Hades seems to be peculiar to S. Basil (and Nestorius.) A little later on the phrase "for the life of the world" seems to be borrowed from S. Basil. But the whole context of the above quoted passages is clearly taken from S. Basil.

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upon this oblation of Thy servants, to bless and sanctify it, that it may be [effectual] in us, O LORD, for the pardon of sins, the forgiveness of offences, the great hope of the resurrection of the dead, and the new life in the Kingdom of Heaven, together with all those who have approved themselves before Thee." The Liturgy of Nestorius has an exclamation of the Deacon, ("How awful is this moment," &c.) at this point, which, from its style, Dr. Neale was of opinion, was Syro-Jacobite. Against this Dr. Badger sets the intense antagonism between the Nestorians and the Jacobites. May it be that we have here another indication of the antiquity of the rite? That is, we mean, that the phrase was borrowed, but before the antagonism arose. We shall see directly an instance of undoubted borrowing, at a remote period, either of the East from the West Syrians, or *vicê versâ*.

The *Invocation* in S. Adæus is followed by a short Intercession, the offering of Incense and the Elevation of the Host,[1] which, with the Fraction, Consignation and Commixture, has been removed from its original position, after the *Sancta Sanctis*. Respecting this part of the rite (which space will not allow of our quoting, although it is exceedingly curious and interesting), we may remark: (1.) That, agreeing herein with Greek S. James, there is no attempt to express symbolism in connection with the Commixture; (2.) The formula used at the Consignation seems to be altered from that which, originally applying to the Commixture, has been made in S. James to serve for the Consignation; (3.) The formula for the Commixture is simply developed, (not altered) from the "It is sanctified," &c., in Greek S. James.

The Consignation is important as showing the antiquity: (1.) Of this Liturgy; (2.) Of the Commixture. The Consignation, unlike the Commixture, is a local usage, unknown to Constantinople and Armenia, unknown to Alexandria, unknown to Ephesus and the West. But its use among the Nestorians and Jacobites and in Greek S. James must be the result of borrowing, and not the preservation of an Apostolic tradition, since it is in all probability a development of the Commix-

[1] Dr. Badger says, (*The Nestorians*, &c., p. 172), "From the Liturgy of Nestorius . . . it will be seen that there is no elevation of the elements among the Nestorians." That it is no longer used, may be probable; that it was used formerly, is certain, from the *Sancta Sanctis*; while the following direction closely resembles those of Coptic rites, in which we know it has a place. "After which he shall take the uppermost loaf from the paten with both his hands, and lifting his eyes upwards, he shall say," [a prayer to our LORD as the Eucharistic Bread.]

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ture. From which it follows: (1) that whether indigenous to East Syria, or borrowed from West Syria, it must have formed part of the Persian Liturgy before A.D. 430. But if it be granted that the Consignation is older than A.D. 430, it follows, (2.) That the Commixture must have originated in a still more remote antiquity. Thus we seem to get a confirmation of the theory that the Commixture (like the Fraction and Elevation,) is a Christian development of a Jewish usage.

The Commixture is followed by a long exhortation from the Deacon, (to which the Malabar appends an Ektené,) a Thanksgiving, short in S. Adæus, longer in the Malabar, the LORD'S Prayer with Preface and *Embolismus*, and the *Sancta Sanctis*, from which, as we said, the Elevation is thrown back. Then, after some versicles have been sung, the Communion follows. The words of administration are: "The Body [precious Blood] of our LORD to the chaste Priest [*or* to the minister of GOD; *or* to the pure believer] for the forgiveness of sins," adding for the Chalice, "a spiritual feast unto life everlasting." Before the communion of the people, the Deacon exclaims: "My brethren, receive the Body of the SON Himself, saith the Church, and in faith, drink of the Cup in the kingdom." Just before this, while the Priest receives, the Malabar directs the Deacon to sing, "Let this Oblation be received above in the heavenly places, together with that which Abel, Noah and Abraham offered to the heavenly kingdom." Allusions of this kind are found in nearly every Liturgy, Eastern or Western, but usually at an earlier part of the rite, the exceptions being the Roman, Mozarabic, and the Malabar, as here.

During the Communion an anthem is sung, which answers to the *Koinonicon* of the Greek, and the *Communio* of the Roman, rite. That for festivals we have already spoken of at p. 114. The Communion ended, some thanksgivings are said, and the LORD'S Prayer follows; after which, the priest says some collects, and the Dismissory Prayer.

The Nestorians use a special "Holy Leaven" for the Eucharist, have a plain cross and two Lights on the Altar, celebrate in Cope, and burn Incense; thus proving that Lights, Vestments, and Incense were used in the Church before A.D. 431.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE ATMOSPHERE OF IRVINGISM.

In all lands and in all ages an instinctive desire after truth has been felt and expressed by man. What is Truth? is the question which never loses its interest and which arises anew in each generation, ever raising an echo from a multitude of hearts around. But with the sound of the echo, the desire for truth subsides, and amongst that vast multitude there are but few left who care patiently to await the answer. This indifference does not generally arise from any evilness of inclination, but rather from a natural lethargy of mind or levity of character which speedily banishes such subjects of thought from the mind of their possessors, and leaves them content to choose their creed according to their inclination. Each man believes what he chooses to believe. He allows himself to follow the first leader who takes his fancy, or to be carried away by the first ideas that fascinate him. The effort of verification is too laborious a one to make. If his creed be challenged, he may bring his mind to consider the arguments in support of it. But to compare them with arguments of a contrary tendency, and carefully to weigh their respective value, is an exercise which only the few attempt, and of which only the few are capable. If an opinion be upheld by a man of little intellect, or if it be set forth in a manner distasteful to the hearer, or if unfair sarcasms are used in support of it, or undue bitterness expressed against its opponents, any of these accidents are commonly considered as sufficient *reasons* for adopting an opposite opinion. And however insufficiently established such an opinion may be, when once formed it remains fixed in the mind; and the younger the mind, the more quickly, though at the same time, the less fatally, does it become stereotyped there. We see this process daily going on around us. Every one knows instances in which the physical pleasures of childhood are superseded by spiritual or intellectual pleasures. These higher pleasures enter the mind through personal influence, or through the medium of a book. It matters not which; but when once the sympathetic chord within has been touched, the awakening soul arises to respond to that touch, as surely as the Sleeping Beauty awoke at the kiss of her true knight. Did the Beauty of the fairy tale pause and look round for others with whom to compare her knight? Did she seek other Princes by whose side to set him, and did she cautiously

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weigh their virtues with his before she acknowledged him her own true knight? It was enough for her that his kiss had awakened her. She has no questions to ask, no doubts to answer. No more does the soul, when first awakened to the higher pleasure of truth, check itself to weigh that pleasure, before receiving it. She does not wait to seek out the error that lurks behind that image, nor does she place any counteracting truth in the opposite scale, for the simple reason that she suspects no error, and knows no other truth. With that first glimpse the creed is formed.

But the soul does not waken to the first beautiful thought that enters her presence. Many a one may pass her by, brush her very skirts, but she sleeps on undisturbed. Sooner or later *the* one appears before whom she arises into life. There is a secret correspondence between the two, where does the magic influence lie? Another may not feel it, the same words which are living to one, are dead to another. The analogy of human love here holds good.

> "Hear me, Louise! I must read this letter."
> "As you please, father! But you will not understand;
> The characters lie there like inanimate corpses,
> And live but for the eyes of love."

Many a truth remains lifeless before a mind which is enraptured at the glimpse of some half truth. Let us take an example from ordinary life. The Christian truth of the mortification of the flesh was put before one who listened to it with meekness and patience. She heard it again and again, she repeated it to herself, and thinking she believed it, she tried to teach it, but all the time the doctrine remained a dead letter to her, it had never touched her heart. In time, she read a remark in a work of a popular author, that the human nature required not to be mortified, but to be vivified. Strange to say, this thought struck a corresponding chord in her heart, she never doubted its truth; to test it did not enter her mind, it was enough for her that she heard its echo in her own heart, she set to work to "vivify" her own nature; like Job, she asserted her own righteousness, she lived an upright life before the world, but peace had fled from her heart. It was not till after severe trials, that the higher truth dawned upon her, and she learnt that the spirit can only be vivified through the mortification of the natural man, and if this means be rejected, the mortification of the spirit is the inevitable result.

It is only those who yield themselves to the guidance of the Almighty

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FATHER that learn to use these first glimpses of truth as standpoints from which to climb to higher truth. We cannot stand still in our search after truth. Those who stand still go back, and many rest satisfied with the first glimpse they catch.

Throughout Christendom sect after sect are content with their own distinctive doctrine, and leave unsought the higher Catholic teaching which overshadows and embraces the doctrine of all. This is not altogether surprising, for the first vision of truth is delicious to any mind. It is a treasure to be held with reverence, and to be defended if need be with the life. Therefore the possessors leave other fields unexplored, and rest content with their new-found treasure, so content that they refuse to have it purified from any error with which it is contaminated. Like Geraint, they love to see the bride in the faded silk in which she first appeared. The writer has lately met with a poor woman who was greatly disfigured by a squint: a doctor offered to set her eyes straight by an operation, and she referred the matter to her husband. He refused his consent, he had fallen in love with her with her squint, he had courted her with her squint, he had married her with her squint, and now he wanted no change in her.

Love is proverbially blind, but however blind love may be in human affairs, that blindness is tenfold increased when set on divine things. Here also the blindness is longer lived. It lives on till it grows into bitter hate towards those who do not participate in it. There are few sects which fail to detect the blindness of other sects concerning those doctrines which form their own especial teaching. If there is one sect whose blindness is more obvious to outsiders than that of any other, it is the sect of the Irvingites, who call themselves the Catholic and Apostolic Church, and profess higher teaching, and more comprehensive truth than that of every other sect, and of the Catholic Church throughout the world. It declares a new and present revelation from Heaven, made known to men by means of Apostles and Prophets, and its members appear to believe that this assertion carries with it its own evidence. But to call a sect Catholic or Apostolic by no means makes it such, no more than to affirm that a man is an Apostle or a Prophet, causes him to be endued with Apostolical or prophetical gifts. The higher the claims the more severe should be their test. Yet where can we find members of the so-called Catholic and Apostolic Church, who are sufficiently sincere, wise, and painstaking to test their distinctive doctrines? The thought of a present divine revelation upon earth, is

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one so helpful and almost hallowing to the life that many minds only require that it should be put before them in order to receive it. Many a time it has happened that the revelation of GOD in CHRIST JESUS has been made known to souls through Irvingite ministers, and when these ministers have introduced into the Gospel teaching, the doctrine that the Christian revelation is still progressing by means of men divinely appointed, now living upon earth, no attempt has been made by their converts to question the assertion. Here, as elsewhere, is the sacredness of truth violated, and those who should have been her protectors, offer her without hesitation, as a sacrifice to their adopted theories. How can their followers escape? The Irvingite pastors warn their flocks against reading any books which may unsettle their faith. All doubts are to be considered as temptations from the Evil One. Thus, a man's armour is seized by his enemy, and his own weapons are used against him. Question their ministers closely, and they will eventually allow that they have no proof to give of their distinctive doctrines. They can only lay them before their hearers, and faith, they say, will enable them to receive them. If so their faith must be of a different kind from that described by S. Paul as "the *evidence* of things not seen."

Let us examine the distinctive teaching. The whole system rests, as the Irvingite teachers allow, on their newly appointed Apostles. Apostles, they argue, are the special means appointed by GOD for the reception of the HOLY SPIRIT. This means has been neglected by man through lack of faith, and in consequence the special gifts of the SPIRIT have been withdrawn from the Church. With the revival of faith which took place some forty years ago, Apostles were restored to the Universal Church. But they were rejected by that Church, and from this very rejection they proceed to prove their own pretensions; for like as CHRIST was rejected by the Jews, so are they rejected by the Church. This analogy, so far as we can call it one, they give, not as analogy, but as proof. These twelve English "Apostles" have been accepted by a minority, who form the so-called Catholic and Apostolic Church as it at present exists. Each member of this church is sealed by the hands of an Apostle. Their whole body, they assert, are prophetically represented in the Revelation as the hundred and forty and four thousand who are redeemed among men, and the first fruits unto GOD: they are to escape the "great tribulation" which is near at hand, and are to reign with CHRIST upon the earth. Already, through their Apostles they have

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received the special outpouring of the SPIRIT, and have been endued with the gifts of miracles, of tongues, and of prophecy.

These are no light pretensions, on what are they founded? First, as regards the Apostles, what reasons can be given for supposing these men to be Apostles? The answer is that they were called of the HOLY SPIRIT, through the voice of prophecy. The fact upon which they found this statement is that a certain member of Mr. Irving's congregation broke out during the service time into an exclamation, designating another member of that church as an "Apostle." Eleven "Apostles" quickly followed. The Irvingites cannot but allow that other prophecies, made in the same congregation, and at the same time, have been falsified by time, yet they still choose to believe that this prophecy concerning the Apostles was divinely inspired. But since those days there has been a constant succession of false prophecies, and how can they account for these? No prophecies, they now say, are to be accepted by the Church until they have been submitted to the judgment of the Apostles in Council and received their approval and sanction. Thus prophecy is to be subservient to the Apostles, and at the same time the Apostleship rests on prophecy, until we have lost a foundation for either. Here again they fall back on faith, they make a statement unauthorised by Scripture, at variance with private judgment and with the teaching and authority of the Catholic Church, and call upon their hearers to exercise faith. Contrary to the testimony of the eighteen Christian centuries they declare that Bishops are not the successors of the Apostles, and that Apostles are to be appointed in the Church independently of the ordinances of man. The writings of the early fathers, which expressly state Bishops to be the successors of the Apostles, they ignore. They allow that there cannot be two Apostolical successions, and if they could but be convinced that Apostles have been ordained by the laying on of the hands of Apostles their whole theory falls to the ground. Therefore they refuse to acknowledge the Apostleship of Timothy and Silvanus, notwithstanding the teaching of S. Paul in 1 Thess. i. 1, ii. 6. When facts are thus sacrificed to theories, those theories reach the dimensions of delusions, and argument becomes useless.

The power of working miracles is mentioned by S. Paul as one of the signs of an Apostle, and to this sign the Irvingites do not hesitate to appeal. They do not so much claim the possession of this gift in the present day as that it was revived amongst them with the restoration of the

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Apostleship. In justification of this claim several instances are brought forward of people subject to nervous disorders, who were restored to health by means of their ministers. But what physician could not lay claim to be an Apostle, if an effective influence obtained over a nervous patient were a sufficient test of Apostleship? But there is one case to which they continually refer, and it is one of importance, as it refers to organic disease. It is that of a lady in Scotland supposed to be in rapid consumption, and given over by her doctors as hopeless. The Irvingites assert that by their means she was restored to health. That she was cured, and lived for years afterwards is well known. But in recording the case the Irvingites omit to mention that the disease, which was supposed to have been consumption, afterwards turned out to be abscesses in the lungs, a complaint which may often be mistaken for consumption, and is well known as curable. The Irvingite cause would be a better one, if its founders had never laid claim to the gift of miracles.

Prophecy is adduced as another proof of their divine inspiration, but we are at a loss to discover the fulfilments of their prophecies. Indeed it is surprising that out of the many utterances which have been given forth by members of their congregations, so few should have come to pass. The difficulty which meets us concerns not the fulfilment of prophecy, but the prophets themselves; for it is incredible that so many men should have consented to become deceivers on such a sacred subject. Here we must remember how great an influence may be gained over any one, whose nerves are wrought into what is called "a state of expectancy." Tell such an one to sing, to prophesy, to walk, to dance, what not, and the nervous strain under which he is suffering makes him involuntarily to do as he is bid. He feels this involuntary motion, and knowing nothing of nervous action, he easily mistakes such an impulse for Divine inspiration.

In each congregation several members are set apart by the "Angels" for the exercise of the gift of prophecy. The "Angel's" words are implicitly believed, and it is easy to understand how a few individuals thus singled out, can be wrought up into expectation of the divine gift descending upon them, until they give forth utterances in which they are self-deceived rather than deceiving. The ignorance which exists in all classes of society on this subject of nervous expectation is a great excuse for the Irvingite belief in these miracles and prophecies. This same ignorance explains the edification which their members profes s

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to receive in the exercise of the gift of tongues. They speak "gibberish," and believe that their spirits are thereby edified. This assertion it is impossible to disprove. Those who wish further to enter into the subject of the Irvingite gifts, are referred to "The Church's Broken Unity," a work edited by the Rev. W. J. Bennett, in which this subject is exhaustively treated.

And now we turn to the further assertion that their ministers possess a deeper insight into divine things, leading them to higher spiritual teaching than can elsewhere be found. This claim they set forth with more calmness and confidence than any of the claims previously mentioned. The simplicity with which they make it, carries with it the impress of sincerity. The Catholic Church they allow has the milk of the Gospel, but it is they only who are possessed of the strong meat. A little careful examination leads us to suspect that the boldness and sincerity with which they make this assertion arise from ignorance; ignorance, not of the Bible teaching, but of the teaching of the Church through all the Christian centuries, and not only of the Church, but of those many different dissenting bodies which have held and proclaimed those same truths which through the ignorance and exclusiveness of the Irvingites have only lately been preached in their congregations. They sincerely believe such teaching to have reached them through the special inspiration of their own prophets. That the gospel teaching should be hidden in the Old Testament history, is one of the latest truths which have thus been revealed to them. Tell them that this doctrine is held by those who have never heard the name of the "Catholic and Apostolic Church," that it was openly preached by Moody, that it is found in books too numerous to name, and they answer that it has been spread through their influence. What can be said to reasoning such as this? One is tempted to use Dr. Johnson's words, "I am bound to find you in reasons, sir, but not in brains."

One other point on which the Irvingites lay stress, as proving the Divine origin of their sect, is that of the superior order which marks their ministerial work. They delight to compare this order with the unsettled state of the ministry in the English or Roman Church. But do we expect to find in any newly-found colony all the evils of the old mother country? Their existence there would be an impossibility, but setting this argument aside, let us allow all the abuses of the English Church, set forth as her foes delight to set them forth, in no measured language, and these abuses multiplied by hundreds or by thousands,

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will not go one whit towards proving those men to be Apostles, who are not Apostles.

Of the men who hold these peculiar doctrines, we cannot fail to remark that there are many who do so with instinctive distrust and suspicion, and were they not lacking in moral courage they would quickly recover themselves of their delusion. But the same mental weakness which led them at the first to subject their minds to arbitrary teaching, haunts them still, and leads them to quail before the thought that their friends and companions should regard them as traitors to the cause. To be considered a renegade is a severe trial, but a sincere mind would not hesitate to bear the imputation rather than wilfully to blind the conscience. There are some who have endured this trial, but many prefer to warp their minds for the sake of their theory, and to sacrifice facts at the expense of truth. No more fatal sacrifice could be made. Facts, after all, are the one certain foundation upon which we have to build; take them away and all revealed religion falls to the ground. A fact is not only important for its own sake, but for the sake of the truth it represents. Take the commonest facts of nature, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," "Birds of a feather flock together," "Still waters run deep," and a mere child can point to the truth inherent in them. Read the facts recorded in the Holy Scriptures. What is it gives them their vitality, but the truth which they embody? The Crucifixion of the SAVIOUR is a fact. If we are to think lightly of facts, how shall we reach to the unseen truth of the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world?"

If we once tamper with facts our destruction is sure. Here is the fundamental error of the Irvingites. They love their theory more than they love truth; texts are turned, words are twisted, history is distorted, and facts are ignored in its support. As fatally as the eyes of the sailors are set on the Lorelei, are their eyes fixed on their theory, and come what will, storm or wind, danger or shipwreck, they remain constant to her, fascinated by her, and enamoured to the death for her sake. Enchantment has surrounded their theory from the first, and does not forsake it now that it is beginning to sink into oblivion. The old enchanted town of Vineta is a fit emblem of its last days.

"There a world in loveliness decaying,
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die,
Phantom forms across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire-flakes in the sky.

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"And the boatman who at twilight hour,
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lower,
Evermore will haunt the charmed scene."

But were this magic vision ten thousand times more beautiful and more spiritual than it is, what can it be but an allurement of the Evil One, so long as truth is to be laid bound a sacrifice upon the altar?

FESTIVAL HYMN.

A HAPPY band of pilgrims
We're marching on the road
That leads at last to Canaan,
Our SAVIOUR'S blest abode.
Oh! happy if we ever
Are blest with grace from GOD,
To tread with firm endeavour
The path our SAVIOUR trod.

A happy band of pilgrims
We all indeed shall be,
If in the midst of pleasure
We still remember Thee.
Oh! happy if in JESUS,
Our SAVIOUR, we confide,
Then, then we know He'll give us
A happy Festive tide.

A happy band of pilgrims,
Our pleasures here below
Are owing all to JESUS,
They from His mercy flow.
Our holiday do hallow,
And this day keep from sin
Thy little band of pilgrims
To Canaan journeying.

A happy band of pilgrims
We all indeed shall be,
When, our long journey ended,
We near the crystal sea;
As all, past toils forgetting,
With saints and angels sing;
And never weary praising
Our dear Redeemer King.

A happy band of pilgrims,
We're marching on the road,
By pilgrims worn before us
In pressing on to GOD.
Oh! happy if in JESUS,
Our SAVIOUR, we confide,
Then, then we know He'll give us
A happy Festive tide. Amen.

J. D. C.,

Reviews and Notices.

Mr. Walter Money has done good service by publishing the Inventories of Furniture and Ornaments remaining in certain Berkshire Churches, in the last year of Edward VI. The title is *Parish Church Goods in Berkshire*, (Parker.) The Inventories in this and other counties, it is well known, were made by

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Commissioners appointed for the purpose by the King; and it is here plainly shown that the making of them had no doctrinal significance whatsoever. The first object in view was the securing for the King all that could be extorted from the Church's treasures, and secondly, the preventing further plunder by Patrons and Squires. And it is observable that among the Furniture retained to the Churches, and entrusted to the guardianship of the Churchwardens, were Copes (two or three for a Parish,) Cruets for wine and water, and Corporasses, [Corporals] Tabernacles, Sacring-bells, Altar-cloths of various materials, Banners, Censers, Candlesticks with branches, a Vestment, sometimes called Chasuble, with Albe and Amiss, &c., &c.—"all these are to be kept and preserved." It is by the multiplication of works like the present, which possess a local interest, we believe that an idea of the times will by degrees be realised. At the end of the little Volume is a useful Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms.

The conviction has been for some time growing in the public mind that the Ritualists have been unfairly treated. Thus several of the Secular Journals, as the *Spectator* and the *Contemporary*, have not hesitated to admit articles in their defence. Two or three months since we noticed a Pamphlet by Mr. Sergeant, containing a very impartial statement of the case between them and their opponents, and now we have two apologies by Laymen which deserve special acknowledgment. One called *A Layman's View of Ritualism*, (Ridgway,) is published anonymously, and would do much credit to the writer if he gave his name. It appears to have been read before a miscellaneous Literary Society, and traces the progress of religious opinion in the Church up to its present phase with much fairness. The Pamphlet will be a bitter pill to "the jaunty" Bishop of Gloucester, (as this writer calls him,) and others whose object it is to produce a division between the Ritualists and the old Tractarians; for its special object is to show that "Ritual observances are the external manifestation of the Tractarian principles."

The other Pamphlet referred to is narrower in its scope, being intended to show that *Ritual, religious and secular, is a primary law of man's nature.* (Masters.) It is by the eminent Physician, Dr. Alfred Meadows, and, we need scarcely say, establishes the thesis proposed very convincingly.

Dr. Alfred Lee, in his Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, entitled *The National Church the true source of the nation's greatness*, (Skeffington,) traverses ground that has been often trod before. But he states the case well, and there is need that it should be constantly re-stated.

Teachers and Temperance, is the title of a useful Sermon preached in the Training Colleges of S. Mark's, Chelsea, and S. John's, Battersea, by the Rev. J. H. Potter. It is hardly necessary to say that much of public opinion, as regards moral and social questions, is in the power of our future Schoolmasters and Mistresses.

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Correspondence.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of the Correspondents.*]

To the Editor of the Churchman's Companion.

Answers.

PRAYER FOR THE DEPARTED.

SIR,—I copy from the "Life of Bishop Ken," by a Layman, the following inscription, ordered by the good Bishop to be placed on his tomb; it is a prayer for himself, which he desired all passers-by to put up for him: "May the here-interred Thomas, late Bishop of Bath and Wells, and uncanonically deprived for not transferring his allegiance, have a perfect consummation of bliss both in body and soul at the Great Day."

As a matter of fact, no inscription whatever was placed on the tomb erected by Lord Weymouth in Frome Churchyard, but this probably was owing to the peculiar shape of the tomb, consisting of iron bars made into the form of a coffin, and so not giving space for any inscription. It is to be regretted that those who subscribed in 1844 for the restoration and covering of the original tomb, did not carry out Ken's wish as to this prayer.

Ken ordered his funeral to take place "just at sunrising."—Yours, &c., S. T. M.

SIR,—In answer to ECCLESIOLOGIST, I beg to state that the following inscriptions occur on two tombstones in S. Peter's Churchyard, Burnley, Lancashire.

"JESU, mercy. Of your charity pray for the souls of Edward Lovet, who departed this life on the 15th March, 1841, aged 68 years: And of Jane Lovet, his wife, who departed this life on the 13th of April, 1845, aged 69 years: And of Jane, their daughter, who departed this life on the 2nd of January, 1824, aged 19 years: And of William Lovet, their son, who departed this life on the 24th of January, 1835, aged 33 years: And of Edward Lovet, their son, who departed this life on the 6th of January, 1838, aged 32 years: And of James Lovet, his brother, who departed this life on the 17th of December, 1845, aged 70 years. On whose souls may the LORD have mercy. Through Thy Cross and Passion, O JESU, deliver them."

"Sacred to the memory of Mary, the wife of James Watson, of Burnley, who departed this life on the 1st day of August, 1849, in the 56th year of her age. On whose soul may the LORD have mercy. Through Thy Cross and Passion, O JESU, deliver her."—Yours, &c., J. T.

SIR,—In reply to ECCLESIOLOGIST, I beg to give the following ancient epitaph from the Churchyard of Turvey, Beds.

I.H.S.
Anno Dom. 1612.

Heare lyeth John Rychards under this wall,
A faythfull true servant to Turvey Old Hall,
Page to the first Lord Mordaunt of fame,
Servaunt to Lewes, Lord Henry, and John;
Paynfull and carefull and just to them all,
Til death toke hys lyffe.
God have mercie of hys soule.
Amen.

Yours, &c., ORIENS.

WHAT IS A FACULTY?

SIR,—A Faculty is an order issued, on application, by an Ecclesiastical Judge. The application is considered in Public Court after due notice, and it is open for all persons who are interested to object if they see fit. It becomes then the duty of the Judge to decide between the parties, and practically his

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power has very little limit. If no objection is raised to the application, the Faculty issues almost as matter of course. —Yours, &c., LEX.

SILENT CELEBRATIONS.

SIR,—ALIQUIS had better ask the Priest the reason for what he does, and if inconvenienced by the practice, it would be quite allowable to protest. A protest if seen to be sincere, will generally succeed.—Yours, &c., LEX.

LAY INVESTITURE.

SIR,—I am anxious to say a few words on this subject, which many persons desire to understand better. The practice of lay investiture is said to have been introduced by Charlemagne, and the custom continued for more than two centuries without opposition from the Pope. But this right had been much abused, and the sovereigns and rulers of the tenth and eleventh centuries degraded it by the nomination and investiture of those who were entirely unworthy to receive the sacred symbols of the ring and the crozier. It was to correct this abuse, by confining the exercise of the right solely to the Pope, that Gregory VII. engaged in his great struggle with Henry IV., Emperor of Germany. The abolition of lay investiture had been always one of Gregory's favourite schemes, and it may be easily seen that this point carried, his object of making the temporal power subservient to the spiritual would be in a great measure attained. He maintained that the ring and the crozier were symbols of a power which no king could bestow, and even if a less sacred symbol were used for the ceremony, the dignity of the Church would be greatly lowered. The contest about investitures did not occupy a long period of Gregory's pontificate, for the dissension between Pope and Emperor was so great, that this was only counted as one of the many grievances of which Henry thought himself the victim. The dispute concerning this matter, however, was certainly the cause of awakening that long smouldering animosity between the two powers which now broke out in full force. Gregory, finding Henry obstinate on this and other points, and refusing to appear before him to answer the charges brought forward against him by his subjects, excommunicated him, depriving him also of the kingdoms of Germany and Italy, and absolving his subjects from their oath of allegiance.

Henry, now finding himself deserted on all sides, determined to seek absolution from the Pope, and after having performed an act of humiliation, unwarrantable on Gregory's part, he is once more received into the Church and restored to his kingdoms. The Emperor is, however, no sooner released, than he breaks off his treaty with Gregory, and after another long struggle takes Rome and deposes his great enemy, who dies in exile. This great quarrel was not settled till 1122, when Henry V., in the Worms Concordat, gave up to the Pope Calixtus what his father had lived and died for.

The quarrel concerning investiture in England did not take place till Gregory had passed away and Pascal II. was occupying the Papal chair. The struggle between Gregory and Henry IV. had had no influence upon the Church of England till the time of our Henry I. There had been no question about the matter till then, and indeed that which was of such vital importance to the Church, had excited no interest whatever in England. It is strange that Anselm, who was made Archbishop of Canterbury at Lanfranc's death, and received investiture at William II.'s hands, should have been the man to have originated the quarrel between the Church of England and Rome. It was not however till 1098, when Anselm went to Rome and began to study the subject of investitures, that he changed his opinions on the point, and when Henry I. succeeded his brother, he recalled Anselm and replaced him in his Archbishopric.

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Anselm, however, imbued with the new doctrines, refused to receive investiture at Henry's hands, and thereupon the quarrel began. After a much shorter struggle than that which took place in Germany, Henry came to a compromise with the Pope, by which he renounced his former right to investiture, but retained the right of homage. Thus we see Rome triumphant in both these contests, but the results of the two were far from being the same. We find England reconciled to the Papacy, and amicably compromising the contested point. Whereas in Germany, where the struggle had been longest, alienation had been the consequence. The Emperor had lost much of his power, the faith of his subjects was shaken, and henceforth we find him occupying but a secondary position in his own Empire. Henry of England, on the other hand, retained all his former power over his subjects.

The characters of the two monarchs were too so widely different, the Emperor inclining to war, Henry to peace. Henry's was a war of words and angry disputes with his Archbishop; the Emperor's a battle unto death with his fiercest foe, the Pope. Henry was wise, careful, and politic; the Emperor, rash, hasty, and passionate. One was wise enough to let the matter drop at the right moment, and restore peace to the Church, the other obstinately refused to give up what he felt would involve a personal loss of power.

On reviewing the various chances of success which Henry of Germany and Henry of England had in these contests, we feel more inclined to favour the latter in this matter.

It seems to us that England being more distant from Rome than Germany, Henry would have more power over the minds of his subjects, and be less influenced by Papal laws. The Emperor's kingdom lay partly in Italy, on the very borders of the Papal dominions, and the Pope would always have the power of appealing to the superstitious minds of the Italians, whether they would renounce the grand idea of the supremacy of the Pope, which had always been part of their faith, or see the downfall of the Papal See, upon which they placed so much reliance. Now the English did not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope in the same absolute way, and the five clauses enforced by William the Conqueror and accepted by the people testify the strong wish of king and nation to assert their independence. The Emperor was also really dependent upon the Pope, for the secret of the Papal strength lay in this, that he alone could invest the Emperor with imperial dignities, and he had the power of enforcing conditions upon him. By his earlier reforms Gregory had also made the empire greatly dependent upon the Papacy, or at least had succeeded in severing the one from the other.

The object of Pope Pascal in his dealings with England was not so much to make that country dependent upon Rome, as to have the Papal power acknowledged.—Yours, &c., L. H. H.

Queries.

COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES.

SIR,—Can you recommend me an orthodox and inexpensive Commentary on the Epistles and Acts of the Holy Apostles? I hear the one in connection with Walsham How on the Gospels is not generally approved of.—Yours, &c., ZANY.

FLOWER PAINTING SOCIETY.

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THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL, NORTH ORMESBY, MIDDLESBROUGH.

SIR,—As the beginning of every movement whether philanthropic or otherwise, if beneficial to man, is always surrounded with very special interest, I need have no hesitation in bringing

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before the notice of your readers the Cottage Hospital, at North Ormesby, near Middlesbrough, which, if not the first of its kind in England, is certainly the *first in the North*, and which is dignified as being the Mother of a numerous offspring of similar Institutions.

The large manufacturing town of Middlesbrough whose present population is about 50,000, is of very modern date, and as recently as 1858 its inhabitants only numbered some 15,000, a great majority of whom were engaged in the iron trade, of which Middlesbrough is a centre. Of course, in working the iron there is much risk to life and limb, and terrible accidents frequently take place, and yet, though this was the case then as now, up to this date there was no accommodation for the reception and nursing the victim of such accidents, consequently the sufferers' agonies were much increased, either by the very inefficient nursing they could alone obtain in their own homes, or they had to be conveyed by train to Newcastle, to the Infirmary in that town.

It was at this time that a gentleman residing in Middlesbrough, and a warm promoter of all good works, feeling acutely the need of reform in this matter, made plans in his own mind for establishing some sort of Hospital in the town to meet this crying need. He looked around in search of some to assist him in carrying out his plans, and heard of a lady who had lately returned from Kaiserswerth, and who was only longing and waiting for some suitable sphere where she might bring into practice the training she had received. The scheme was proposed to this lady, (afterwards known as 'Sister Mary,') who immediately threw heart and soul into the project, and in a very brief space of time four cottages in the centre of the town were furnished, fitted up, and opened, for the reception of twelve patients. Thus, on March 7th, 1859, was fairly started the first Cottage Hospital in the North of England.

Sister Mary had two fellow-workers who laboured earnestly and lovingly to alleviate the sufferings of those brought under their care, and the little Hospital was soon dearly loved. As the population increased rapidly, very soon twelve beds were all too few to accommodate the number of applicants for admission, hence it became necessary to enlarge their borders. In the summer of 1861, Sister Mary had the happiness of removing her "children," as she loved to call her suffering charges, to a new building erected for the purpose at North Ormesby, about half a mile from the town, and there the work is still carried on. The new Hospital contains thirty beds and is most bright and comfortable. Those who have been in the habit of visiting the large London Hospitals must often have noticed the feeling of coldness and desolation which the vast wards, with their row of white beds on either side involuntarily produce, and which cannot of course be avoided in such large Institutions. The Middlesbrough Cottage Hospital has no such characteristics, for first of all the smallness of its wards (none containing more than four beds) hinders this, and besides the domestic arrangements are all such as to destroy as far as possible the Institution aspect, and make the patients feel at home. Sister Mary entered on another sphere of work in London some time before her death, which took place in the summer of 1877, but the Sisterhood of the Holy Rood under whose care it has been for the last nine years, carries on the work in the self-same spirit, and the Institution was never more dear to the working men than at the present time. A man who has once been in the Hospital for any time loves it, and turns as naturally thitherward in his joys or troubles as though it were indeed his home, and many a tale of disappointment and trouble is poured into the willing ears of the Sisters, who are always ready with sympathy or counsel, help and advice. The little chapel is especially attractive to both old and present patients; short services are held in it morning and evening, and many of the old patients attend on Sundays. The victims of terrible ac-

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cidents are often admitted, and all that skill can do is done to alleviate the sufferers' agonies: some come in so injured that they *must* die, but their dying hours are comforted by the loving ministrations of the Sisters, and tenderly and reverently after death is all done for them. But many cases come which require long and patient nursing, and these often remain for many months until sufficiently restored to return to their homes, and these are generally the cases which during the weary months of weakness and pain, are gently and lovingly led on by the Sisters step by step, to enter more into the meaning of religion, and themselves to yield to its blessed influence, so that when the time for them to leave the Hospital comes, it has become endeared to them in a very special way, as the place where they first learnt to know and love GOD. The affection thus awakened they never lose, and almost every night throughout the year some of these come to the services, and many have used much self-denial in order to make offerings to the Hospital: a deep love for the Hospital, the Chapel, and the Sisters, is rooted in the hearts not merely of the patients themselves, but of their families. One old man only a few days ago remarked, he thought "the Hospital was like heaven upon earth, and if his missus died he should like to come here altogether!"

I think all must admit that this little Hospital, comparatively unknown beyond its own immediate neighbourhood, is doing no mean work, that the Sisters working quietly there are indeed labouring in His vineyard as really as those whose work through circumstances is more before the world. Silently, almost unknown, the work goes on here day by day, year after year: *some* of the results are seen in time, in sick mangled ones restored to health and happiness, but it remains for Eternity to show the full and true results of this labour of love.

I hope this slight and very imperfect sketch may awaken sympathy in the hearts of some who read it, and who perhaps until now, were not even aware of the existence of this very real and Catholic work, which has been going on now for some twenty years in the North of England. The Community is but a small one, and more workers are needed; perhaps, some may be led to throw in their lot with this little band, and thus strengthen their hands, and be the means of carrying on and enlarging their work.

Thanking you for allowing me space for this letter,—Yours, &c., M. O. C.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S CONFIRMATION MEMORIAL WINDOW IN S. MARY'S, SOUTHAMPTON—(*now erected.*)

Miss L. PHILLIMORE (The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames,) acknowledges with best thanks for the above: Mr. Phillimore, D.C.L., £1.; Mr. H. C. Dent, 10s.; Rev. C. F. C. Pigott, £1. 1s.; Mr. H. F. J. Webber, 10s. 6d.; Rev. G. R. Hadow, 10s.; A. E. C. U., Princetown, Natal, 2s.; Agnes Taylor, Madras, £1. £81. still needed. Further offerings gladly received as above.

Notices to Correspondents.

The Church the Spiritual Israel.—A letter addressed as you propose would not be received in any post office, and would be returned to the writer. We cannot therefore communicate with you further unless you send us a proper address.

Accepted: "All Hallows," also "Long, long ago," but the title must be altered, it is quite inadequate for the subject.

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THE

Churchman's Companion.

PART CXIX.] THIRD SERIES. [NOVEMBER, 1879.

THEN AND NOW.

WAIFS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER V.

"And here are partings: hands that soon must sever,
Yet clasp the firmer; heart, that unto heart
Was ne'er so closely bound before, nor ever
So near the other as when now they part."

EVERY one knows, every one that is, who is the member of a large family, what feeling the first break brings. Boys going to school, a grown up sister marrying, or that silent robber stealing in and bearing away in its strength and beauty, a passive victim to the grave. I remember what the first break felt to me, when Geoffrey and Harry started in the world; the one for Christ Church, Oxford, the other in the Queen's livery for Gibraltar.

My education was completed; I was to be introduced that winter, but this was no moment for selfish anticipations. To the boys there was the novelty of change, their spirits never faltered, but I, who had leisure to observe, watched my mother's changing countenance, the quiet tear not meant to be seen, my father's nervous tones and hasty uncertain movements, and Philip Vyvyan's grave demeanour, could not but catch the infection and be melancholy.

The night before Harry's departure we made him wear his uniform at dinner. He was not bad looking for a Beaumont, as my Uncle Edward complimentarily said once, and there are few who do not appear to some advantage in the full dress of a hussar.

There were the two boys, the only sons, to leave us to-morrow for the first time. They sat on each side of mamma. Geoffrey in his quiet evening dress with fair pensive face; Harry as brilliant in smiles

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as in costume: my father drank to them both according to the unchanging fashion of the Beaumonts on such occasions. For Geoffrey, he wished health and honours at the University, to Harry, he said more. "You are the first Beaumont who has donned regimentals since the civil wars in the first Charles's reign: then the Beaumonts fought for their country, now you fight, if there should come war, for your Queen also."

And then we all pledged the twin brothers of Beaumont.

It is not necessary to describe the actual parting. All know it too well who have experienced it. My mother seemed buoyed up by a hope not given to us. Papa went away with them, and when the last adieu had been waved, my mother and Fée left us, not to weep, as I at first surmised, but doubtless to pray for their two loved ones as I had not yet learned to do. Perhaps such occupation had been Philip Vyvyan's also; for those three at luncheon looked as if the morning grief had been, in some to me unknown way, blessed to them. To our tutor the parting of the brothers was the conclusion of his work with us, and it had therefore double weight to him. The nine brightest years of his life were at an end. His duties conscientiously fulfilled, his pupils creditably passed to their respective posts; my father's and mother's lasting regard earned. Few could resign such onerous task under happier auspices. Through my father's interest he had obtained a private secretaryship in a noble family of his own persuasion, as remunerative as the tutorship, and more likely to further his interests.

Philip Vyvyan had not been absent three whole months in the nine years at the Priory, our only brothers never before: how hard the change was at first!

I was sitting in the library, mounting a water-colour sketch of our home that Fée had finished for Philip to take away with him, thinking of his future, wishing our little Sigismond had lived to need his services, and wondering if our good tutor would feel the parting, when he entered with a bunch of blossoms in his buttonhole, and more smiles on his face than I thought suited the occasion and my meditations. He had not seen the sketch since its completion, and his admiration and thanks were so hearty, that I could not help remarking, "It will recall an ungrateful task, Mr. Vyvyan." My tone was not amicable I know, and the smiles vanished as he inquired, "What is your meaning, Miss Beaumont?"

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"How happy you look now the time is near," I answered, "and now I am grown up I often wonder why you came," I added.

"Circumstances control us," Philip said, almost humbly. "I have no right to regret them."

There was something in his tone that told better than his words, that he did not regret the task he had just completed; and by-and-by he said, "I have echoed your little sister's wish with all my heart a few minutes since, that we were all of one religion, and then we should have clear consciences about each other. Cicely, do you think ill of me for the part I have performed in this house?"

"Your work is irreproachable in every one's esteem," I replied, temporising.

"Mine was an individual question, you give me a general answer."

"Because, Mr. Vyvyan, it is ungrateful not to appreciate."

"You have the nine years' privilege, be candid, Ciceley."

"Because, how much you have taught me, and how differently from a woman's teaching."

"We won't draw inferences; all can aim high, and those who do, whether guided by man or woman, can be satisfied with nothing but what is superlative."

"You are thinking of Geoffrey now?" I said.

"Nay, of you and Fée also, and imagining the relative results of those nine years' hope and aim."

"When another such magic cycle is completed it should be."

And as if his eye could penetrate the future, the expression of his face changed to something almost terrible. I turned involuntarily from the instantaneous change; expecting it as little on his usually unruffled brow, as to see a gleam of anger lighting our Fée's blue eyes. Ah! then the parting was hard to him.

"I am wrong," he said at length, in a lower tone than usual, as if it cost him much to speak at all, "there is the sunshine, and the greatness, and the wealth, and you all, (down to Susan, I can answer for you,) bear true women's hearts and noble in your different natures."

"Well," I said, apparently with impatience, "send Julie here to teach the little ones, and then you can be assured of all the octave under Vyvyans."

"One conscience does not serve a whole family," he replied, with some bitterness in his smile; "but this is unfair to you. I had but one

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favour to desire of you, in token that the past nine years will not be forgotten."

"Speak," I said, eagerly; "I do not more than yourself rely on gratitude of words only." And Fée coming in to inquire if I had set and mounted the picture broke off the ending of that parley. A second such opportunity came not, and the next day after papa's return, our tutor had nothing of the Priory but Fée's picture near him. He corresponded very dutifully with my mother; occasionally honouring Fée or Mary, and once even Susan, with vivid descriptions of his travels in Greece and the Turkish waters, whither he had gone in his new office immediately on leaving Beaumont. We too travelled; getting masters of the high German school for music and singing, with all other pleasant and needful etceteras by which young ladies may benefit in other lands when the solids and essentials have been made the true basis of all the home and real teaching.

What happened during our wanderings is past remembering, and many pages of the MSS. are missing just now.

I know that we went little into the gaieties of continental life, that my mother's face wore often an anxiety that betrayed some inward care; but of my father, perhaps I was less observant, no impression is left of the same fear that ever awoke when I had silently studied my mother's countenance. Sometimes I thought the cloud came with a fresh letter from my brothers, sometimes that such a thing dispelled it; often, I feared that in leaving Beaumont, the spell that had been over it ever since her first arrival as its mistress, was broken, or about to break; it was something too sacred for inquiry, I felt that. By-and-by, as in all families tame and simple even as ours was, at Eichenberg, some incidents are worth recording. A pair of faces that had outgrown immediate recognition, yet were not unfamiliar, watched us curiously on our way from our abode towards the lower part of the town. My father had walked on with Fée and Mary, I and my mother were later, and in the interested gaze fixed upon us by the two young men under the trees of the broad walk, ere we came up to them, my mother seemed touched a moment with some recognition. Almost like a light breath she whispered the names of her twin sons, and then as we came close upon these lads she appeared reassured. There was no air of the German student about our observers, and as youth is quick in admiration, so relief and pleasure filled my heart refreshingly at sight of aught so new and homelike as a pair of true Englishmen.

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My mother could surely not have thought to see my brothers there and then, for Geoffrey was reading hard and to good purpose, and Harry was about to receive leave to visit us ere his regiment left for service in India.

"They are not like the boys, mamma," I whispered.

"No, Ciceley, but like whom?" she answered, interrogatively.

We were too near for observation aloud: one had his book, the other a riding whip. The face of the scholar blushed pink in an appealing glance at mamma, the other favoured me with as bold a gaze as I had ever experienced, but there was no result; we passed on under an audible (though not intentionally) "By the unlucky star you are right!"

"And you recognised no face of auld lang syne, Ciceley?" mamma asked, when we were beyond earshot.

"Save me from remembering," I exclaimed.

The vanguard of our party waited for us a little in advance, and Fée and Mary assailed us when we reached them.

"Mamma, did you think those Englishmen were the Trevilians? Ciceley, you boast a good memory, who were they?"

"Mamma took them for something better, or I should not have noticed them, I shall carry that rude stare to my grave."

"Glen Beaumont is here," I heard papa say hurriedly to mamma, "I wish I could be glad of it; what is to be done?"

"Let us do right," was the answer, "O weird of my children, might I not have guessed as much?"

"We will go home, that will save troublesome necessity."

"Save the something, the burden of the old legend, 'They meet only when the inheritance changes hands,' these are not the times when men should be timorous."

"When has Harry leave?" my father asked of us, evading at once the question and implication of our mother.

"This day fortnight," Mary answered readily. "Papa, do introduce us to the Glen cousins."

"Not at present." Then turning to his wife he said, "Suppose Geoffrey joins us in Paris, or Harry sells out? it is all a year too soon."

"It will be a pity," Fée and I exclaimed both together, "to go home before the fête."

"But there will be no Harry with us next year," mamma said. "There are things of greater moment just now to be thought of even

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than Geoffrey's majority, my children. I would fain hold council with you on the question at issue if papa agreed."

"Something grim and dreadful about these Glen Beaumont cousins, and feuds, and ancient hate, and tyranny, I guess it all," said Mary, half seriously.

"Let us shake hands, and be friends and relations for ever, if it be so," pleaded Fée.

"You are far out with your common-place romance," said papa, with an affectionate smile, "it is too hard for young lips like yours to unriddle."

"And there is no quarrel on either side?" I felt relieved.

"Individuals, not branches of a house are concerned, but let it pass, we will consult about it another time; let the royal martyr's benison hold its force, we won't form so juvenile a cabinet, dear wife."

Mamma gave in. Since I have known the subject of that mystifying conversation, I have felt certain that the pent up tide of her natural presentiment needed an outlet, and that in her daughters' love and confidence she misjudged not. To papa she was all of wisdom, good sense, and pure principle; to her children the impersonation of perfection. Her fragile health from my earliest remembrance had interwoven her in my idea as a link between us and heaven: as if, when her slender thread of life was cut, all better influences would cease, and our birthright be taken away. This was of course when but a dim knowledge of our inheritance was gliding into me, and while yet the lesson of mutation was impressed, and all we had, and cherished, and called our very own was stamped as but a passport to that far better and beyond all. Almost only in name we found the Glen Beaumonts connected with ourselves; their side had founded the family, ours had enriched it. They were poor, almost the poorest nobles in the peerage, living a quiet unmarked life in the Highland Glen of their ancestors, nursing their stinted patrimony, that the eldest son might have the education of a gentleman, and never find the estate encumbered on coming to possession. The children and grandchildren of second and third sons had succeeded to Beaumont Priory; but ever the head of the house steered clear of a heritage that at a first glance one deemed so desirable for him, and so I remarked to my mother an evening or two after, when I flattered myself I had got up Glen Beaumont, collateral branches included, with interesting accuracy.

"Is it a whimsical piece of entail, mamma, that the younger children

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are the better off; and what means the nearly obliterated motto, 'edged tools are dangerous possessions?' "

"Where have you found that motto, Ciceley?"

"Oh, I remember it well," said Mary, "even before I could read decent English, I made Geoffrey spell the queer letters out."

"What does it relate to, dear mamma?" asked Susan, who was present, and though she would have been more glad to avoid the question *in toto*, than swerve from truth in replying, we forced her to satisfy us in a measure.

"It is in the border of two or three windows. How did Geoffrey explain the sentence?"

"We want you to tell us, please, mamma," we all said expectantly.

"When the Monastery was dismantled at Whenbury, whose ruins you all remember, it appears that the smaller priory had been made over previously to De Beaumont, and that all hope of longer holding their own having forsaken the Abbot and Priests, they determined to ingratiate themselves into the favour of the spoiler of the lesser house."

"How very strange," said Fée, "so unlike those monks."

Mamma continued. "They well knew how near their own desolation was, and that Henry of graceless memory would swell his sacrilegious treasury with the wealth of Whenbury at his earliest moment."

"Oh, mamma, are you going to show us a good trait in them? I should be amazed," cried Susan, hanging breathless on each word.

"There had been in days not far remote a certain Abbot de Beaumont at Whenbury, whose sister was for a short time prioress of Beaumont, munificent and holy in her austere life, giving all her worldly substance to enrich both houses, and having willed, as through a foreknowledge of the awful misery approaching such dedication, a sum of money to endow a new priory in foreign lands for the Abbot and the existing staff at Whenbury, at whatever time it should please Heaven to disperse that religious community. This was in Henry the Seventh's time that she made her bequest, but it was not known until needed. It had a superscription, 'To be opened by the Abbot in the hour of our national distress and persecution, come when it will, Ave Maria,' and the good Abbot and his holy sister Ciceley the prioress slept in their quiet tombs when that dark hour came."

"Ciceley, are you not honoured in your namesake?" said Susan.

"The Whenbury monks sent secretly to a De Beaumont's keeping what his relations had bestowed on their house, the two oriel windows

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were among the treasure, but no motto or legend of either house or founder was ever known to have existed in such words as those burnt into the border of the centre lights, and carved round the pedestals of the great altar candlesticks that are still in our little chapel."

"Mamma, how did Geoffrey discharge his trust to the monks, and keep clear of the king's anger?" asked Fée.

"Tradition does not give him the best of characters; a courtly noble person if his portrait be correct, but inwardly dissatisfied and grasping, boastful that he had risen above all superstition, and meant to enjoy to the full the portion which had been consecrated to GOD. He managed to keep the legacy from the monastery out of the tyrant's knowledge. He brought a young wife and baby son with him to Beaumont, but both died within two years, and he dragged on to weary old age unloved and unblessed."

"Poor Geoffrey! Who had Whenbury when the monks were driven away? no one who could be neighbourly and give him consolation?"

"Ah! that story is almost the sadder. Its first possessor was its last; the princely revenue sank magically, its fair extensive domain was parcelled out and sold by degrees."

"Home will be ten times more interesting now than ever," I said, "mamma, you never told us all this before."

"Look at the three long thoughtful faces it has conjured up," answered my mother pointing to my sisters.

"And Ciceley," said Fée, "they called you after a real saint, you ought to be something great."

"Nay," mamma said in her low speaking tone, "is it not all holy ground, and can any of us be too good or pure in life and thought in such a home?"

"We have no right there," said Mary, meditatively. "I see the application of the motto plain enough; what a great warning it is meant to be."

"Is there any more to tell?" inquired Susan.

"Not now, the rest works out its revelation, and GOD's good will be done, my daughters."

How plainly "now" all the obscure meaning of "then" of childhood stood forth in relief, and Philip Vyvyan's gentle-heartedness in the silence he maintained upon a subject that must have daily and nightly as it were rent his soul; and young Trevilian's unconcealed disdain that we could not mistake for envy. I thought on this with a wrapt silence, and

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Fée's pure lily face was turned aside that she might hide the tears she could not command. Fourteen or sixteen were not ages for reflection of much moment, an historic sketch of different import might have moved Mary and Susan more than this appeared to do, and as it was just the hour for them to ride out with papa, they flew away to get ready.

"Who came next to Geoffrey?" I inquired. "A Glen Beaumont?"

"Geoffrey's brother, Henry. He was killed at Musselburg when he had possessed Beaumont about three years. He had seven daughters who lived to a great age, and died unmarried, then his youngest brother's son was owner of the Priory."

"And mamma, what was Henry's character?" asked Fée.

"Scanty accounts are left of his domestic life, he was too covetous, and tried to possess himself of the revenues of Whenbury. He used to be seen groping about among the deserted rooms at nightfall, as if he expected to find something worth the having. His brother's son had taken field with the Scots, and Henry Beaumont went into the battle with this prayer on his lips, that 'he might slay one that day, so that one were his nephew.'"

I asked mamma if these were examples of the Beaumont line.

"Too truly; except that generally there was a strong tie of blood among them; and though they were merciless to the poor, and covetous of every penny, and every inch of land, they held together, and would do battle to the life for brother or for kin."

"That was a step towards better things," murmured Fée.

"And of late the Beaumonts have been rather marked for their many sorrows than their sins," my mother added. "Still, through it all we may read the fate of sacrilege, and reading it we ought to tremble and be warned."

It was less the many simple words that went to both our hearts, than the force with which that gentle voice impressed its meaning: no wonder at the cloud of dread anxiety that had not come unnoticed on her face, as her own boys were entering manhood, and drawing near the cares and responsibilities of a fearful inheritance.

She told us that we could not put away the fate that hung over our heads, but we could go far to turn its keen edge aside; that purity of thought and will in our outward lives, and prayer and penitence for our own shortcomings, might avail to consecrate our share in the despoiled possession, but she said nothing directly of Geoffrey and Harry: did she foresee that they could not pass unscathed?

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So far the moral was but too plain, and yet the conviction came very strongly, that our generation, like those that had gone before it and stained their hands with things for holy using, would suffer its own share, would tread out the measure they had begun three centuries before.

A short week had scarcely passed, when we were sitting, as was our evening wont, on the wooded heights above the town, our mother with us, one reading while the rest worked, the noises from below coming without disturbing us, sometimes a strolling band, sometimes the chorus of a concert song through its glass-vaulted roof, swept up with pleasing modulation; those evenings used to be the acme of a golden time, qualified just enough to show that it was but temporary, by the absence of those who made Beaumont shine in our longing thoughts, our brothers and our tutor. As we sat on the evening in question, enjoying our quiet, we seemed likely to have intruders; the same youths we had passed a few days before, made their way out of the wood, the younger, gentler looking, advanced to my mother, and asked if she would recognise Ernest Trevilian's cousin; she welcomed him with all her kind nature, and then the young man of undaunted gaze proffered the name of Glen Beaumont for her consideration. Right cousinly was the reception of the Scotch youth; we were all glad to know him, questions without end were asked mutually, aims and schemes to get introductions which ever failed were related, and finally we were indebted for his visit to Trevilian, who, a college friend, was travelling at the same time, and had joined company with Glen Beaumont the morning we first saw them. Taking everything into consideration, including papa's absence, at dinner with some ancient friend picked up the day previous, mamma asked our new friends to come in and have coffee as we were about to do.

The Ernest Trevilian of six summers back had done little more than grow to manhood; he stood just to middle height, slightly made, but well formed, the decision of character and expression matured. You saw it in a glance at the scarcely turned short upper lip, and in the eye that spoke more than his words. Glen Beaumont was a bonny big Highlander; the great blue eyes that our baby Laura boasted, owed their origin to his family; a superabundance of dark Saxon curls did not hide a very well-shaped head. He talked in pure English, which rather disappointed Mary, but there was something truly frank and honest throughout his bearing, and he seemed undisguisedly charmed with my mother.

She asked if they were staying long at Eichenberg.

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"We should have gone before this," he answered, "but I remained, waiting for a chance of knowing you, and until Trevilian came I radiated from this to needful places; my father went on in despair of me four days since."

"And I thought," said Trevilian, coming to his own rescue, "it seemed presuming too far on a half day's acquaintance; I put it off till he got me in a bold humour to-night."

"As if it wasn't all humbug! I would have doffed my cap and been 'your servant, ladies,' on the strength of half an hour's foreknowledge in a second." He looked as if he could have done so without a doubt, but Glen Beaumont and Ernest Trevilian were made of different material.

"Are you expecting 'double one' in a day or two, cousin Ciceley?" was the next question.

"Next week the twins come," I answered.

"Ah! Geoffrey is going on with flying colours: and what is the other half like? really I am awfully ashamed of my ignorance."

"Harry? he is going to India in September," and on this reply a fresh field of why and because was opened, but I referred him and his string of questions to Mary, who I knew would like nothing better, while Fée and I joined mamma's table, followed by Ernest Trevilian. He was a little damped on finding we had no direct tidings of Campville. We did not correspond, and only heard of the rectory family by the way in any business letter from Mr. Trevilian to my father.

The little cripple Katie, he told us, had much outworn her weakness and deformity; he believed it only needed, according to good medical judgment, a few months of the German baths to make a woman of her.

"They should come while we are here," mamma said thoughtfully, "and what is your cousin doing with himself that you are parted this long vacation?"

"He is reading at home, and shaming our pretences."

"He was always a good home-loving boy," observed my mother.

"Well," Ernest said with hearty feeling, "perhaps it's a secret, but he means to get the 'Camden' this year, and send Katie to Schwalbach instead of coming himself now."

"What a brother for Katie!" exclaimed Fée, while I inquired if he had a chance for the Camden.

"Setting motive aside, he has not more than the average chance, but he is a fellow to be assured by good influences."

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"Don't you go in for it also, Ernest?" mamma asked.

"Oh, I shall have a shot at it, if it interfere not with anything on hand, but I have no pretty little pale flower pining at home."

One knew not which to admire more, the generous cousin who would hold back as this Ernest assuredly meant to do, or the devoted brother hiding quietly away from temptation in his work of love for Katie's sake.

Then our friend drew Susan, his old companion and admiration, into a minute account of our home, that had evidently impressed not merely his boyish fancy but his whole life. We all thought well of him; and as for Glen Beaumont, he was a cousin, just the accessory we should need when the boys came. "I'll just pay my respects to the laird in the morning," he said, as he wished good evening, "an ye'll say it's only Jamie o' the Glen."

"Come early then, Jamie," mamma said, "for the laird's movements are uncertain."

"Come in your kilt and tartan, please, cousin," said Susan, persuasively.

Jamie shook his head at his non-possession. "Ye maun tak me for an English Scotchman, lassie," he answered with a melancholy highland grin, and with this he marched Trevilian before him and departed.

"That poor little girl at Campville!" was on all our lips when the door closed on our visitors.

"Mamma," Mary asked, "what is the good of being rich? here are all of us quite well, we want no baths, and would rather be at home, and that poor child needs it all."

"Let us ask papa to write for her to come, she is just my age," said the prompt Susan.

I thought of the tempting fruits and delicacies that were running to waste at the Priory, and spoke my thoughts. "Katie Trevilian has not been forgotten," mamma answered me gently, "I left direct orders on her behalf."

"I am so glad," said Fée, musingly, "I feel like Susan, as if we ought to have her here, why not, dear mamma?"

"I know it came into your mind when Ernest was telling you, mamma," I added.

"Perhaps you were not wrong, Ciceley, but the negative came also," was the disappointing response. "For the sake of two or three months we ought not to let the good brother's noble intentions be thwarted."

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"But mamma, if he should miss the Camden after all?"

"Really," mamma replied, laughing, "look at Susan's mischievous face! I believe she would like the credit of bringing Katie to Schwalbach at the expense of poor Ernest's loss."

"No, indeed no; only people don't always get everything they try for, and he might not."

"Cousin Jamie says he wanted to go to Oxford instead of Cambridge, and worked for the 'Newcastle,' but it was no go," added Mary by way of supplement to Susan's proposition.

"Who could fancy a wild highlander presuming so far?" said Fée. And all this time Katie Trevilian's fate hung on mamma's being permitted a pause in our conversation.

I suggested that she should promise the children that in the event of Ernest's failure she would have the little invalid brought here to try the waters.

"Ah, Ciceley, it sounds very easy: but you see such charity must be proffered most delicately: we have no right to intrude our power of serving if it is likely to hurt their feelings and prejudices."

"It couldn't, when it would be of so much good," interrupted Mary.

"Perhaps not, but people are very tenacious. However, I think there is not much chance of our having to make the offer, for Ernest has already distinguished himself at Cambridge, and his only apparent rival will not compete with him."

"Oh, mamma! why not?"

"He has learned the secret of Ernest's hope, and will not go against him."

"Well!" Mary exclaimed, characteristically, "I do call him a noble fellow, whoever he may be. I'll ask Jamie if he knows him."

"That would be unfair, Mary, not a word of all this must be repeated until the list is out in the autumn."

When papa came home, which he did early after the younger ones were gone to bed, we had much to tell him of our meeting, and our impressions concerning our new friends. To all we had to say of young Trevilian he listened kindly, and appeared gratified rather than otherwise, but of our cousin he said little, and we almost doubted whether papa meant to find him a welcome by the morning. Mamma let us give the account of the evening without word of qualifying, and when at length he turned to her and said, "The girls have little society, and the boys will be here next week; by all means let us see as much of

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Trevilian as we can; and Ciceley, dear me, why my girl, you are nearly twenty, your mother was an old married woman at your age." Mamma smiled so sadly upon him that he drew near and kissed her, as if but naming her youth brought it back to him most ardently in memory.

The announcement that I had come to womanhood touched me little. I felt it more when Philip Vyvyan impressed me with the responsibilities and cares of a grown up daughter before he left us. An old, old link of childhood seemed caught up with this re-introduction of the Campville cousin, bearing one back again into its past, rather than quickening the sense papa touched upon. If he meant it as a reflection it was lost upon me, and there perhaps the sound and sober teaching of my youth stood me in good stead. The schoolgirl nonsense that I have met with in later years, would have been a riddle to us. Whether we benefited by our ignorance in this particular, future pages may advertise. My mother never allowed us to have day-dreams, she taught us to set an untold value on the worth of life, curious as the doctrine may sound; thus, all the practical duty of childhood was a daily perfecting for youth; our youth for womanhood; and all and each steps onward to the everlasting goal; steps that must be ever on the one path, and steadfast in hope, for as she used to warn us, "Some, from each transition state have been met by the King's Messengers, and borne home; and in all let us aim to be waiting."

It was so with her. I have seen her in her hours of weakness, lying calm and prayerful, "one step nearer," as she used to whisper solemnly when we were watching round her. Surely unto us her children she was a pearl of blessing. Surely unto us, dwelling within the precincts of the portion of the Levites, with the punishment of the sins of our fathers in promise upon us, even unto us her beautiful example must have been a saving, must have turned aside the sword of Vengeance.

Chapter VI.

"Home they brought him slain with spears,
They brought him home at even-fall:
All alone she sits and hears
Echoes in his empty hall."

[For this chapter, thanks to a kind hand; and as without it the clue of the narrative would be sundered, it is inserted in due place.]

Large and palace-like was the house, the rooms luxurious even in

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the baking heat of Calcutta,—we had had many such scenes. One after another as their wounds permitted, the surviving officers of the Sobraon had drifted homewards to head-quarters, the majority of those who outlived the fearful journey recovered, but not all. The house to which I was summoned was that of the General in Command of the Garrison of Reserve, one of his daughters was my wife, the husband of the youngest daughter needed my spiritual assistance.

They had been married only a fortnight when the spreading banner and the sounding trump called him into the battle-field. They had come from England together, and with the General's consent were married almost immediately. A misgiving as to the prudence of such a step may have crossed my mind, but this is only by the way. Minnie Galton was returning from a thirteen years' estrangement, and as to the soldier, the truth on his tell-tale face was written, that a charmed home had nurtured all man's highest affections, and that to be without some tangible centre would be withering. And so we gave our Minnie to his trustful keeping. Of the issue of the fearful engagement we need say nothing, its facts are historical,—with its working in an individual case we have to do.

The Indian summer was not yet at its height. Too quickly for safety some of the wounded had made the march in dread of not having accomplished it before the full tide of heat set in. Minnie, poor Minnie! her cheek grew white, her lips pale, her child-face of seventeen summers mournful to look upon, as one after another came home, and her own was missing still. Day by day her slow step took the way to the cathedral,—she never missed her duty to her GOD in her human hopes and fears, never loved less the chastening Hand because it wrought a sorrow, of all earthly sorrows, the fullest.

When I answered her summons on the day in question, and she met me in the ante-chamber, I knew not what to guess from the expression of her face,—an over-awing gratitude. She pressed my hand silently, offered me an open Prayer Book, and crossing her hands devoutly on her bosom, dropped behind that I might first enter with the words of benediction. The long-expected one had arrived,—had been there about two hours, and Minnie's joy was complete, not tempered, though she knew he had come to her to die. Beautiful indeed was Minnie's trust in her trial. Strong her faith in Him Who helped her, Who only could comfort and calm her. Minnie with all her yearning love had her chief treasure laid up in Heaven, and her ministering at

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that death-bed was a lesson to all the elder ones who witnessed it. The dying soldier recognised me, and laid his fevered hand in mine, entreating me not to delay the Office for the Dying. Minnie had made the necessary preparations before I came. Kneeling on the other side of her husband's bed, her head bent down, her hands clasped together,—I do not think she moved, or that her long fervent prayer ceased for a moment until I began the Service for the Celebration. I do not remember ever to have been so sensibly impressed by such a scene as then. Such pure devotion and renouncing of the human will.

* * * * * *

This morning I have been again with Minnie, comforting her, and preparing the dying with the Church's holy help and words. The fever has abated, and the sufferer lies in a languid quiet. He is twenty-one to-day, and has been telling Minnie of his home. Of his mother he speaks with reverence; of his father and sisters, of his twin-brother, tenderly; to-day they hold the fête to commemorate the twins' majority, and he smiled as he whispered "Amen" to Minnie's "Beautiful is the eternal mansion."

"A little while, and we shall all know what that means," he answered. And after some minutes' silence he went on, "And you will go home to them, Minnie, to our old home, when I am gone."

"Indeed I will," she whispered, pressing her cheek to his hand.

"And tell my father that I died as a Beaumont."

Still Minnie shrank not.

"And you'll talk these days over with our mother, dearest, and thank her for the teaching that stands me in good stead now,—and Minnie, you'll love her the more for this,—you'll go home to them soon?"

If Minnie's self-command faltered, it was imperceptible in the firm whisper with which she answered her husband. "I will try to comfort them, and your mother will teach me. Frank and Ellie will take care of me till I go."

"God bless you, my Minnie. Take my love to all of them,—to old nurse and Eunice, and the others,—and Philip Vyvyan, he helped me to face this." And then he softly murmured, "Remember not against me my sins, O Lord, nor the sins of my forefathers, but according to Thy mercy think Thou upon me."

The wanderings of fever came on again, but Harry Beaumont had

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made his peace with Heaven, and when the dread summons came at midnight, we trembled not for him who passed away.

Harry died on his birthday: so young, that the world's defilements and temptations had glanced past his proof-armour of pure influences, and as yet left him unscathed. The knowledge that birthday was to have brought him, will be his in that Land of clearer day.

Most hopefully might we think of him over whose short life and blessed death no shadow of the Beaumont fate had wrought itself. An ordinary accident of military life had taken him from us,—yet when the simple tidings came that Harry was gone, my mother's head was bowed in sweet submission, then raised in faith and thankfulness, but my father's hair grew grey, and at forty-five a touch of age began to show itself upon his brow, and in his bearing.

Chapter VII.

"I think, art Thou so good to us,
And scatterest joy and beauty thus,
O'er this poor earth of ours;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in Thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers?"

How grown-up children change the aspect, and pave the way for those that follow!

For more than two whole years we lived away from our home, and when we returned to it, a tinge of the dread sacrilege, of which we had learned when far absent, had invested it with a terrible sort of beauty.

We came home to celebrate the twins' majority. We brought back Katie Trevilian with us, as strong as any known skill, aided by the famous waters, could make her. Ernest had not failed, he brought her with her old nurse to the Spa to which we had moved for the winter, and of course mamma made her one of our home at once. It was a preconcerted plan, I doubt not, for our mother was always early in the confidence of those whom she could help,—but she managed it so delicately that Katie's parents could not express even an obligation. She was Susan's age, and much her companion, though they had few ideas in common; for Katie had been sick and weak from infancy, the pet and youngest, and her duty had been to "be still and trust," and bear; while our rosy Susan's lot had been very different. The

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contrast suited, and she with the two youngest, Emily and Laura, made Katie their inseparable friend.

I suppose through Ernest the father and mother trusted their fragile invalid in an atmosphere we used to think them somewhat careful to eschew, but who could have gainsaid such a son and brother? or who have resisted the grateful aid of such a friend as our mother was to Ernest? and had been indirectly since his introduction, six years before, to us and our home.

Our mother,—blessed is the memory enshrining that one word, our mother! I think she was far happier after relieving herself of part of the shrouded association of our house. Three of us were old enough to see it reflecting upon us; perhaps it was time for us to begin to cast about to meet it; or to see it working out what men call the spell of fate; what is, and our mother gave us courage to see and own it, the marked, the signal punishment for desecration,—the hand of Heaven avenging His own, according to the deserts of sacrilege.

Of the other Ernest we saw much during the "long," and when the twins joined us previous to dear Harry's departure for India, we saw him daily. Geoffrey took to him as an Oxford man does to one of the sister community; and we liked his gentle pleasant presence, and his interest was not forgotten when he was gone, for his cousin Katie was then the link of remembrance.

We had not much improved our first evening's acquaintance with Glen Beaumont. Not that papa had damped the promised intimacy, but on the contrary warmed into it; but Jamie told us he had but been left behind conditionally, and that having succeeded in his designed delay, he had nothing but *au revoir* elsewhere, and the remembrance of the sisters six to carry with him on his further pilgrimage.

What if the sun did shine,—or if the rain did stream down! nothing external would have changed the hearts that were beating true though nervously as we neared our vaunted home. There was no longer the posting that had taken us home, the railway was near enough to bring us within seven miles of Beaumont. We were, and in the eyes of many who started from the same busy platform we looked, a happy family. Geoffrey had rushed cross country from Oxford to join and go down with us. I forget what the early part of the day had been, I know it was cloudless when we caught sight of our brother's face, and that all the evening landscape wore not a tinge of

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rose, but only of gold. That was to us young ones,—but in our mother's eyes one snowy fleck broke the universal blue above us, and one broad bright ray at sunset faded out at heaven before the "evening time."

Papa read the papers, only looking up now and then anxiously as if to see how our mother bore it all. I doubted whether for her sake Geoffrey should not have delayed his visit; for the gap was plainer when all the others filled their own places.

Whenbury Road Station! How odd it sounded. What right had the great engine to go puffing and screaming through the Abbey grounds? how anomalous the sound of bustle and of business invading the deserted and decaying grandeur of those same shades; fair in reasoning but green in experience were we who ventured such thoughts aloud. Papa said something hurriedly about "convenience," "necessity," and I felt that we were not nearing Utopia. Pleasant it was though to realise sights and sounds familiar. Reader, if ever you have been two long years exiled in your youth or in your age, bring your heart home with us and help us to welcome ourselves and be welcomed. Susan fairly shrieked with delight as she jumped out of the train and saw our very own horses, and old Bligh's picture face standing by them watching us emerge one after another, and making sure we were all there, all safe. Old Bligh was the first to greet, but he was not the least hearty in his quaint punctilious respect.

"Ah, Miss Mary, then, I am glad to see you," he said, taken back by Susan's hearty grasp.

"I'm not Miss Mary, my friend," returned Susan, "but go; I'll mind these dear old creatures, go and help them," and she pointed toward the group on the platform.

And Susan's first appearance on her native soil was at the heads of two fine and something like impatient horses. She stood the trial of the train starting forth again without a shock, and though they tossed their heads and shook the glittering harness that old Bligh had spent all yesterday in polishing, she kept her ground and did not hear at once the pleading of a voice behind her,

"Allow me; how beautifully you managed them!"

This is how they behave in England, thought Susan, but she let herself be deaf to the politeness and the eulogium, and twice more was repeated,

"Allow me to relieve you, Miss Beaumont."

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Susan turned an inquiring look this last time, and said, "No, thank you; *I* am not Miss Beaumont."

"I wonder if Katie will have forgotten as quickly," soliloquised the stranger, as he turned from Susan's side.

Then Geoffrey rushed to her assistance, blaming himself for not having seen what she was doing sooner, and the great party drew towards the carriage also, and Susan stood aside to admire the *tableau*, in which the stranger was also occupied. Papa and Bligh were first, in full converse; then mamma and Fée had Katie Trevilian between them; I and the rest brought up the rear. Susan need not have been so squeamish, the stranger lifted his cap to my mother and stooped down to kiss his little sister. She stood up strong, and looked really pretty, and Ernest's grateful face was worth the trouble to my mother.

"Tell them all how thankful we are to bring her back so well," she whispered, "and come to us to-morrow, Ernest; for Katie's sake you must be getting home."

He obeyed: lifting his little charge into the gig he had brought, he gave my mother one more grateful recognition, and part of the responsibility of our journey was over.

The nurse who had nominal charge of the child was left with the luggage to be taken on with us.

"A happy little Kit you have made that small sobersides," observed Geoffrey to Susan and Fée, "you have found her a pair of German legs."

"We have transformed her, thanks to those waters," replied Susan, "but I rather dread these staid sisters of hers," and Susan stood looking listlessly at the wheel-tracks in the dust. "No, I would not change houses with her," she murmured, still reading the broad lines below her.

"Ah!" cried Geoffrey, touching her with the horsewhip, "Susy ruminating after the manner of young ladies when they lose their bosom companion." Susan turned toward him with half a shade of disappointment, for he had mounted the coach-box. "Well, you may come," he said, understanding her; "talking to the stars will suit you; but you will have the diversion of opening the gates as a premium."

"Thank you, I'd rather be excused."

"All right then; the break starts first, they are packed pretty thick there; come," he added, jumping down and leaving the horses to their

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own devices, for Bligh was coaxing something unreasonable into the imperial, "come, Susy, it is quite within your range, since Mary is in the happy region."

"I shall have the first sight of Beaumont," Susan said, triumphantly, springing in among nurses and packages, and the first cargo was under way.

We were not slow to follow their example, but if Bligh had more regard for his horses than for our fatigue, we were little disposed to quarrel with him.

Every toll gate, every turning, came too soon to us who had been in the morning all impatience. Never more, though we knew it not yet, never more the perfect number might be counted in our coming out and going in, a visible link was broken, and what our mother felt was reflected upon us, upon Fée and myself.

The very tameness of the way was oppressive; the loss of the dark blue mountains, of the river quite as blue, put our homeland into a minority of which we felt ashamed that evening, for I have said that our heritage stood in a quiet flat part of England, and was one of the few exceptions to beauty of locality universally chosen in the founding of monastic institutions. We neared the great white gate almost in silence, then came a cheering diversion, a spell, and sound of home. We were expected, and all the little hamlet was abroad to welcome us. Susan would have gained by Geoffrey's bargain, for at each gate a group stood in holiday dress to curtsey and doff hats, and speak a respectful welcome that ended in a deafening cheer as we passed on. The breath of newly cut hay on each side of us was delicious, and when the moon came out among the topmost branches of the woods behind the Priory, all thoughts and regrets of the Rhineland were left far far behind. My mother bent her head in intense feeling, and Fée's beautiful face looked so ethereal, that it frightened me. Papa laid his hand upon my shoulder,

"Eichenberg and Schwalbach for ever! eh? did I not read your countenance aright awhile ago, Cicie?"

I could not deny with a good grace, so I said, "Let us get out and walk; I am nearly suffocated."

"Symptom of hay fever possibly," papa replied with a pleasant mock gravity. The carriage stopped and we were liberated. The notion suited Geoffrey also; he jumped down and joined us, breaking out into a hearty "dulce dulce domum" that went on long before, and

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came back in something more substantial than an echo from the old house.

"There is something in an English welcome that you never met since these gates were shut upon you until now."

"A vision of long tables and unlimited enjoyment is not a bad prompter, Geoffrey."

"Pooh, nonsense," he returned, laying his cane indignantly on my shoulders, "they are not so long-sighted."

"If they were," papa said musingly, "give them credit. Once in three generations is a maximum celebration."

"And our double?" Geoffrey answered lightly, "will that have to count for six?"

"The double heir breaks the charm I hope," I said, not waiting for papa, for I knew more of historic fact than Geoffrey, and I did not care to have his way clouded till the fête was passed.

"Presuming that it completes the charm, Ciceley?" but while my father asked the question he turned round with kindling eye to measure the beauty that lay beneath the spreading moonlight. I had to think and feel, not to answer. Could aught be so pure, so radiant, and yet be cursed? I remember what had been my mother's answer when I inquired why it was so. "The saying of King David shall satisfy you, Ciceley, 'Then thought I to understand this: but it was too hard for me.'"

We were at home, once more entering through the low renowned porch into that splendid hall which never has had its equal in my eyes. There stood the servants, the travelled and the stay-at-homes in a cluster round the already-arrived children, the latter pouring varieties of every degree into their ears. The library door stood open, showing that a fire had been prepared in case of "the mistress feeling chill." I could not rush in there, it was peopled with Philip Vyvyan's image and dear Harry's, and associated with the days in which I had craved for a knowledge that now blighted the paradise. The choice of that room for our first evening was not a happy one, for mamma's sake I feared. Far down, unlighted by the temporary lamp near the door, stood the dark confessional in solemn shade; the great window, resplendent with the hues blending and contrasting in the singular accuracy that only the moonlight effects, never looked so lovely. It was eloquent of the past, it was like all on which my eyes rested then, gifted with a voice of meaning and yet of mystery. I stood recalling

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the passionate prayer of childhood, "uttered, yet not comprehended," when Susan touched me and said,

"Come down, Ciceley, I want a scamper through the old rooms in the moonlight; it will give us an appetite."

I agreed, though at the first that merry hearty tone was dissonant, and we ran up the stone staircase and through saloon and ante-drawing rooms with scarce a pause. The doors of the long suite stood open, and flowers and the fragrance of sandal and cedar wood were powerful characteristics of home, for in some very trifle lies the identity, and when we reached the gallery and an open window looking into the cloistered court, Susan leant out and cried with the sadness that ever is part of human joy. I let her have her cry out, and we went on with gayer zest. The pictures looked, some fantastic, some formidable, as we hastened through the gallery and into the "king's chamber." I have brought you to this spot before, good reader, as you will remember if your memory is worth the name, though it is something near eight years since, and as the sunlight descries its beauty best, I will not spoil it by a moonlight recapitulation.

We lingered a few seconds in a sort of reverence due: Susan drew herself up before the prize of the chamber, nay of Beaumont.

"Dusseldorf and Munich might envy us," she said with innate pride, as she gazed with fervour on the incomparable picture.

"The cream of the travel is at the end of the journey," I replied, and we left the room. Our survey was satisfied: a scamper through the house was but a pretext to pay our *devoir* to this one apartment, and Susan's tears of feeling gave place to bursts of laughter as soon as I compelled her to own as much. And when we had unbonneted, and came down stairs, the others had given up a search for two of such uncertain movements, and were comfortable over an indefinite kind of meal; and happy over a letter from India that was found awaiting us.

Fée was reading it aloud; Mary pouring out coffee, and Geoffrey and papa filling plates for us according to the measure of their own appetites. Mamma—it was a strange thing to see her in that room—looked as if a new lease of health had been granted to her in the distant sojourn—the pink and white looked less hectic, the shade beneath the eyes was the effect of fatigue, not the sign of extreme delicacy; at least I let myself so interpret, and never student read his book with the same daily earnestness that we studied the face that was our sunshine.

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Harry's letter was momentous: it spoke of his introduction to Minnie's father, who had been hitherto away from Calcutta; of the General's consent to their happiness, and of such a day in such a month on which mamma must take another daughter to her heart, we a sister, and papa a something between Mary and Susan in age. He wrote in the flush of youthful anticipation; the home-love not a bit deranged by the new and absorbing claimant; no cloud, no glimmering of fatality. Nothing had been the relish while away compared with this one evening to us.

"A pretty fellow that!" papa said, looking at Geoffrey, "and the other poor dogs of subalterns may look on and envy."

"Perhaps you assume that such is my case," returned Geoffrey, "he is ahead of me by unnumbered odds."

"One could not easily fancy you a victim of the grand passion, old fellow."

Geoffrey nodded an acknowledgment of my compliment.

"Well!" exclaimed Mary, "I would rather not be in her shoes: thank my stars I don't live in India."

"Well!" mimicked Geoffrey, "it puts some of you on the shelf, or very near it."

"We stand unscathed under your personalities," I replied, "and Mr. Beaumont, if you will kindly save some unfortunate damsel yourself from such danger, there will be diversion for us at home."

"Only Miss Beaumont is two and twenty."

"She is the elder, and gives her advice," remarked Susan.

"I am the younger, and look for example," answered Geoffrey.

"Twin tastes are so much alike," said mamma, amused with our pleasant banter, "that it is a happy thing to have Harry and his choice far away."

"Now, mother!" expostulated Geoffrey, handing her the dish of earliest strawberries, and bending forward to put some choice ones in her plate, "now, mother! that's a libel on my judgment."

"Be sure you are off with the old love before you are on with the new," suggested my father, "by your accompaniments for this three days' visit, there is one shrine set up already."

"Don't work too hard," pleaded mamma.

"He is not in a poor condition yet, mamma," said Fée, clasping her hands gently round his sinewy arm.

"Not stout enough to wield 'Excalibar' yet; is it, sweet sister

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Fée?" and a sudden expression of high momentous thought passed over Geoffrey's face: a look inwrought, called from the depths; it spoke no boast of coming power; rather it measured his strength for the day of manhood, and set his trust in a Great Rock.

"Excalibar?" inquired Fée, "is that the vaunted sword of the old legend? What a happy aim."

"That is a remnant of the Vyvyan dynasty," said papa.

"And no marvel, for this room is still imbued with the presidence of his good spirit," from mamma.

"Ought we not to ask him here?" suggested Mary.

"There has been a drought of correspondence lately between you. Who knows whether Vyvyan is in England?" inquired papa.

"Mamma had the last letter," I remembered.

"And we might invite his sister to the fête with him."

To this there was a general dissent; nobody could half enjoy Mr. Vyvyan if his sister came too. And papa immediately retracted; begged that we would please ourselves, and hoped Philip Vyvyan would be asked for his first leisure month.

I do not remember much that was said or done that night. I know that mamma went to bed early; and that Geoffrey, on her retiring, went off to read in his room, and papa to see his expectant bailiff. Fée and I strolled out to talk of home, and breathe its full atmosphere; to see what was changed besides ourselves in that three, or almost three years' absence. The burden of our song was home, and the refrain, Geoffrey coming out with flying colours, but in my heart there was a sensation of ecstatic pleasure—one great picture of the past—one dream of the unborn future—but neither of us spoke of Philip Vyvyan.

Chapter VIII.

"God strengthen me to bear myself;
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care."

Before a fortnight was gone all the neighbourhood had called,—the hay, which was left till the very last that the ground might be as soft as possible for the dining and the dancing, had been cut, made, and carried,—the Trevilians had dined with us (Mr., Mrs., and Miss, that is,) and we had little left on hand until Geoffrey came home for good, to which time were wanting nearly three weeks.

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It was curious at first to us, to sit down passive after our roving life; and still more after the daily portioned work to which we were accustomed before we left home; and though for the present we were engrossed with bridal presents for our new sister, and such for both our brothers, yet I often felt that there was more purpose than practice, and that the secret of regulating one's leisure had, at least with me, died a natural death.

I suppose it is the same in other homes. A grown up family spends its days in a listless sort of pleasantness. What was there to do? I think I asked myself once or twice with a twinge of conscience that could not apply the salve of a negative, but when I carried my doubt to my mother she filled the void for me. "First Ciceley must tell me if head, or hand, or heart is at fault; where is the quarrel with the *dolce far niente?*"

I thought head and heart were equally the aggressors. My mother did not quite take my view.

"It used not to be a loss of old with you, Ciceley; before we went away how you would have scorned a monition on this point."

"Then—ah! it was different; my days were filled up."

That sweet, beautiful smile, I see it in remembrance, as mamma looked up and said,

"Are you not one of those who consider your life's work done when you put by the lesson-books of childhood?"

"No, mamma, not with a living contradiction before me; and besides—"

"And Philip Vyvyan's precepts? he used to set due value on your womanhood."

"He used to call those days and their work the prelude to these. Dear mamma, your life at my age was not a blank like mine."

"Woe to one who so lightly, nay, disparagingly speaks."

"Only tell me," I argued, warming with the subject.

"When I was two and twenty I had not to seek out the business of my existence,—I had four little children to learn to guide, to pray for, and to love."

"Myself, and the twins, and Fée; that was too great a care for one so young."

"Yet Ciceley has not enough to occupy her mind, her heart, and hands. Say who shall draw the line, my daughter, and giving us our will shall satisfy us perfectly?"

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"You mean that I should be content, and do what my hand findeth to do with all my might."

"I mean nothing more or less; there is the picture of as bright a life as a long summer day."

"Will dreams and aspirations be quite out of place?"

"Nay, poor Ciceley. The tallest tree spreads forth the broadest shadow, and the fondest dreams often wake us to the hardest reality. I don't mean that they must never come—that were to out-argue human nature."

I felt that mamma had the keynote, and that she would reduce the chords to true and simple harmony.

"I don't think Fée and Mary ever have my feelings," I said, after some minutes.

"Do you think little Minnie in India has?"

"Is that a fair comparison, mamma, please? Minnie has enough to make her supremely happy."

"Which says that Ciceley has not. Well," added my mother, staying the question that came to my lips, "well, it is since Harry's engagement, and since you have come home to realise that childhood and the things of old are passed away, that you have let in this great restlessness."

"How can I help what comes unbidden?" I asked, in a tone that assented to the impeachment.

"Suppose you keep a daily account to send to Harry by each alternate month's mail."

I did not feel very disappointed that anything so matter-of-fact should be proposed as a penance, and perhaps I said exultingly, "Mary is beforehand with me."

"Come round and kiss me, Ciceley."

I never remember my mother but that once to have asked me to do so, and as I obeyed her and she pressed her lips to my forehead in return, she did not marvel at the great burst of tears,—I believe she expected them. She read this to me in its original. I give it as translated since.

"Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
As GOD willeth march the hours,
Cometh joy at last in showers,
And whate'er we asked is ours."

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Chapter IX.

"Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought,
To its high state,
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait."

I don't mean to tell you verbatim about the fête: you are probably used enough to such things, and need not be told that Geoffrey made speeches that pleased the people; that he danced with all the blooming farmers' daughters, and we with their smart blushing sons; and that the compliments paid to mamma and her six young ladies were genuine, not to say fulsome.

That Geoffrey had taken honours at Oxford did not concern the generality of the assemblage: it was something not well comprehended, but when Harry's marriage was announced to them in the next breath, they received it with a "nine times nine," and one cheer more, that sent some of us into the house for shelter. Mamma came forward to thank them, leaning on Geoffrey's arm. She was dressed, with that quiet elegance that none of her children fully inherited, in a rich brocaded silk of papa's favourite shade of fawn colour, and a shawl of Mechlin lace. So she would have been attired if Harry's wedding had been in England, and so three months after, on the day of note to both her sons.

Everybody was with us whom we knew at all. The Rector of Campville and his family; the transformed Katie, and the two Ernests; even Mr. Kirkham had been hunted out of a distant curacy to time his visit to his old parish for this occasion. Mr. Kirkham! his last act in our house had been the baptism of little Sigismond.

Eunice, now a sedate woman of thirty, happy in her promotion from the little girls to be young ladies' maid, had been privileged to ask her own friends, but I am not sure that she was happier at any moment of the day than when the whole Campville party stood round her, the young ladies comparing notes of age with her, and the young men praying her most solemnly to tell them what witchcraft had been practised upon Miss Katie, in Germany. Poor Eunice! I think her own friends believed that magic must have worked on her also, in the skill and grace of our coiffures, her own handywork; and worse, and more annoying, in the guttural gibberish in which she and Miss Katie

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found themselves talking to each other. It was hard for those unsophisticated English to believe that such sounds made part of a Christian language. We had Jamie Glen Beaumont and his father with us; and a pretty little lassie that had promised to be Jamie's bride, Janet Stevenson. Mamma always had a happy knack of extending an invitation, even as in Janet's case, to a stranger under such circumstances.

Papa was in the height of Beaumont joy: brimming with grateful pride that a day so rare, so awfully rare, had been vouchsafed to him. His two sons reached to manhood.

Alas! for earthly bliss. We who had wished for some magic conductor to bear our sounds of mirth to the far tropics to our Harry, we had his spirit witnessing though not partaking before the day with us was far advanced.

I came unobserved upon one coterie of old people, and heard them talking pretty freely about us. Dear old souls! they are all at rest ere I am writing, so I may speak without harming or annoying them.

"They be indeed, neighbour: the LORD bless them."

"Nevertheless they do come of the old stock," said an ancient woodman, his words sounding rather like a prophecy than an assertion.

"There ain't ought to be any croakings, Master Bailey, to-day," said a grave picture of an old woman. "I say, with Deb Smith, the LORD bless them."

The "Amen" was unanimous: then another man began his comments.

"I've been a-considering, neighbours, that Master Bailey do say quite right, that they come of the old stock, but there's a beautiful graft on this tree, we ought to thank GOD that He gave *her* to Beaumont."

My ears tingled as they listened, they, kind simple hearts, could see the light sent to our home with our mother, and I reverenced them. I passed on to do my errand, and as I returned, the same party were upon the same subject.

"He is the first that has lived to see his sons born here and growed to this age," Deb Smith was saying at the moment, "and I take heart that the dark story is worn out."

"Please GOD it may be," murmured Deb's crony earnestly.

I stood fascinated.

"Ay, ay," said old Bailey, after a pause, "if only one of them should live to lay his father in his grave, the family won't be dark no more."

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Were they wishing my father's death? were they who had been recipients of my father's bounty, of the unknown charity that had never been refused since Beaumont had been our home, were they deliberating upon a hoped for change? I knew not how to reconcile their opposite agreements. My cheek burned with anger and shame as I hurried back to the general group. I had taken their expression literally; I had not yet learned how dread a mark was set upon our house. I remember that the fact of my having overheard what had so distressed me made it impossible that I should ask any one for a solvent.

Ere the evening gaieties had reached their height, some of us were nearly tired out, mamma, and Fée, and myself especially; good little Janet kept up to the last, and was Mary's coadjutor when we were compelled to rest. Jamie o' the Glen was equally irresistible where Geoffrey could but half keep the fun from flagging. We sat still near the revels, so that the sober elders might come severally and wish us good night when they thought fit to leave the grounds. They had some dread of the fireworks that were to conclude the evening, and gradually bustled off before the grand climax took place. I felt as though I ought to beg Deb Smith's and old Bailey's pardon when they presented themselves. I had listened, and my reward had been according to the old saying.

When mamma said of them as soon as they were out of hearing "that they were some of the most devoted to our house," I felt a little sceptical.

We sat a long time in quiet, commenting upon the day, our mother with thoughts of her absent one made me tremble. In faith she had seen this day long years before. She told us so without presumption. Fée asked if she did not feel a great blank without Harry?

"If he had stayed here there would have been no Minnie."

The answer was for Harry's sake, not her own. A thought of her boy's happiness at the expense of absence had no power to sadden.

"There was something you promised to tell us, Harry and me, this day," I whispered, "do you remember it?"

"Can you recall the occasion, Ciceley?" was the reply.

"Philip Vyvyan had made him angry about our ancestors' legitimate right here. You said you would satisfy us when he was twenty-one: we have waited eleven years."

"Harry not being here must exonerate mamma," was Fée's suggestion, for she saw more quickly than I that my plea struck a note of pain.

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What might have been my mother's decision I know not, the next instant Philip Vyvyan was shaking hands with her, and Fée and I had been gazing at him as though he had been a conjuror who had assumed the impersonation.

"Is it want of memory that led you to mistake the day?" mamma inquired. Mr. Vyvyan turned to greet us his old pupils ere he answered. His tone and manner to mamma were unaltered, but he appeared to bear very faithfully in mind that I was *Miss* Beaumont, and Fée, *Miss* Felicia.

"I could not easily have forgotten this 14th of July," he said, "I have been delayed on my way. Am I forgiven, young ladies?"

Fée answered in the name of all, and mamma went on to tell him that we were celebrating the double of the twins' majority and Harry's wedding.

"Ah! then the old times are quite gone," he broke out in the midst of his first-rate congratulations. "My children are grown up, and one is married."

"You must hold yourself ready for the next generation," observed Mary, who had joined us.

"You know how privileged I am, Mr. Vyvyan; I have never stood in awe of—"

"Heyday, Vyvyan! we had almost voted you false to your professions," and papa's welcome was closely followed by Geoffrey's. Life and spirit revived at once; Philip Vyvyan lent his energies, and if three, seven, or ten years ago he was the one to whom all appeals were made, from whom the glories of all rural enjoyment emanated, it was doubly the case now.

The evening was the best part of the day. The fireworks were at nine, and for two or three minutes during their preparation, he was missing. He was saying the office for the hour, Cousin Jamie told us afterwards. It is not for me to speak of the errors of the Romish faith. I know that Mr. Vyvyan was an example of unflinching duty to his church that we might all have taken to ourselves, and been better for it.

There was a ball to end the long remembered day. When the last spark of the final and most wondrous transformation had died out the band marshalled the rustic company to the gates, and returned to inspirit us with its reserved music for two or three hours. I had to be led out first by a son of the Lord Lieutenant of the county; Fée by Cousin Jamie, and Geoffrey was well off with Lady Charlotte Whenbury, my partner's sister. One of the Trevilians secured Mary. Not since

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the De Beaumonts had been possessors had that ball room echoed to the tread of so many of one family. Janet Stevenson was sitting with mamma, having excused herself from dancing. She was better repaid by an occasional glance of Jamie's blue eyes where she sat quietly, than she would have been standing up as his partner with all other eyes at liberty to pay visits to her. I saw Philip at his old place by mamma's chair, and our Ernest with him. I heard some one of careless memory ask who that distinguished looking stranger was, and what he did here on such an occasion. I felt proud of the inquiry though I had not to give the answer. My partner was a pleasant little fellow; I liked him for the one reason that he talked about Calcutta. His uncle had been Governor General, and he himself had been in the presidency for two years. So we went through our quadrille agreeably, with a tacit mutual understanding that we were dancing that dance together rather for form's sake than by choice.

In the second dance there was a diversion. Geoffrey carried off Janet by the sly before Jamie could return from the ice room, whereby he was left to be a satellite in mamma's corner. Jamie's father, kind man, not at all aware of the early relations between us, made Philip take me out, which, Mary perceiving, sent her into suppressed convulsions. The eldest daughter of the house felt a little that she was declining from her zenith; a brother younger than herself married, and her second partner in the first Beaumont ball, the tutor of her childhood. Yet I was pleased in having, independent of all the thousand-and-one remembrances that revived, the eldest unmarried partner in the room; I was the only Beaumont in the set, we took the bottom of the quadrille. I cannot help observing that for the first time I felt that the Lancers were not convenient for conversation. Your work is not over when you have done your duty to your *vis-à-vis*, but there is ever some call from the sides separating you and your partner, which snaps the thread of small talk, and is to a great extent trying.

Philip's words were, "I ask Miss Beaumont's pardon."

"Which I shall only grant conditionally," and then away we had to go. The next words were, "Did you superintend the decorations? I have seen nothing so refreshing for an age." I looked round, and really admired the arrangement of plants and flowers, flags and streamers, for the first time.

"Oh no, I have grown fearfully idle, you ought to discern that it far exceeds native talent."

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I got safely out of that most tangled "ladies, hands across," and praised my partner for his knowledge of the figures, it was the first time I had ever seen him dance. He laughed slightly and said it was all part of the present revolution. I asked him if he was personal, for now the top couple were paying visits to the sides and we were at rest temporarily.

"Ciceley," Philip said with his old grave gentleness that used to come naturally when he took me into council, "Ciceley, is the day fulfilling your years of expectation?"

"Yes, thoroughly, in a measure. Is it realising your ideas also?" I asked.

"In a measure, but the tree stands very tall, and—"

"And its shadows must fall widely? I know," I added, and I glanced towards my mother in her quiet loveliness, but Philip responded not to my thought, and there was no time to edge in another word. When the dance was over, we walked out into the gallery as many others did, and he told me as we stood mechanically before a picture,

"There is a special mail in. You know I slept in London last night to hasten my journey, and it was this delayed me. The tidings were strictly official, so you must say nothing of it."

"I do not understand, Mr. Vyvyan," I said with veiled horror, "is it something about—about—dear Harry?"

"The account is scanty; there has been an engagement, and part of Harry's company was in the thick of it."

"Why do you tell me of this to-night?" I inquired, "this is neither place nor hour for such tidings."

"I tell you, Ciceley," and Philip's very tone was a reproach to me, "I tell you because you are the one who can bear best to know. From my heart I believe there is dread sorrow in the rear for all of you."

"Philip," I said as calmly as I could, "you must forgive me, but they say the superstitions of your creed sometimes lead you to assume."

"Not to assume a judgment," he replied, sadly, "not to presume that what has ever been, shall therefore be for ever, and thus to build on inference."

And though his vindication was in pure candour I did not wholly accept it. This Philip saw only too readily. We had paced through the suite of rooms and were returning. Our steps slackened. "Once," Philip said, "once you used to take my word in simple faith."

"I would rather not be tormented with possibilities," I replied,

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trying to edge out without answering. There was no chance of getting off so easily.

"Contagion with the world has taught Miss Beaumont to be suspicious."

"Philip, I believe you," I said, "but pray tell me either more of this dread news or your reasons for thinking as you do."

"Harry's name is in the list of dangerously wounded," and saying this, Philip led me to a door into the private gallery, opened it, and left me.

I sat down in the dark quiet of my own chamber. No sound of music or of mirth could reach me here, every sense was appalled and stunned. I knelt down and prayed, first for my mother, for I had reckoned upon the strength in which she trusted, next for Minnie, and ourselves: in those still moments, with all my soul laid bare before the Intercessor's Throne, the rebellion of the will was crushed.

"O Thou Who wast smitten for our offences, smite us in mercy. Thou Who knowest the secrets of our hearts, shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer." I asked not for my brother's life; for in the wrapping shroud of uncertainty I felt that it might be but a vain thing. When I stood up I drew to the window: the sounds of departing carriages brought to mind the gay scene that I had left—the few pale summer stars gave birth to the thoughts of one such night long gone by, when the baby Sigismond was taken home, and I a child asked those same bright stars in silent questions if they had seen his little angel-spirit pass among them upwards to its home. This night, even as that, was hallowed for ever in the solemn annals of my chequered way.

Eunice came to me and I sent a message of excuse to mamma to say I should not appear again, for it was a sight of her I dreaded more than all else. Somehow I slept soundly through my anticipations and had not a betraying face to bring down to the merry breakfast table next morning. Papa and Jamie were rather unmerciful to me for my desertion, and reminded me that next to the eldest son the eldest daughter had the most onerous part to play on such occasions. I stifled all exculpations and kept up my bravery. Jamie and Janie, as Geoffrey would call them, were the first young pair of lovers I remembered in our house, and Philip Vyvyan like myself was often drawing mental comparison between them, and the lover-husband and Minnie far away.

In the midst of breakfast there was an unexpected addition in the

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person of the "other" Ernest. Some pretext about Gertrude's losings of the previous evening, and his cousinly politeness in making early inquiries for her, preambled his making himself one at the table. I recall that morning with minute freshness. The windows open—the sharp clank of the then newly-invented mowing machine on the lawn below—the monotonous music of the cascade beyond—and the faces round the table. Ernest had a bunch of valley lilies in his hand. I feel that I inhale again their faint fragrance as I did when he shook hands with me.

I am sure those flowers were gathered and brought there with a special intention that faltered when it came to the point, for when Ernest laid them by mamma's plate she said in thanking him, "This is bad taste indeed to single out the one old woman of the party for your gift." It called a bright colour for an instant to his face, and gave though a guilty look, one that very well became him. Lord Glen Beaumont, who loved a bit of mischief, said, "If you had brought some of those blue river forget-me-nots that I saw yesterday so abundant it might have been to more purpose."

Three of us were in pale blue muslin that morning, but papa reassured Ernest by saying, "Susan is the lily by interpretation, I believe." Ernest looked very approvingly on the lily of fifteen, and Geoffrey crowned the hints, innuendos, and dissertations, by "Trevilian gives the lilies, and does not take the forget-me-nots."

Mary, opposite to me, grew scarlet and dropped one of her gloves purposely that she might stoop to hide her face a moment. Fée was on the side with me, I could see her profile only, but I don't think Geoffrey's words troubled her, and I did not at all take the allusion. When the post-bag came I seized the moment to withdraw. I had no fear that that morning would fulfil Philip Vyvyan's prediction, nevertheless I did not care to stay longer where the gaiety and light-hearted wit grew merrier, and my mind resumed the spell of fears of the preceding evening.

Throughout the house were necessarily traces of the last night's festivity, and I wandered into the ballroom. Two of the wax-lights in the sconces had been left unextinguished and were burning dimly in the sunshine; the flowers were all fresh and fragrant, and the floor was scattered here and there with withered sprays that had fallen from bosom or bouquet of some of the fair dancers; Gertrude Trevilian's little wreath of silver jasmine I quickly discovered, and one or two

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other trifles and trinkets that I knew would be inquired for by the callers in the course of the day. And then a listless dream came over me, a dream not of foretaste but of retrospection, for the day on which our airy castles had been built was gone, and my early youth was over, and at this stage we invariably begin to look back.

I took a retrospect view of our life and home, and its marked phases, of the days when I knew not tangibly and sensibly of that great mystery, death; when Sigismond came as it were to show me that awful portal, and to illustrate my mother's lessons of that glorious Hereafter; of the days of Philip Vyvyan's teaching; of the knowledge of the profaned sanctity of our home, and our mother's aspirations; of the Beaumonts, written as it were to all posterity with the malediction of man; with, I speak reverently, the curse of heaven upon its generations.

Philip Vyvyan was right and kind in warning me of what might come, for when the dread day brought the mail with Frank Wilson's letter confirming Philip's intelligence, the revulsion was overwhelming. A mighty torrent was our household's grief: chastened and beautiful in our mother and Fée, in all the others passionate and fitful. It was not till Minnie's brother-in-law wrote that final letter that Geoffrey gave way, and then his grief was for Minnie's loss, not for dear Harry's gain.

I went into my mother's room and sat down in silence by her bed with the letter in my hand. Papa had broken the news to her, but she had been his comforter. Her face was calm and tearless. Her book of "meditations" lay beside her.

"Can you read it to me?" she whispered looking at the letter in my hands. I essayed to do so, for her composure affected me, it was different from the gushing overflow of unrestrained sorrow downstairs. Her hand lay on mine as I read; her lips poured a voiceless prayer when I came to that part in which Mr. Wilson spoke of Harry's simple faith, and of the blessing of the pure home teaching. "He had not waited," said the letter, "to repent his early, even his childhood's faults, but on the day before starting on his fatal journey he unburdened his conscience, confessed his sins—sins such as ordinary men would perhaps smile to hear so classed—and received the ghostly benefit provided by our Church, and then the most holy Eucharist. He went forth to the combat, armed with those weapons of warfare that fail not in the most dread extremity."

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Thus the young bright life was taken "before that wickedness could alter his yet simple understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."

"Dear Harry! my blessed one."

I laid my face down to my mother's hand, and presently Fée came, then Susan; poor Mary did not trust herself, her grief was almost wayward—that of warm impulsive hearts like hers is so often—Mary felt her powerlessness to command herself, and kept apart awhile.

But Fée in all her gentle spiritual tenderness brought soothing in her presence. I, in common with many others, had thought her the first destined to break away from our earthly home; not Harry, not one of our only two brothers.

"If we could but have seen him once more, or had his grave with us," Susan exclaimed, restraining her tears.

"If we could but have had our will instead of bending to His Who has taken him from us," mamma observed, checking the poor child's idle regrets.

"There is poor little Minnie," Fée whispered, "she will come to us, and be as part of him."

"You will never let Geoffrey go away, dear mamma!" Susan said, beseechingly. "Perhaps if Harry had stayed here it might not—" the child dropped her head upon Fée's shoulder and could say no more.

"We will not think of this, Susan, we will rather thank GOD that he died for and in his duty, and is taken out of evil before he could willingly partake of evil."

And then my mother told us of the common fate and character and tenor of the Beaumonts. That no son of an actual possessor had yet outlived his father; that but two before our brothers had attained their majority; that the lives and histories of the men of our name were as bywords and proverbs of crime or of ill fortune.

"When I learned all this," mamma continued, "it was too late for me to do aught to escape the ills, I could only strive to avert them from the heads of my twin sons, on my daughters the legendary benison of the royal martyr was a shield. We nurtured our boys with a tenderness to which the Beaumont blood had been hitherto a stranger; we kept them here, inuring them to the physical hardihood of rural life, which the world thinks is only gained in the rough public school. Of this home they knew only its sunshine and its blessings: of its tainted association we kept you all purposely ignorant. The lessons

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in this home were of the holy and beautiful, such as cling unperverted round the pure æsthetic character. Whatever dear Harry knew of vice and sin was simply in the objective form. My children, I have prayed that these heirs of an inheritance so fearful might pass unspotted and unstained, whether with it or without it, into that kingdom of which we are all inheritors."

THE CHURCH.

X. Before the Rail, (S. Edmund's, Salisbury.)

Confirmation.

"Put on the whole armour of God."
"These are they which follow the Lamb."

Take thou salvation's helmet,
The stainless shield of faith,
Breastplate of righteousness, to quell
The fiery shafts of death,
And gird upon thine armour
"The Spirit's mighty sword,"
Then kneel, and take the vows that bind
Christ's soldiers to their Lord.

Of old, with fast and vigil,
Before the Altar pale,
The knightly champion, kneeling,
Watched by his shining mail;
And now at Christ's pure Altar,
His youthful warriors kneel,
While Apostolic hands bestow
The Spirit's seven-fold seal.

Prayers of the freed and sinless,
Ascend anew to-day,
While o'er their bucklers gazing,
The warriors wait the fray;
Dark frowns the uncertain future,
What shall their conquests be,
What blood-red fields shall lead them
To perfect victory?

Or when shall sound the summons,
"Servant of God, well done,

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The strife and toil are ended,
The victory is won?"
At eventide, or dawning,
Or midnight shadows pale,
Shall end the life-long battle,
And CHRIST for aye prevail?

The hosts of hell shall gather,
The world aside may lure
The bravest from the conflict,
The valiant and the pure
Shall feel the cruel anguish
Of lust's relentless flame,
Oh! look ye to His banner
Who all our ills o'ercame.

* * * * *

And you, ye white-robed maidens,
Who kneel with downcast eyes,
Meek learners in the royal school
Of perfect sacrifice;
Fear not, your SAVIOUR leads you,
A Maiden's spotless Son,
Strong in that blissful knowledge,
The victory shall be won.

Fear not, for glory waits you,
The hands ye meekly fold
In prayer to Him Who leads you,
Shall sweep the strings of gold,
When Heaven's eternal anthem
Rings o'er the jasper wave,
"Blessing and glory, power and might,
To Him Who died to save."

Oh by Thy stainless manhood,
Redeemer, LORD, and King,
Look on each prayer, each high resolve,
Which now Thy children bring
Unto Thy holy Altar;
From sin's dominion free,
Lead Thou Thy trembling children here
Safe to their home and Thee.

ACCIPITER.

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COFFEE TAVERNS IN TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

It must be clear to all who indulge in athletic sports, or take much exercise in the open air, that manual labour, and the occupations of a workman, carter, or mechanic, are apt to produce great thirst; when besides the present discomfort, feverishness or debility ensues, if the need of moisture in the system denoted by that feeling is not to some extent supplied. Our towns increased in size, and the facilities for obtaining pure draughts of water became less, yet it was long before any effort was made to provide a labouring man at work, with the means of quenching thirst, if he kept out of a public-house. In ancient times it was considered a pious act to erect a drinking fountain, but the tradition had died out, and in Liverpool, for instance, a man might be employed four miles or more from his home, with no cottage near or any place of refreshment where he could obtain a glass of *water* during the whole day. Although half-an-hour later his thirst would be increased by them, yet as fermented liquors or spirits give temporary relief, the public-house was naturally his resource, till a local merchant supplied the town with drinking fountains, and a perceptible decrease in drunkenness was soon the gratifying result.

It frequently happens that a labouring man starts at 5 a.m. to reach his place of work. If his wife is a bad manager, or engaged till late at night with household cares, she has not risen early enough to light the fire, and provide him with any breakfast, before he leaves his home, and he sets off without it, perhaps on a cold or foggy morning, exhausted rather than refreshed by a night in the close over-crowded bedroom, which is still common even in country cottages. To gain factitious support for his day's work he goes into a public-house and obtains a glass of spirits or beer. We can hardly blame him, if no other mode of providing himself with a morning meal is supplied, and yet it is a practice fatal to health, and sooner or later leads to drunken habits.

Some years ago, a regiment bound on foreign service marched into Birmingham. The soldiers halted for an hour in a shadeless square, while the names were taken down of the public-houses in which they were to be lodged, and after receiving their billets, they wandered about for another hour or two in search of them. It was hot weather and they asked for water from the shops and private houses which

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they passed, but with mistaken kindness were treated to beer and spirits, and the effect when they had been long fasting on a hot march was disastrous. Some were soon helplessly extended on the pavement, and instead of leaving the town early the next morning, it was late in the day before the officers could collect them, and several remained a second night, being unable to proceed. A regiment now passing through Birmingham would find the town supplied with street drinking fountains and coffee-stalls, besides coffee-houses where the friends of the soldier can refresh him far more effectually than on the occasion just mentioned, and without the risk of seeing him tried for desertion. One of our great authorities on military hygiene and diet (the late Dr. Parkes,) wrote that "the use of tea, coffee, or simple water, is preferable to spirits under all circumstances of the soldier's life."[1] If this rule applies to a soldier on a campaign, exposed to unhealthy climates, often to the extremes of heat and cold, frequently with insufficient shelter, or crowded into stifling tents or barracks, to sentries in their monotonous night-watch, and when the diet is unavoidably coarse, or containing little nourishment, it must surely apply to the civilian even when his constitution is tried by the heat, noise, and dust to which he is liable in particular trades, and the best civil medical authorities agree, that the use of fermented liquors is not necessary in a perfect state of health, and even in very moderate quantities is often far from an unmixed benefit.

"The curse of an army is intoxicating liquor," wrote a surgeon, who had seen much service. "The spirit ration is the great source of mischief." A second asserts that "an unpaid army is a healthy army, because it cannot buy spirits." A third who went through the Peninsular War, gave it as his opinion that "the exceeding vulgarity of the prejudice that ardent spirits impart strength to the human frame, is disgraceful to educated men," . . . "and yet," says Dr. Parkes, "this belief is still held by many in authority. Although in the army drink is the great source of all crime and insubordination, although within the last twenty years we have had instances, that during an assault, men will sacrifice everything even to their honour to obtain spirits; although the best officers know that this is the one point on which they cannot depend on their men, far too little has

[1] Sir John Hall, K.C.B., writes, "My opinion is that neither spirit, wine, nor malt liquor is necessary for health. The healthiest army I ever served with had not a single drop of any of them." Quoted by Dr. Parkes.

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been done to make our army temperate. I do not mean that *nothing* has been done, but the measures are insufficient to control an evil so gigantic. It is the same in civil life. There is no question that more disease is produced by drunkenness than by any other cause, and that the evils proceeding from it are beyond all reckoning; yet the attempts of the legislature to set some bounds to intemperance, have been opposed with a bitterness which could only be justified if the degradation and not improvement of mankind were desired."

Among the instances brought forward by Dr. Parkes to support his theory that "tea, coffee, or simple water, is preferable to spirits under all circumstances of the soldier's life," are the English expedition from India into Egypt in 1804; the siege of Jellalabad in 1841; the Kaffir war in 1852; the Red River expedition, and others where no spirits nor fermented liquors were dealt out to the soldiers, nor had they any means of procuring them, yet they were particularly healthy, cheerful, martial and free from crime; and that a spirit ration cannot keep off cholera, or malaria, was proved in the Crimea; in the Walcheren expedition of 1809; and in India. "When debarred from spirits and fermented liquids, men are better behaved," says Dr. Parkes, "far more cheerful, less irritable, and endure better the hardships and perils of war. The courage and endurance of a drunkard are always lessened, but in a degree far short of drunkenness, spirits lower, while temperance raises, the boldness and spirit which a true soldier should possess."

There are many who consider that the labouring classes have a right to enjoy themselves in any way they can, and that if their enjoyment is to drink, they should be allowed to do it, without even offering them an inducement to temperance; such inducements being apparently regarded by these arguers as an interference with the liberty of the subject. But those who reason after this fashion must take a very superficial view, or be unacquainted with the social and political effects of intemperance. We are all interested in the diminution of crime, and an influential nobleman, the Lord-lieutenant of his county has truly observed, that if temperance became universal the county gaol might almost be closed. The law regards suicide as a felony, and attempts at it are therefore punishable; and drunkenness is moral suicide, rendering the victim of it, sooner or later, a burden on his friends or the state. The cost of legislation, and the rates, are higher or lower according to the amount of crime and poverty; and intem-

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perance is the parent of poverty as it is of crime; so much so, that a municipality might with advantage to the community at large become the guarantors of a coffee-house, as an aid to sobriety, if no other means of establishing one were at hand.

In early times mead and beer were common beverages in England, because coffee, cocoa, and tea were not known; and the retainers of the Stuart family during their long exile accustomed themselves to drink large quantities of the *vin ordinaire* of the continent, so when they returned home and consumed the same amount of the stronger intoxicating liquors in use here, habits of intemperance were introduced. The Dutch followers of William III., and the Hanoverian court of George I. extended this fashion, till we read of the expression, "drunk as a lord;" and even early in this century, the intemperance of the richer classes in Great Britain was severely commented upon by our foreign visitors. An English general much employed on the continent in 1806, observed as a proof of the esteem in which his country was held abroad, that even with this disgraceful custom, our people were tolerated as guests in foreign circles which would have banished any of their own countrymen addicted to it to the same extent. Coffee, tea, cocoa, and sherbet, had produced temperance on the continent, and it is needless to say, that if a member of our higher class is now known to be intemperate, he is avoided by others of the same rank, and is much in the position of the victim of insanity. We therefore must not consider it an ineradicable vice in the working class, (whose manners are often but a reflection of those of the gentry in a previous age,) in spite of the startling fact stated by Dr. Parkes in 1873, after wide and careful researches, that "the British army bears the unhappy character of being the most intemperate army in Europe;" for until quite recently little was done except by the Temperance Societies belonging to Non-conformist communities, to promote better habits. It is an encouraging feature of the tone of the present day, that there are people from all ranks who recognise it as a duty to assist in rescuing their weaker brethren from degradation; and the extension of coffee public-houses is undoubtedly the first step towards it.

Hitherto the labouring classes often refreshed themselves with beer or spirits, because they could buy them more cheaply than coffee, cocoa, or tea. A rich man can go into a confectioner's shop, or an hotel, and order a cup of coffee, an ice, or soda water, when he feels thirsty away from home, but the price of these things is high for a

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working man, although as we all know if the custom is sufficient to enable materials to be bought or made up in large quantities, each cup of coffee can be sold with profit at a lower price than where the demand is less; and if it is sold in a building not so expensive to hire, or to furnish, as an hotel, or a first-class confectioner's shop, the greater can be the reduction in the price. In our manufacturing towns there are trades in which only total abstainers can engage, without falling a prey to apoplexy or liver disease; and in India, where the climate is apt to have the same effect, experience shows that the working man can keep his health by drinking cocoa, coffee, or tea, instead of a stronger stimulant.

The amount of spirit which only produces irritation in the native of a northern country, will bring the inhabitant of a southern climate to the verge of frenzy; and it is melancholy to read of the death and disease which intemperance, introduced by our people, has caused in India, Malta, and among all the native tribes of North America, Australia, New Zealand, and Africa, with whom we have come in contact. During the Peninsular War, rum was served out to our Portuguese allies, who were a very temperate race, and an amount not sufficient to intoxicate an Englishman, "turned them," says an eye-witness, "into veritable demons, who drew their swords upon each other, instead of on the enemy." The same has been observed among the natives of India. "Who hath woe?" wrote King Solomon, (Prov. xxiii. 29—35,) "who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of the eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright;" that is, *has fermented*, for the term wine seems to be used more than once in the Bible for unfermented sherbet, such as is much drunk by the Arabs, and is most refreshing in a hot climate.—"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. . . . thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." Who cannot recognise this description of the giddy sensations, helplessness, and exhaustion, which intemperance produces, and the craving for more stimulant which follows intoxication, and which renders it so desirable that the first symptom should

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never be known? "Be not among wine-bibbers," adds the wise man, "for the drunkard shall come to poverty. . . . Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts," that is, when it is required as a medicine; and the less a man has taken of any stimulant in his days of health, the more beneficial will the effect be upon him, when it is prescribed for him in his days of sickness or old age.

The properties which make coffee, tea, and cocoa most useful to soldiers equally apply to the civilian, and especially to working men. "Coffee," wrote Dr. Parkes,[1] "invigorates without producing subsequent collapse, but the hot infusion is almost equally serviceable against both cold and heat, in the one case the warmth of the infusion, in the other its action on the skin being very useful, while in both cases the nervous stimulation is very desirable." Of tea he says, "the hot infusion is so readily made, that it should form the drink *par excellence* of the soldier on service. It is potent against heat and cold," and both—coffee especially—are believed to be useful in preventing ague, and other ill consequences, in a malarious climate. Of cocoa, Dr. Parkes adds, "that the quantity of fat and albuminous substance make it a very nourishing article of diet, and it is therefore useful in weak states of the system, and for healthy men under circumstances of great exertion. It has even been compared to milk." All of these combine to some extent the nature of food as well as drink, so their consumption is not the pure waste to the labouring man, or indeed to any one else, which the consumption of spirits really is; for though the last appears to invigorate him for the moment, that feeling is followed by a depression which experience in cold climates shows us, makes a glass of spirits absolutely dangerous, if a man is going to expose himself to the rigour of a northern winter; and even in our temperate regions makes him feel the want of another stimulant to revive him, or an extra allowance of food.

Hence in an economical point of view, the establishment of coffee houses is to be strongly recommended; and any measure tending to sustain the national health is worthy of the regard of statesmen, for insufficient nourishment produces sickness and impaired constitutions; and sickness produces poverty, thereby increasing the rates. A desire for education comes with mental health and strength, but we may vainly tax ourselves to provide board schools, and national education, if

[1] Military Hygiene, 1873.

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we neglect the health which will alone enable the people to profit by it; for the corrupting atmosphere surrounding the children of a drunkard at home, is more than a counteracting influence. We shall now consider what should be done to further the establishment of these institutions.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES ON THE PRIMITIVE LITURGIES.

BY DAVID BURNARD JONES.

(*Continued from page* 305.)

XIII. The Western Liturgies.

§ 107. *Liturgical Families.* These are (1) The Roman; and (2) the Ephesine, Gotho-Hispanic, or Hispano-Gallican. The latter has two great branches, the Gallican, and the Spanish or Mozarabic. The term Ephesine is used because the Use of the second century Church of Lyons was probably derived from Ephesus, which had a Liturgy apparently agreeing with the Gallican before the substitution of the rite of Constantinople, by the Council of Laodicea, c. A.D. 365. The word *Mozarabic* comes from the Arabic *mostarab*, "to Arabize," which, softened to Mozarabe, was perhaps applied to the Liturgy, in order to throw discredit on the national rite, by those who afterwards succeeded in suppressing it.

Springing from a mixture of the Roman and Ephesine are (1) The Patriarchine, or Aquileian; (2) The Milanese, or Ambrosian; (3) The Sarum, with its cognate Uses of Bangor, Hereford, York, and Lincoln.

To these we must add, as writing for English Churchmen, those modern rites of the Anglican Communion, which derive from the old Uses, (but mainly Sarum) through the Liturgy of 1549, but have been affected, in a greater or less degree, by the ancient Liturgies, especially the Clementine. As the whole of them are not very generally known, we append a list of them, with the dates, though we have no room to dwell on them. They are (1) The Order of Communion, 1548, (this was used with the Latin Mass); (2) The First Reformed, 1549; (3) The Second of Edward VI., 1552, this was improved in 1559 and 1604; (4) The Scotch of 1637, (practically identical with No. 2); (5) The [illegible]roline, or present English, 1662; (6) The Nonjurors', 1718, (the first

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to place the Invocation in its true position); (7) The Scotch of 1724, (same as No. 4); (8) The Scotch of 1743 and 1752, which place the Prayer for the Church after the Great Oblation; (9) The Scotch of 1755, in which the Invocation agrees with No. 6; (10) The Scotch of 1764, which inserts the Post-Communion *Exhortation to Thanksgiving* from the Clementine, and changes "be unto us" into "become;" (11) Bishop Seabury's Communion Office, 1786, "Recommended to the Episcopal Congregations in Connecticut;" agrees with No. 10; (12) The present American, 1789; (as No. 11, but omits from Invocation the words "that they may become the Body and Blood"); (13) The Scotch of 1796, "*spiritual* body" in Invocation; (14) (15) and (16) Scotch Offices of 1800, 1807, and 1849.

§ 108. *Special Features.* All are marked by the use of a large number of variable parts and *Collects;* besides which there are in the *Roman,* (1) A lack of any Dismissal of Catechumens, of Post-Sanctus, and Invocation of HOLY GHOST; (2) The Prayer for Quick before and for Dead after the Consecration; (3) The LORD'S Prayer just after the Canon; (4) Kiss of Peace after Consecration. The *Milanese* mainly agrees with the Roman, but has Eastern traces, and places the LORD'S Prayer after the Fraction. Two ancient MSS. lack Great Oblation. The *Gallican* had the Great Intercession after the Offertory, a sermon or address called *Præfatio Missæ,* a Benediction before communion and probably[1] used the *potential* mood in its rubrics. The *Mozarabic* closely resembles the Gallican, but calls its address *Oratio Missæ,* and has a double ending to the prayers.

§ 109. *Antiquity.* The present Roman can be traced to SS. Gelasius and Leo, and, less certainly, to Pope Innocent, A.D. 416. But its primeval Liturgy was Greek, and possibly very like the Clementine. (See Chap. X., § 84.) The Ambrosian has one or two, the Gallican several, most ancient formulæ. The latter has one Illation certainly as old as A.D. 301, perhaps as old as A.D. 177. The Mozarabic has an *Antiphona* and Epistle not later than the fourth century, and the groundwork of both Gallican and Mozarabic is doubtless as old as the introduction of Christianity into France and Spain.

§ 110. *The "Præparatio Missæ."* So this portion of the Office is called in the Mozarabic rite. In the Roman it consists of the Invocation; the Psalm *Judica,* with Antiphon, (*Introibo,*) from the fourth verse;

[1] This can only be directly proved of the Mozarabic; but it comes out in the English Use of Sarum.

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versicle, *Adjutorium nostrum; Confiteor* and *Misereatur;* versicles, *Deus, tu conversus, &c.;* and the collects, *Aufer a nobis* and *Oramus te*— the former being recited for a worthy entrance into the Holy of Holies, the latter for forgiveness, which is besought "by the merits of the saints whose relics are here,"[1] the prayer being said by the Priest "bowing down over the altar." All this, according to Palmer, is "little older than the eleventh century." The Psalm *Judica*, with its Antiphon and Gloria, is omitted in Masses for the Dead, and between Passion Sunday and Holy Sabbath.

The Ambrosian has a similar arrangement, but prefixes the Psalm *Miserere*, has no *Antiphon*, introduces the Confiteor by *Confitemini Domino* instead of *Adjutorium*, which with another versicle, takes the place of *Deus, tu conversus*, and substitutes another collect for *Aufer a nobis*.

The Mozarabic has *Pater, peccavi; Kyrie eleïson; Pater noster; Ab occultis meis; Deus, Qui de indignis; In nomine Domini; Introibo; Judica;* versicles *Dignare, Domine* and *Confitemini*, with an *Ora* to the Mother of GOD, followed by the Confiteor, &c., down to *Aufer a nobis*, then the Invocation, an Antiphon of the Cross, and four collects. Dr. Neale makes the *Aufer a nobis* (preceded by *Dominus vobiscum*) come directly after the *Deus, Qui de indignis*, omits the Antiphon of the Cross, and the collects, but gives direction for the spreading of the Corporal, and a prayer to accompany it, stating in a note that the other points were introduced by Cardinal Ximenes from the Roman and Toledo Missals.

The Sarum directs the Priest to say, while vesting, the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the versicle "Send forth Thy Spirit," &c., the Collect for Purity, "O GOD, unto Whom all hearts lie open, all desires speak," &c. Then followed the Psalm *Judica* with *Introibo;* Kyrie, LORD'S Prayer, Ave Maria, Confiteor, Misereatur, Adjutorium, (with the *Sit nomen Domini benedictum*, as in the Ambrosian,) the first Kiss of Peace, the *Aufer a nobis*, and the Invocation.

The Kiss of Peace at the beginning of the rite, Freeman considered to have been introduced by Archbishop Theodore of Tarsus, since the Syriac, he says, has nearly the same rite in this place. But it seems to agree more closely with the Mozarabic, which has the Kiss (followed by the *Introibo*) with the same words, just before the Anaphora. The Syriac direction is, that "Kissing the Altar he (the Priest) invokes a blessing on the right hand and on the left." The rites of Séez and

[1] The Mensa Altaris contains alleged relics of Saints.

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Verdun place the Kiss still earlier, before the *Introibo*, as does the famous Missal published by Flaccius, supposed by Martene to belong to Salzburg.[1] From the Sarum, (through 1 B. E. 1549,) our practice of saying the LORD'S Prayer and Collect for Purity is derived. The latter is found in a MS. Missal of Leofric, written about A.D. 1050, and in the Sacramentary of Alcuin, Abbot of Canterbury, c. A.D. 780. The LORD'S Prayer also occurs in the *Præparatio* of the York, Bangor, and Hereford Uses.

All the Anglican Offices open in the same way, though in several editions of the Scottish the opening portion is not given.

§ 111. *The Introit.* With the Introit commences the first part of the Divine Office, or *Missa Catechumenorum*. At first this phrase seems to have signified the dismissal of the Catechumens after the Gospel; as when the Council of Carthage (A.D. 398) decreed that "the Bishop should forbid no one, whether heathen, or heretic, or Jew, to enter the Church and hear the Word of GOD, *so far as the Mass of the Catechumens.*" Later on it is used of that part of the service at which they were allowed to be present; as when the Council of Valentia (A.D. 524) directed "that the most holy Gospels should be read before the Illation of the Gifts, *in the Mass of the Catechumens*, after the Apostle in the order of the Lessons." Then the second part of the Office was called the Mass of the Faithful, and by the sixth century (although it is used earlier, as by S. Ambrose,) the *Mass* was the common name for the whole Service.

The Introit is known by several names. The first edition of the *Ordo Romanus* (c. A.D. 730) calls it the *Antiphona ad Introitum*, as do the two succeeding ones. Another, a little later on, calls it the *Invitatorium*. In another, of the ninth or tenth century, it is for the first time called *Introitus* simply. Two ancient lists of the *Collectæ* and *Stationes* call the first Antiphon for Ash-Wednesday the *Antiphona ad Collectam*, i.e., at the gathering of the people.[2] In the Ambrosian Missal it is called *Ingressa*. The Gallican name is *Antiphona;* the terms *Antiphona ad Prælegendum* and *Prælegere* being used in the *Expositio Brevis* of S. Germanus of Paris, (A.D. 556,) though the term *Officium* is found in Normandy. "The name *Officium*," according to Dr. Neale, "is just as usual in mediæval Missals, as the better known

[1] Freeman, Principles, ii. p. 314.

[2] For authorities, see Scudamore's Notitia Eucharistica, second edit., part I., c. iv., § iii., p. 217.

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Introit." *Officium, Officium ad Missam, Officium Missæ,* are the Mozarabic and English names, "and we find that title used in the Missals of the Carthusians, Carmelites, and Dominicans."[1] "Office or Introit" is the expression of 1 B. E. The Nonjurors' Office (1718) which appoints the Introits of 1 B. E. does not use the term *Office,* and the other Anglican Offices omit them.

The Gregorian Introit consisted of an Antiphon, a verse from a Psalm, Antiphon repeated, Gloria Patri, Antiphon, and a *Vers. ad repetendum.* The present use is, Antiphon, Psalm, Gloria, and Antiphon. The Milanese Ingressa is merely an anthem sung once, i.e., it has neither Psalm, repetition of Anthem, nor Gloria. The Mozarabic consists, in its simpler form, of Antiphon, Alleluia, Verse, Alleluia, Gloria, Alleluia, then "Always, and to ages of ages, *R.* Amen." But another form is, Office with three or four Alleluias, Verse, Psalm with Alleluia, Gloria, Psalm, and the usual ending. The Gallican Antiphonarium has not been recovered.

The Introit has been ascribed to Pope Celestine I., A.D. 423. "If," remarks Dr. Neale, "as tradition asserts, the Provincial Roman Church did not commence its Liturgy with a hymn till the time of S. Celestine I., it would appear to have been the last to adopt the custom. The Mozarabic Office was so commenced at least as early as the time of S. Damasus, [A.D. 380,] and it would seem that the Eastern Liturgies had done so long before."

Some think that the Introit was borrowed from the East. The triple form of the Gregorian Introit would thus answer to the three Antiphons of Constantinople, while the fact that the one is connected with the Gloria in Excelsis, as the others are with the Hymn of the Only-Begotten SON, strengthens the force of the suggestion. Another circumstance which seems to render it more probable is, that the 93rd Psalm (*Dominus regnavit*) from which is taken the second Antiphon of Constantinople on ordinary days, supplies the Mozarabic with *its* Officium on ordinary Sundays, while the fact that both the Constantinopolitan and Syriac S. James appoint portions of the 93rd and 95th Psalms at the beginning of the Liturgy on ordinary days, suggests a very early origin.

The antiquity of the Mozarabic Officium for Epiphany has been already pointed out. The Milanese Ingressa for New Year's Day is,

[1] Scudamore, *u. s.* p. 216. The authorities for most of the quotations in this chapter will be found in this book.

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according to Dr. Neale, "of the most venerable antiquity, and clearly referable to a period when Paganism was still a persecuting power, in allusion to the heathen festival of the New Year. . . . So far as our reading goes, this is the oldest part of any peculiar *Missa*, (always excepting No. IV. [but query V.] of the Reichenau collection) which remains." 'In the sight of the Gentiles fear ye not; but do ye in your hearts adore and fear the LORD, for His angel is with you.' (Baruch vi. 5.) That for Quinquagesima, Dr. Neale remarks, "is almost word for word a translation of a Troparion in the Triodion for the same Sunday; a visible proof of the close connexion between Milan and the East."

"In the year 507 Chlodoveus, on his expedition against Alaric, sent messengers with offerings to the Church of S. Martin at Tours, hoping that some omen of success would be vouchsafed to him. As they entered the church the leader of the choir was beginning the 'Antiphon, Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle: Thou shalt throw down mine enemies under me,' &c. This was probably the Introit for the day."[1]

§ 112. *The Kyrie Eleison and Missal Litany.* The Roman Introit is followed by *Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison, Kyrie Eleison*, each said three times. This was also the English Use till 1552, when it gave place to our present practice of saying ten Kyries, with one Commandment for each Kyrie.

The three Kyries have been explained to be addressed to each Person of the Holy TRINITY, and against sins in thought, word, and deed; the ninefold repetition to be "in union with the nine choirs of angels." But Freeman points out that in several rites commemoration is made of the *nine* steps in the Economy of Redemption, and it may be so taken here.

An old custom of the English Church was to expand each Kyrie, and even to paraphrase them; e.g., "LORD, *who didst send Thy Son into the world, that He might save it*, have mercy." The use of the Decalogue may have been suggested by the fact that the second table had of old formed part of the "Scripture appointed for the Epistle" on the Fourth Sunday in Lent, the Gradual being, "LORD, have mercy on me; for I am weak. Heal me, O LORD;" while as far back as the thirteenth century the Priest was ordered to explain the whole Decalogue four times a year. Others think it was borrowed from a

[1] Scudamore, Notitia Eucharistica, pt. I., c. iv., § iii., p. 219.

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Protestant Service Book published in 1551, which prays GOD to "write it in our hearts by Thy HOLY SPIRIT," &c.

The Kyrie, however, appears to have formed the introduction to the *Missal Litany*, which, previous to the ninth or tenth century, appears to have been said on the days when *Gloria in Excelsis* was not sung. An ancient writer says:

> Exprimit *Officium* suspiria; Gloria, laudes;
> Kyrie Eleison, ter triplicata, *preces*.[1]

But at the present time the Roman Litany is only said on Good Friday, Easter Eve, the Rogation Days, and S. Mark's Day, that for Easter Eve alone in connexion with Mass; the Milanese and Mozarabic *Preces* (*Preces* and *Pacificæ* are other names for the Missal Litany) on the Sundays in Lent.

The Milanese Litanies (there are two) are precisely of the form of a Greek Ektene. The Mozarabic are metrical; those on the first three Sundays in Lent are addressed to our LORD, those on the fourth and fifth are put into His mouth.

The position of the Litany varies. The Liturgies of S. Basil (and of course S. Chrysostom), the Malabar, and Armenian, have it at the beginning, or soon after the beginning, of the rite; several have it after the Lections; with the former the Roman and Ambrosian agree; with the latter the Gallican; the Mozarabic occurs after the *Psallendo*.

If we except the Invocations of Saints, with *Ora pro nobis*, which precede the deprecations in the Roman rite, our Litany has tolerably well preserved the norm of the Roman Litanies, whether fully or partially authorised. An Anglican Litany of the ninth century is extant, and closely resembles our present form; an eighth century one more nearly resembles the Eastern forms. These last, again, are most probably developed from a Jewish norm. (See note in Chap. XII. p. 300.)

§ 113. *The Gloria in Excelsis.* The Introit is followed, in the Roman, Spanish, English, and later French rites, by the *Gloria in Excelsis*. The Milanese places the Collect (called *Oratio super Populum*) before it. The ancient Gallican sang the Benedictus, which it called *Prophetia*.

The first part of the Hymn—sometimes called the Hosanna—is used at the beginning of the Liturgy of S. Adæus, Syriac S. James, S. Basil, and S. Chrysostom, (in the Office of Prothesis); and after

[1] Quoted in Notitia Eucharistica, from Hildebert De Myst. Missæ (A.D. 1097.)

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the Catholic Sunapte in Greek S. James. Its purpose was, doubtless, like the Benedictus of the Triumphal Hymn, to foreshadow the coming of CHRIST in the Sacrament, as formerly at Bethlehem.

The Hymn, as a whole, is compared by Freeman with the Eastern *Hymn of the Only-Begotten Son*, and he considers that as each is a Hymn of the Incarnation, its true reference is to the Great Entrance, which mystically represents the Incarnation. And it is certainly curious that, in the old English rite, the *Gloria* does synchronise with the Great Entrance, (contrary to the practice of Rome and Constantinople, but agreeing with the Copts and Syrians,) as the following Rubric shows: "The Introit ended, one of the Taper-bearers shall bring in the Bread and Wine and Water for the ministration of the Eucharist."

The analogy of the Eastern Hymn shows that the present English custom (1549) of saying the *Gloria* at every celebration is not ritually incorrect. This we know from Ethereus and Beatus (A.D. 783) to have been the old Spanish Use, but from an early period its use has been restricted, throughout the West, to Sundays and Festivals, and absolutely forbidden in Advent and Lent, though this last was not universal in the ninth century.

The relegation of the Hymn to the Post-Communion is not—ritually speaking—so happy. Though it forms an act of Eucharistic worship which for grandeur is unsurpassed by any other rite, "the transposition is as clear a departure from the ancient method of using it, as its restoration to constant use was accordant therewith." It seems to us that the use of the Irvingite Liturgy is worth imitating. It places the *Gloria* in its ancient position, and sings an extract from the *Te Deum* after Communion.

It has been thought that at first the Western Church agreed with the Eastern, in saying only the first clause of the Gloria; and that there is no clear proof of the use of the whole Hymn before the seventh century.

The Hymn is of Greek origin, and certainly as old as the fourth century. The second clause is most probably borrowed from the opening of the Preface of Greek S. James, and that again, as we have seen, from Jewish[1] prayers. The last clause is probably borrowed from the response to the *Sancta Sanctis* in S. James or S. Clement.

[1] It is worth while noticing that the expression "a *bounden duty*" occurs in no other Liturgy except our own (probably borrowed from it), but *does* occur in the Jewish prayer.

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§ 114. *The Collect.* After the *Gloria* in the Roman, Spanish, and old English, and the *Benedictus* in the Gallican, Liturgies, but between the *Ingressa* and the *Gloria* in the Milanese, a prayer follows, which is best known by its Roman name of *Collect*, but which the Milanese calls *Oratio super Populum*, the Gallican *Oratio* (or *Collectio*) *post Prophetiam*, and the Mozarabic, agreeing with the Gregorian Sacramentary, simply *Oratio*.

The word *Collect* is sometimes used somewhat vaguely of any prayer, but, in its technical sense, a Collect is a liturgical prayer which observes the following conditions: It is (1) Short; (2) Embraces one main petition; (3) Consists of but one sentence; (4) Asks through the merits of our LORD; (5) Ends properly with an ascription of praise to the Blessed TRINITY. A fully developed Collect consists of five parts: (1) The Invocation; (2) The antecedent reason of the Petition; (3) The Petition itself; (4) The Benefit which, if it be granted, we hope to obtain; (5) The Conclusion. The Petition sometimes consists of two members; the second clause is often omitted, the fourth more frequently; rarely both.

In this sense of the term, the Collect is unknown to the East, though it has a kind of prayer-like hymn, which Freeman considers to be the germ of the Western Collect.

The Mozarabic *Oratio*, although it holds the place of the Roman Collect, is not precisely the same thing, since it is not, strictly speaking, proper to the day. Thus, e.g., one is said through Advent, another through Easter-tide, and another serves, for the most part, for the festivals of all Martyrs. Another peculiarity is its commencement without *Oremus*, (Let us pray,) and its double ending. This last is common to all the Mozarabic prayers.

Collects are also said to have been called *Masses*, as by Cæsarius, and *Benedictions*, as by Amalarius and Hilary the Deacon.

The Collect is so called, either because the Priest *collects* the wishes and supplications of the people; (cf. the Greek *Συναγὼ*); or because it is *collected* from the Epistle and Gospel; or again, because it was said at the gathering (*collecta*) of the people; or it may have been affected by all three reasons. Pope Innocent III. is cited for the third: "Properly, however, those prayers are called Collects, which are made over the gathering (*collectam*) of the people, while the people are being collected (on Festivals) that they may go in procession from one Church to another, to perform a Station."

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Many of our Collects are found in the Gelasian and Leonine Sacramentaries.

§ 115. *The Lections.* These appear to have consisted at first, both in the East and in the West, of Prophecy, Epistle and Gospel. The Prophecy is mentioned by S. Justin (A.D. 139) and is found in Greek S. James, the Clementine, the Armenian and Persian Liturgies. Allusions of Tertullian and S. Augustine prove the African use, S. Chrysostom the former Constantinopolitan, while an Armenian Canon of the sixth century runs: "Let them celebrate the Liturgy aright, singing Psalms, Prophecies, Epistles and Gospels in their order." It is mentioned in the fifth century by Pseudo-Dionysius, and in the seventh by S. Maximus, commenting on that. In the West a Constitution of Childebert (A.D. 554) mentions it, as do S. Germanus and S. Gregory of Tours (573); a Gallican Lectionary contains some; while the very ancient Church of S. Clement at Rome has three *Ambos*, for Prophecy, Epistle, and Gospel.

At present the Roman Missal has Prophecies at the Ember Seasons, on the Vigil of Pentecost, Good Friday, and Easter Eve. The Ambrosian formerly had one at every Mass, but the use is now confined to Lent and to a few festivals. The Mozarabic substitutes the Epistles to the Seven Churches in Easter week, and throughout Easter-tide other parts of the Apocalypse. The Gallican substituted, on festivals, the life of the Saint commemorated.

The Prophecy is followed, in the Gallican by a *Psalmus Responsorius*, in the Mozarabic by the *Psallendo* or *Psalterium* (also *Tract*), in the Milanese by the *Psalmellus*, and in the Roman by a similar Antiphon. This answers to the Armenian *Psalm* (although that is sung *before* the Prophecy) and the Nestorian *Shooraya*.

The Epistle follows, which was also known formerly as the *Apostle* and the *Lesson*. It is followed in the Roman by the *Gradual* and Alleluia, in the Ambrosian by a Psalm, in the Gallican by *Sanctus*, perhaps the *Trisagion* of the East. The Roman Gradual answers to the *Prokeimenon* of Constantinople (though that precedes the Epistle), and the Nestorian *Zoomara*. The Syriac S. James has a Psalm, and the African had one also, as we learn from S. Augustine. The Alleluia is also mentioned by S. Augustine, and is found in S. Mark, Syriac S. James, the Armenian and Constantinopolitan. The Roman Gradual was at first a whole Psalm, and derives its name from its being said at the step of the Ambo or Pulpit. It was also called the *Responsory*.

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The *Tract* is said, sometimes instead of the Gradual, more often instead of the Alleluia. It is so called either because it was originally sung by one voice *without break* (*tractim*) or because it was sung in a slow and protracted manner. It is not *always* penitential. Amalarius says that "Sometimes the Tract means tribulation, sometimes joy."

The Alleluia was formerly *pneumatized;* i.e., the last syllable *ia* was very greatly prolonged and sung to a series of notes. It was done to give the Deacon time to prepare himself and ascend the Ambo, but mystical reasons were soon given. And this prolongation of the last syllable was called a *pneuma* (also *neuma,*) a *Jubilus* or *Jubilatio,* and a *Sequence,* either because it *followed* (*sequebatur*) the Alleluia, or because of the Deacon's exclamation which followed it—"*Sequentia* Sancti Evangelii secundum N." S. Notker of S. Gall (d. 912) having heard that words had been sung to the Sequence, wrote himself some longer pieces to the same notes; his example was widely followed; and the name of *Sequence* was then applied to the new invention, while from the circumstance that they (or some of them) seemed not to be subject to the rules of metre, the name of *Prose* was applied to them, and became their common title. The two most celebrated writers of Sequences are Adam of S. Victor (d. 1190) and S. Thomas Aquinas.

Only four Sequences are retained in the Reformed Roman Missal. This was the result of a reaction against former abuse.

Epistles were sometimes *farsed,* i.e., stuffed or crammed, as we have seen the Kyries were. Dr. Neale gives an imitation of a French one. It begins thus: "*The Church shall raise her voice to sing The glory of the Heavenly King; And in the praise of John be said The Epistle that shall now be read.* From the Wisdom of Solomon. *Attend ye faithful every one. The Holy Ghost proclaimed of old This lection to the chosen fold.* He that feareth the LORD, will do good: *And when this evil life is past Receive the King's reward at last,*" &c.

Before the Gospel a ceremony took place in the Roman and English Rites which answered to the *Little Entrance* of Constantinople. The Sarum rubric is: "Then shall the Deacon go through the midst of the Quire, carrying the Book reverently on his left hand, to the Pulpit, (if the Gospel be read there) the Censer and Taper-Bearers going before him, the Cross, if it be a double feast, going before them all. And when they be come to the place of reading, the Subdeacon shall take the Book and hold it in front, but on the left side of the Deacon, who

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shall always read the Gospel with his face towards the North. And if it be a Double Feast-Day, the Cross-Bearer shall stand in front of the Deacon towards the right, the Taper-Bearers on his right and left hand, and the Censer behind him; but all turned towards him."

An older rule is given in an eighth century *Ordo:* "The Deacon stands facing the South, where the men are wont to be gathered together." The change is said to have arisen from the indolence of the Priests and the emulation of the Deacons.

The custom of the people standing for the Gospel is primitive, and borrowed from the Jewish custom of rising at the reading of the Law. In the West seats were not generally provided till about the fourteenth century, and the people used staves which, during the Gospel, were laid aside. Thus the second *Ordo*, on which Amalarius (c. 820) comments, says: "The staves of all are laid down out of their hands."

The position of the Lections is apparently borrowed from the Synagogue, in which, "after the evening psalms, and a thanksgiving for the creation of evening and night, and just before the prayer of oblation of the Sacrifice, follows a commemoration of the law and commandments, and of GOD'S everlasting love, which Israel promises never to forget."

A word upon our scheme of Epistles and Gospels. It agrees, in the main, with Sarum Use, and this again with the old Roman Use of the fifth century, as preserved in the *Comes Hieronymi*, the antiquity of which is proved by its being mentioned in the Charta Cornutiana, A.D. 471. It is not a little curious that while the *Comes*, on several important points, differs from the present Roman, it agrees *exactly* with the English. Here, as so often, England was more conservative than Rome. Mr. Freeman, from whom we are quoting, after remarking on the "dire confusion" of the present Roman arrangement, adds: "And if ever a Revision is made of the Roman Use, it must be by return to the English Order."

Mr. Freeman adds that the Western Scheme was probably introduced by SS. Jerome and Damasus (A.D. 380—420) and adapted from that which then and now obtained at Constantinople. Out of sixty-nine of the Gospels, thirty-three agree *exactly* with those used (not on the same occasions) at Constantinople, and many differ only by the addition or omission of a verse or two.

The Gospel is followed, in the Mozarabic, by an Antiphon, which, with its Alleluia, is styled *Lauda*. The Ambrosian has an *Antiphona*

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post Evangelium, the Roman *Laus Tibi Christe*, the Gallican *Gloria Deo Omnipotenti*, and Sanctus.

§ 116. *The Expulsion of Catechumens.* After the Lauda, on the Wednesday of the first week in Lent, the following rubric occurs: "*Before the Priest washes his hands, he kneels before the Altar, and saith these prayers thus:* Penitents pray, bend your knees to GOD. Let us beseech the LORD that He would give us remission of sins and peace. *V.* Raise yourselves in the Name of CHRIST; having finished your prayer, say together Amen. *R.* Amen. Stand in your places for Mass."[1]

This is the last relic of the *Dismissal of the Catechumens* in the West. Another existed, throughout the West, in the thirteenth century. After the Gospel, from Mid-Lent to Easter Eve, such infants as had been present for the *Scrutinia*, with a view to their baptism at Easter, were sent from the Church with the old warning: "If there be any Catechumen here, let him go forth." In two MS. Sacramentaries of about A.D. 1200, Thomasius found the following "old formulæ of Dismissal of the Roman Church after the Gospel, before the Offertory," said by the Deacon and Subdeacon between the Litany and the Benedictio Fontium on Easter Eve:—"If there be any Catechumen here, let him go forth. If any heretic, &c. If any Jew, &c. If any Pagan, &c. If any Arian, &c. Let him whose business it is not, go forth."

The Dismissal was preceded, in the Gallican rite, by the Homily, the Preces or Precis (=Litany) and the Collect *Post Precem.*

§ 117. *The Oratio Missæ, Ante Nomina and Super Sindonem.* After the *Collectio post Precem* of the Gallican rite, the *Præfatio Missæ* is said. The Mozarabic has the same thing under the title of *Oratio Missæ* (or simply *Missa*) after the Offertory. The Missa is usually rather an address to the people than to GOD. A poetical *Præfatio* is extant which Dr. Neale says any scholar, accustomed to Hymnology, will instantly fix at about A.D. 400. The Missa is followed by the *Collectio ante Nomina*, the Mozarabic name of which is *Alia Oratio.*

In the Roman Missal the Creed follows the Gospel, after which the Priest says *Oremus*, without any prayer following. The Ambrosian has, after the Antiphona post Evangelium, "Pacem habete" with the R. "Ad Te, Domine," then *Dominus Vobiscum*, followed by the *Oratio*

[1] *Ad missam.* Its original meaning was probably "for the dismissal."

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super Sindonem. The *Sindon* is the fair linen cloth or Corporal,[1] which was spread over the Altar at this point, and probably also in the Roman, since the *Oremus* is still said, though the prayer is not. The Super Sindonem may be compared with the Greek *Prayer at the unfolding of the Corporal*, although it bears the character of a Roman Collect.

§ 118. *The Offertory.* From the Creed and *Oremus*, the Roman rite proceeds to the *Offertory*, which derives its name from its being sung while the people made their oblations. The Milanese has a corresponding *Offerenda*, the Mozarabic its *Sacrificium*, and the Gallican its *Sonus* or *Sonum*. The name Sonus has been supposed to be derived from the analogy of the sounding of the silver trumpets over the Jewish sacrifices. The name was also given to the *Venite*, "perhaps," as Mr. Scudamore observes, "from its joyful character."

In primitive times it was customary for the people to offer Bread and Wine from which the Priest selected the portions for consecration. And this continued till a late period. An eighth century Ordo Romanus directs that after the Creed "the singers sing the Offertory, with verses; and the people give their offerings; that is bread and wine; and they offer with white napkins, first the men, then the women. But last of all the Priests and Deacons offer, but only bread, and that before the Altar." The singers offered only the water. By 1092 we learn from Ivo of Chartres that, though the people still brought their oblations, the Clergy provided the hosts for consecration. The next step was that the people only offered, in some places on certain days, in others not at all. By the time of Durandus, 1286, the custom was obsolete. He mentions the offering of loaves on Christmas Day in some places, but does not recognise it as a relic of the older use. The loaves were called *Calendars*, because they were for some time offered on the Kalends (or first day) of each month. But the custom survived in some places till the last century. In one English parish it lasted till 1638—Charlton in Wilts. It was put down by Bp. Davenant. A relic of the rite is still observed at Milan. Ten old men, termed *Vecchioni*, and as many aged women, are maintained by the Cathedral for the purpose. At every solemn Mass two men, first covering their hands with *favoni*, or napkins of a peculiar texture, and followed by the others, present, one three hosts, the other a cruet full of wine; after which two of the women do the same.

[1] The name Corporal is now given to a small square linen cloth upon which the Paten and Chalice are placed, three other cloths being beneath it.

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§ 119. *The Roman Super Oblata.* After the Offertory, in the modern Roman rite, some prayers are recited which we cannot dwell upon, and the *Secreta*, which the Gregorian Ordo calls the *Oratio super Oblata*, is said. The Milanese has the same thing under the title of *Oratio super Oblatam*, before which it inserts the Creed. Sometimes more than one prayer is said, never more than seven, as is also the case with the Collects for the Day.

§ 120. *The Ephesine Diptychs and Ad Pacem.* The Mozarabic and Gallican have a very different arrangement. The Gallican, as we saw, inserted the Præfatio and Ante Nomina before the Offertory, the Mozarabic the corresponding prayers *after* it. But these ended, both rites go on to recite the Diptychs, the *Collectio post Nomina*, and the *Collectio* (*Moz.*, Oratio) *ad Pacem*. After which, in the Mozarabic, the Priest gives the following Benediction, which clearly belongs to the *Sursum Corda*. "The grace of GOD the FATHER Almighty, the peace and love of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and the fellowship, &c.," to which the people answer, "And with all of good will." The Eastern character of this form is noticeable. Then he says, "As ye stand, give the peace," and, while some versicles are said, he adds, "Receive the kiss of peace and love, that ye may be fit for the holy mysteries of GOD;" recites the verse *Introibo*, and then proceeds to the Preface.

(*To be concluded.*)

ALL HALLOWS.

WISDOM III. 1.

THOUGH they *have* passed away
From this our sweet life-day,
And the white apple-trees
With the soft summer breeze,
Never more find them,
GOD shall mind them,
No evil shall touch them.

Though the night *was* dark,
And like a dying spark
Suddenly in the gloom they passed
To eternity vast,

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GOD in His loving Breast
Was waiting outside with rest,
No travail shall touch them.

Though the earth days have sped,
Summer-sweet roses dead,
And the violets blue
For evermore lost their hue,
These are the glorious Flowers,
Fadeless in the fadeless bowers.
No autumn shall touch them.

Though our white stars have fled,
Died on the mere's dark bed,
And o'er the restless sea
Ever the stars shall flee,
These are the stars supernal,
These have their light eternal.
No darkness shall touch them.

Why then, ye tears, to-day?
Nay let them have their way,
For these poor hearts *will* long
For their Holy, their True and Strong;
Yet in these tears find this
In their dark chalice—bliss—
No evil shall touch them.

* * * *

Blesséd Saint-festival,
Kept in the lordling's hall,
Kept by the poor man's hearth,
Bringing sweet heaven to earth,
Linking all hearts that love
To that One Heart above,
Where those in raptures rest,
Lost, whom we love—our best—
Break through my crown of rue,
Give me this message too,
Be thou but also true,
GOD shall Himself keep you—
No evil shall touch you.

M.

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OLD BETTY.

A TALE OF ALL SAINTS' DAY.

"Meek souls there are who little dream
Their daily strife an Angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm,
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm."

"WELL, thou art brisk this morning!" said Mrs. Oxley as her neighbour commonly known as "Old Betty" overtook her.

"Ay," replied Betty, "I've need to be brisk, for I've got no end of business to get through to-day. I want to go down to Turnkey Yard, and I've got half a hundred things to do by the way. First I've got to go and see poor Markham, he always looks to seeing me on a Monday, poor fellow."

So far the two women had walked side by side, but Mrs. Oxley now drew back, saying with a laugh,

"There, there, Betty, I can't keep up wi' thee no longer, thou'rt more nimble nor a cat, thy poor legs have hard work enough, though to be sure thou'rt no great weight on 'em."

"I'm stout enough for all I want," answered Betty. "And though my years are really half as many again as thine, they're not so heavy seemingly," and with a nod and a smile the old woman turned the corner of the street, and sped away, on her errands of mercy.

"Well, she is a wonderful old lady," soliloquised Mrs. Oxley, "she can't be far off seventy, and yet she's as brisk as a bee, and as good a walker as any young wench o' twenty. That's what comes of being healthy I suppose, for she's not spared herself these many years, but been up and down over the town whenever there's been any sickness or trouble." And then Mrs. Oxley heaved a sigh as she thought of her own lot, which had been one of such sorrow and sickness that though only middle-aged, she was bent and feeble and seldom out of pain.

Meanwhile Old Betty rapidly pursued her way, first along High Street, a broad airy street where were situated all the best shops in the town. But hurried as she was, Betty paused for a minute outside a large toy shop. What could attract the old woman there? In another minute after casting a furtive glance round, as if almost ashamed of what she was doing, Betty entered the shop, and hastily purchased a

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sixpenny accordion which she had seen in the window. This done, she as hastily turned out of the shop, and after many turns through passages and down flights of steps, such as are to be found in abundance in that northern city, and which are enough to puzzle any stranger, Betty arrived at Thomas Markham's house. In answer to her knock a man's voice was heard.

"Come in, here thou art at last! I knew thee'd come."

"Of course," answered Betty, cheerily. "Have I ever missed coming to thee when I'd promised?"

"Nay," answered the man. "But it's a long road for thee, and thou hast plenty of walking to do."

"Oh, but I like walking," answered Betty, "I'm very glad to come, only I mustn't stay very long, because Mr. Vincent asked me to see after some one in Turnkey Yard."

Even while talking, Betty had been moving about, drawing back the curtain which made the little room darker even than was its wont, putting sundry things which Mrs. Markham in her haste had left about, in their places, and giving to the room somewhat a more cared for appearance, before she sat down by the side of the couch on which lay a middle-aged man. For ten long years Thomas Markham had lain there unable to move, but without much pain, though with no hope of his ultimate recovery. When well he had never been absent from Church on Sundays, and much he missed the Church services. Knowing this, Betty had made it part of her regular Monday morning's work to visit him, and to tell him all she could recollect of the sermon.

"Sunday was All Saints' Day, and that was why Mr. Vincent chose that verse about Saints," said Betty, after she had repeated the text and some of the rector's remarks upon it.

"Ay, ay," answered the man, "the first of November, I knew it was All Saints' Day."

"And the rector said," continued Betty, "that it was likely we didn't think there were saints now-a-days, but that we weren't to think Saint was meant only for people like S. Paul who were well known as Saints, but that Saint meant *holy*, and that there were holy people now and they were Saints. In some text you know, GOD speaks of gathering up His jewels, and said Mr. Vincent, th' Almighty will pick up and acknowledge many a jewel from what we should call an unlikely place. I can't rightly mind all he said," continued the old woman, "but I thought that part of his sermon beautiful, and he said we could

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all admire a man who risked and lost his life for his brother, and our LORD had taught us, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend,' but then the rector said there were different ways of laying down one's life, and often GOD didn't call a man to die for friends, but to *live* for them, to serve them, to deny himself for them, to follow Him who went about doing good."

"That's like thee, Betty, that's thy work; thou'rt here, there, and everywhere, wherever there's sickness or sorrow; thou'rt half a Saint already."

"Nay, man, nay!" and Betty's eyes were full of tears. "Thou munnot say that; I'm glad, I'm thankful that He makes His will so plain. Oh, it's easy enough to follow Him when the way is plain. I've nought to keep me at home, no kith nor kin wanting me. I'm as strong as a horse for going, and like it too, so there's nothing good or great about it. Oh, it is hard when one don't see the way plain, I mean when one can't be sure which is the right thing to do, like poor Jane Burns, who can't make up her mind whether she ought to follow her ne'er-do-weel husband, or stay and mind her sickly boy, and whichever she does she'll keep fretting for what she's *not* done."

"Ay, poor wench," said Markham, "and I suppose my way is plain enough, just to lie here like a log, but *I* shall never be a Saint, Betty, for when times are bad, and th' auld woman's overworked, and I not able to earn a halfpenny, I can't help but fret and complain too, sometimes."

"Nay, it's like you can't sometimes; but Markham, I don't think GOD can reckon *that* as rebellion, if we don't blame Him in any way, because see how Job complained, and how he wished he hadn't been born, and yet he was reckoned as a most patient man, because he never blamed GOD."

"Ay, that's true," said the man thoughtfully, "I do try hard not to murmur, and thou hast taught me how to say a deal more heartily than I used to do, 'Thy Will be done.'"

"Oh, I wish she'd come. I wish she'd come," cried little Walter Miller as he looked out of the tiny window near his couch. "I'd give something to see her cheeks, just like little red speckled apples. Yes, mother said she'd not like me to call her cheeks red apples, but they are like it for all that! she hasn't been this week and I've been as good as never was."

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Little Walter was much to be pitied; he was the youngest of what had been a large family, most of them were scattered now, and many were dead. Miller had some years before deserted his family, and his poor wife earned but a very scanty subsistence for herself and Walter, the only one of her children dependent upon her, by going out to wash.

This going out to wash entailed long and wearisome hours upon Walter, who, owing to a bad accident in which both his legs had been broken was entirely confined to a couch. A "*squab*," his mother called it, and she had drawn it close to the window that the child might see all there was to see, and his frugal meal was placed on the window sill. He could not read well enough to occupy himself, and besides in that house it was often too dark to see a book, so the child amused himself as best he could by gazing out of the window, where however, he did not see much beyond a distant entry, occasionally crossed by people, some of whom Walter could recognise even at that distance, and a low roof where congregated numbers of tame pigeons. That and crooning over to himself the few songs he had learnt at school, were his only amusements, and as may be imagined, these soon came to an end, so Betty's visits were a treat indeed.

"Well, little man, here I am," said the old woman, bustling in. "What sort of a character have you for me, to-day?"

"Oh, I have not been cross, really and truly I have not, and I've only cried once, mother would tell you so."

"That's right," said Betty as she kissed the bright upturned face, and stroked the curly hair. "Then you deserve the present I've got for you," and she drew from under her cloak the little accordion.

"Oh! for me?" and Walter's face grew scarlet, "oh, how jolly! I remember once upon a time Sam had one, and I could pick out a'most any tune I heard the band play."

"Very well," said Betty, smiling at the child's eager delight. "Thou must play me no end of tunes next time I come."

In a few minutes Betty was on her way again with a smile on her face: little Walter's joy had cheered and braced her for her more painful visits. Not for many weeks did little Walter see her again, for sickness raged up and down the town among old and young, and like a ministering spirit, Betty was in constant attendance.

November was indeed dark and dreary, and the mild, close, foggy weather did but increase the evils which the first few days of cold east wind had begun.

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Even the indefatigable Rector was beginning to look worn and weary, and Betty, his faithful messenger, though she never complained, was beginning to walk less briskly and to lose her accustomed colour.

"Stop a bit, Betty," said Mrs. Oxley, "just tell me, how is Davis?"

"He's gone," replied Betty. "He's to be buried to-morrow."

"And Harris, and Hewitt's lad?" questioned Mrs. Oxley.

"Both gone," answered Betty in a choked voice, "and young Haalem too, and Green's little lad."

"Oh, LORD ha' mercy!" cried Mrs. Oxley, "didst ever hear the like? Such a lot of deaths, and sudden uns too! Betty 'ooman, mind thyself or thou'lt be took off too, thou'rt not to say well now."

"Oh, I've nothing to complain of," said Betty, "just a cold and a bit of a cough at night, but one ha' need be made o' stone or iron not to feel down when there's so much sorrow about. Doctor Bruce told me yesterday he'd ne'er known such a sickly season. I'm just going up to Mrs. Collins now, she's ill, and her boy's very bad I'm afraid."

"Well, if there's an angel on earth it's that Betty," said Mrs. Oxley as she watched Betty's departing form. "How bravely she walks too, as if she had not been afoot yesterday."

But though Betty still walked with a brisk step, her heart was very heavy at the recollection of the many sad scenes she daily witnessed, and her strength was tried to the uttermost in her efforts to help the sufferers. Often she did not get home till very late in the evening, too tired to eat, almost too tired to sleep, and added to her fatigue she now often had a pain in her side and a troublesome cough: but she did not relax her efforts, and though on rising from her bed, her limbs felt stiff and unrested, she started on her tramp as usual with a bright smile and a word of encouragement for all; bringing light, the light of true Christian charity, into many a gloomy dwelling. One evening as she drew near to her home, thankful that she had at last ended her day's work, she saw an illdressed slatternly looking girl waiting outside her door.

"Why Alice, woman!" she exclaimed, "I thought thee was miles away, hast not got that place after all?"

"Nay," answered the girl half sullenly, "may I come in, Betty?"

"Ay, do," said the old woman, but she gave a faint sigh, she did feel so very tired, did so long for the quiet of her own fireside, but to do GOD'S Will had for so many years been her earnest endeavour that it did not now occur to her to consult her own wishes and feelings.

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Tired though she might be, it was her duty to listen to this poor girl's oft repeated tale of sin and sorrow, for poor, ignorant, dirty as Alice was, she was still a child of GOD, and as such, to be loved and cared for.

"Betty," said the girl, "I can't go all that way, and I can't be decent and civil. May be, when I got there I should break out, and surely that would be worse than staying here, only I do wish I hadn't promised the Rector I'd go; and besides, Betty, I don't want to go away, and never, never see Tom again," and the girl hid her face in her hands and sobbed.

"Alice, my dear," said Betty putting an arm round the girl, "I don't want to seem hard, but it would be far better for thee and for Tom too, if you were parted."

"Nay, nay!" cried Alice, "that it wouldn't, but thou'rt old, Betty, and those sort of things, lovers and such like, seem so far away from thee, thou can't know what it is to me."

"I was young once," answered Betty with a smile, "I knew what it was to be loved, and to look forward to a very different sort of life to what I've really had; but Alice, if Tom was a man thou couldst respect, I'd not say a word, let him be never so poor. It's the sin I mind, knowing what he is, it would be sin in thee to have aught to do with him, he'd ruin thee body and soul."

"I don't seem to care about that," said Alice, wearily, "at least not when I'm with him, though he ain't so fond o' me as he used to be."

"Nay," said Betty, "bad man as he is, he'd respect thee more if thou'dst leave him, not run after him, may be if he saw thee getting steady like, *he* might take a turn. Thou shouldst draw him upwards instead of letting him draw thee downwards."

"Betty," said the girl, "I'll tell thee no lies, that is what he's doing. I was along wi' him at the Red Lion t'other night, and it was wet and cold, and he treated me to summat hot, I could hardly walk home, and he wouldn't help me home neither. Oh, it was shameful, how could any one have me for a servant after that. Don't turn me out, Betty, if I mun go to the bad. I should like to say good-bye to thee, for I love thee above a bit."

"Not good-bye," said Betty, gently, "thou art really sorry now, I see thou art."

"I am that," said the girl, sobbing, "but it's too late, too late."

"Not too late for Him," answered Betty. "Think, lass, how kind

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He was to sinners, He never turned His back upon any of 'em; remember, it is said, 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the FATHER, JESUS CHRIST the Righteous.' Don't you mind in reading the Bible, how it always seemed as if He left the respectable people to find Him, but He made Himself plain to sinners."

"I don't mind much, though I have read the Bible sometimes of an evening," said the girl. "Tell me some more, Betty."

"There was one woman we read about in the lesson on Sunday," said Betty; "she followed our LORD into the Pharisee's house, and the Pharisee thought JESUS would have had nought to do wi' her if He'd known how wicked she was, but He did know, and He knew too how sorry she was, and He said her sins were forgiven her because she loved much. Think o' *that*, lass, think He wants thy love. He ain't a hard master, but a Father, and a Friend. He's quite ready to forgive thee all and take thee back. Oh, Alice, wench, I'm old, and I've seen trouble of all kinds, but no trouble is like sin, we can bear anything, pain, poverty, anything, if only there's no sin, Alice; it's *not* too late, but it may be soon. If you turn away now, may be He'll never call thee again." Betty stopped speaking, and pressed her hand to her side with an exclamation.

"Thou'rt ill, Betty, I know thou art," cried Alice starting up.

"Yes," said Betty. "The pain is very bad," and she rose and would have fallen on the floor, had not Alice supported her. Kindly and tenderly the girl undressed and put her to bed, but the pain continued, and Alice, after calling a fellow-lodger and asking her to sit by Betty's side, ran to fetch the doctor: he promptly obeyed the summons, and bade Alice put on a blister immediately.

All through that wearisome night the poor affectionate reprobate sat by Betty's bedside. Poor Betty was at first in such great pain that she moaned sadly, and seemed hardly conscious of what she was saying, but now and then she turned her wakeful eye upon Alice, and murmured, "Promise me, lass, promise me, dear, that thou'lt turn to Him."

"I do, I do," cried Alice, "I promise, and I'll begin a new life from this day, so help me GOD."

Alice kept her word, and Betty's words, spoken as they had been in weakness and weariness, brought forth much fruit even on her death bed, for such it was: she worked for her LORD and Master, she helped and encouraged the poor prodigal.

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"I'm better now," said Betty, the next morning, as she woke from a somewhat uneasy slumber. "Wilt go and tell Mrs. Oxley I'm ill, Alice? You needn't mind leaving me alone," she added, as Alice lingered, as though unwilling to go. But it was not the thought of Betty's loneliness which delayed Alice, it was the dread she had of facing the respectable and somewhat hard-spoken Mrs. Oxley in her own house. However, it was Betty's wish, so Alice went on her errand.

"Well, and what may you want?" was Mrs. Oxley's unpromising greeting.

"Betty Morrison sent me," replied Alice. "She was taken ill last night, and wants to see you."

"Tell her I'll come directly," replied Mrs. Oxley. "Curious messenger to choose," murmured she, as she made her preparation for a walk to Betty's, "but I am sorry about Betty. Here, Sally," and she turned to her daughter, "mind about the potatoe pie, and see the children set off for school in good time. I don't know when I shall be back."

Another quarter of an hour and Mrs. Oxley stood by Betty's bedside. The old woman lay quietly gazing round her little room, which with its quaint miniatures and pictures, spoke of better days; of days when Betty had been a valued and valuable friend and servant in a gentleman's family.

There was no look of pain or uneasiness, for the doctor's remedies had subdued the inflammation, and given relief, there was only the languor of great weakness, and prostration of strength.

"Thank you for coming, Mrs. Oxley," said Betty, in a weak tremulous voice very unlike her usual brisk tones.

"Art a bit better this morning?" asked Mrs. Oxley.

"Oh, ay," answered Betty, with a smile. "The blister took the pain away, and Doctor Bruce has been this morning, but at my age he don't expect to cure me, he don't think I shall ever get up again."

"Oh Betty! oh my dear!" was all Mrs. Oxley could say, while the ready tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Don't, don't," said Betty, gently, "there's no need to cry for an old woman whose work is done. I'm quite content to go."

Meantime, poor forlorn Alice, who kept in the background during this conversation, sobbed so much, that at last Betty heard her, and called her to her bedside. Mrs. Oxley drew herself up and moved away.

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"Surely," she thought, "Betty can't know what a character that girl bears, or she wouldn't have her in the house!"

"Come here, Alice dear," said Betty, stretching out her hand, then turning to Mrs. Oxley, she said, "Alice is going to turn over a new leaf."

"Time she should too," murmured Mrs. Oxley.

"She's going to a place that Mr. Vincent has found for her, she's going to lead quite a new life. Eh, Alice?"

"If I can," answered the girl, humbly. "It's all true, Mrs. Oxley, I don't wonder you don't like to have aught to do with me, but I'm not so bad as you think, and please the LORD I'm going to lead a good life now, though you mayn't believe it!"

"I do believe it though," cried Mrs. Oxley, who was really a kind-hearted woman. "Shame upon me if I didn't!"

"That's right," said Betty, with a smile. "Thou'lt help her, Mrs. Oxley." Then as if a burden were taken from her mind the old woman closed her eyes, and seemed to sleep. But not for long, she soon roused herself and began giving directions to Mrs. Oxley about messages to be sent to Mr. Vincent, little things to be attended to concerning some of the sick people, and parting presents to be given to Betty's friends, among whom little Walter Miller was not forgotten. That done, the old woman lay quiet as before.

"Art quite happy, Betty?" asked Mrs. Oxley.

"Ay, ay," answered the old woman.

"And thou ain't fretting at lying still, thou that wast always afoot, with the sick and the poor wanting thee too?"

"Nay, I'm not fretting," answered Betty, with a smile. "The sick will be provided for. You see, Mrs. Oxley, when I was well I used as it were to hear the LORD saying to me, 'Betty, go here,' or, 'Betty, go there,' but now I seem to hear Him say, 'Betty, lie still and cough,' so it must be all right if it is His will," and she stopped speaking, and closed her eyes while a calm and peaceful expression overspread her face, which was but the index of her spirit. So it was to the end, no murmuring or irritable words crossed her lips, and through the shadow of death she was supported by the thought that it was His will,—GOD'S will which she had all her life striven to obey,—and by her death as so long in her life she glorified Him. This life being ended, she

"Hastened with meek alacrity,
To do His Will elsewhere."

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A FEW WORDS ON UNREALITY IN DEVOTION.

It is a truth which even its opponents cannot deny, that as day succeeds day and years roll on, faith in the Catholic religion is strengthening, knowledge of its doctrines is increasing, and as a natural outflow of both, works and practices that had been neglected, are reviving and gaining renewed life under its light.

The day in which we live is one of many privileges, but it is also one of great responsibility, inasmuch as increased light and knowledge make us accountable for both: one too of dangers, dangers, alas, that are too frequently forgotten, and constantly overlooked. Is it not well to examine and prove our own selves, to see the dangers which are round us? for thus, knowing them and recognising them clearly, can we not better guard ourselves against them? The old proverb comes in here in full force, "forewarned is forearmed."

To begin with, is it not a great privilege to have been permitted to see the Catholic revival not only commenced, but well established, daily laying deeper hold on men's hearts and minds, advancing and becoming stronger; keeping bright, pure, and true amidst its enemies, and shining as a great "good deed" in this naughty world? To be enrolled amongst those who love their Church, and who are members of her, heart and soul, as well as merely in name, whose desire is to see her brave and mighty, is no small matter, no slight honour.

But in the face of this there is a danger. It will not do to have been only one of the King's army when the great roll-call of the last day shall come; it will not suffice to have been signed with His cross, to have borne His Name and have been members of this or that portion of the visible Church; no! unless you have been true to His cause as faithful soldiers, loving your King, earnest and constant in fighting against the sins that assailed you as foes, unless the cross on your foreheads has been but the outward sign of the cross daily taken up for His sake, unless you have been among the wheat of His great Church, it will not avail. You will perish, having known His Will, hearing it in sermons, prayers, sacraments and many other ways, and yet doing it not.

This surely as a starting point should we heed. It is the first and greatest of all the dangers that surround you, even you Catholics living

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in this wonderful nineteenth century—perils to your souls that are overlooked and forgotten as the tide of life carries you on, and you do not pause to examine the rocks against which you may be dashed. Then, taking it now for granted that you are living, striving most sincerely to follow your LORD in all things, to abide in Him, and walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called, there are practices which may be investigated thoroughly with profit. With increasing faith in the real presence in the Blessed Sacrament, there has been an outcome of greater outward adoration. Most right it is that it should be so, only, as the knee is bent and the holy sign made, as the head is bowed in the attitude of devotion, be careful that those should be external marks of grace in the heart.

Adoring His Presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, let it not be forgotten that He the Omnipresent, is watching you, your hearts and lives, seeing not only your actions, but the hidden motives that prompted them, being present most really every moment.

Then as the holy sign is made in reverent remembrance of His most sacred death on that Cross on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago, let us never forget that it can be made in your lives daily and hourly, by *taking up* the trials and crosses that come to you, not simply *enduring* them because He bids you do so. Then will the sign made in your moments of deeper recollection not merely be connected with the present act of prayer, or praise, or of rehearsing the faith we hold in the Creeds, but it will be as the concentration of what every day and moment is to you. Over everything there will be that sacred sign of the Son of Man. As you bow the head and kneel in prayer, should you not remember two things? Should you not try and avoid the danger of the outward sign of submission, while as yet the heart is rebellious against GOD'S will? There is danger in getting accustomed to the state of mind which is virtually unsubmissive, while as yet the Benjamin has not been given up, the pet sins not broken with, the vain desires not purified, the longings reaching beyond the horizon of pure wishes, being simply clamouring for what GOD sees fit to withhold; while as yet you cannot ask, leaving to Him to answer, while you *cannot* say, Thy Will be done, is there not a danger of that bending head being but an unreality?

As you kneel in prayer too at stated times and seasons, see to it that you forget not the Apostolic command, pray without ceasing—to have the life and heart attuned to the harmony, the spirit whereof is prayer,

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a speaking to GOD—every action tending towards Him, every word and look leaning heavenward.

There is a risk too in letting public prayers take the place of private devotions. Both are good, and necessary, but as the one is far easier to attend to than the other, do not forget that He who said that He was in the midst of two or three gathered together in His Name, also gave instructions to enter into our closet and pray to the FATHER that seeth in secret.

Fasting and mortification of the flesh are indeed great levers which can raise the soul heavenward, if only they be adopted in the right spirit. The struggle against sin is so hard, the need for fighting so great, that we dare not despise any means that can help us to overcome. This alone would lead us to fast and mortify ourselves, apart from doing it with the desire of obeying the teaching of our LORD and His Apostles. "When ye fast." . . . "Mortify therefore your members . . . . ."

It is not my purpose here to enter into the various reasons which can be alleged for the practice of fasting. All I would say is this. We know that it is comparatively easy to obey the teaching of our Church, and observe the fasts she bids us keep at stated times and seasons. We bring to that obedience a desire to conform to her teaching, which is the echo of the Voice of GOD; but there are various ways of fasting that should not be neglected, which are very difficult to do, because they will come when you are unprepared for them. I mean less reference to actual food than other ways of fasting. All can find out for themselves how this can be done. It affects all in different ways, but if watchful you will find many opportunities of denying yourselves for others, of yielding to the will of others, and thus following Him who pleased not Himself.

Mortification: as with fasting, I need not enter into reasons why this is salutary to the soul and body; suffice that it is so. Only let us ever remember that mortification self-imposed is easy to us in some ways. There is a subtle pride lurking very often in the *motive* for self-mortification. Perhaps it is the pride that apes humility, or else the satisfaction that it gives us to feel that we are voluntarily humiliating ourselves. Whilst guarding against this, in those most righteous efforts to crucify the flesh, and lay it low, let the soul be watchful, let it not stop at that mortification, but let it endeavour to bring the spirit of it into the every-day life. I do not mean by this

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that all pleasures are to be denied us, in constant fasting, or that unpleasant duties are continually to be taken up in the spirit of mortification. No, it is the golden mean whereof I speak: that tends to self-denial, to live for others, to bear the mortifications of every day in their right spirit.

For there are vexations of constant occurrence, very hard to bear. Seeing others preferred before yourselves, being last instead of first in the affections of those we care for, having your pride wounded, your efforts after goodness misunderstood, your good deeds not appreciated, being misjudged, forgotten, slighted; are not these some of the daily mortifications you have to bear? Do not rebel, but on the contrary accept them, and bring into that submission the same desire to discipline yourselves as you do when you impose penances upon yourselves, or take up definite mortifications. So shall they all be not in vain, but little by little they will school you into more perfect submission and likeness to our LORD, whereas if you rebel they will but harden you.

I have but touched upon some few of the many dangers of the day. One more I must mention and then I have done. This is essentially the day of religious conversation; in every circle the subject is discussed more freely than it used to be some years ago. It must be so, for when a great subject occupies men's minds and hearts they will speak from that very abundance. A great danger it is to talk of religion, of ceremonies connected with it, of doctrines and creeds, and yet not bring into it that reverence which befits the subject. We often accuse others of irreverence, who with few accessories to worship, and barn-like churches, worship GOD, and forget the decency and order that becomes His sanctuary; let it be seen to that you fall not into even a more grievous error, namely, that of speaking of sacred things in a careless, light way; you who ought to know better than so to do.

Even in conversation let the extreme sanctity of what is discussed ever be remembered, and let awe and reverence be over our souls when we are on holy ground.

L.

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ALL SOULS.

Nov. 2.

"And they shall see His face; and His Name shall be in their foreheads."—Rev. xxii. 4.

We consecrate with awe this solemn day,
And watch in "viewless presence" of the dead;
The spirit land hath secrets none betray,
Though we upon the shadowy confines tread.

Not e'en a whispered word, or softest sigh,
Of the departed and beloved may tell,
If they with sympathy and love draw nigh,
To those who bade them sorrowful farewell.

But ah! there is a Voice—unchanging—kind—
Which speaks true comfort to the ear attent,
And saith—"To *Me* commit thy dear ones, signed
With Mine own seal."—O blest and full content.

"From out the Hallelujahs sweet and low,"
Cease not to speak, Lord Jesus, we implore:—
Thou Source of Light from Whom all blessings flow,
Thine is the Power and Glory evermore.

C. A. M. W.

UNKNOWN GRAVES.

A THOUGHT FOR ALL SOULS' DAY.

Tell me, you whispering winds that sigh amongst the long spikes of grass waving over the low mounds that men call graves, what is the dirge you are chanting? You speak so low, with such weird cadence, no man can find your meaning. What are the sad songs you sing all the night long? Is it to the daisies that you moan that heart-rending tale? Have you no story to tell of him who lies below, so still, so quiet in his narrow home, with folded hands and fast closed eyes, whose light has long since burnt out into gloom, and darkness, and death?

Nay, the wind tells no secrets, carries no tales. The voice that

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rustles amid the grass, and passes lightly over the daisy flowers, kissing the tired little buds, and covering them warmly with the sheltering leaves, has no history for you of the poor worn out body that rests below. Push back the sere yellow leaves that, grown tired of holding by their slender stems, have let go and floated drearily down from the trees above: sweep back the tall, dank grass and search for yourself on the old grey stone. What, can you find a name? No, only a letter here and there; the rest worn away beneath the soft touch of time. Alas! who shall tell us the owner of this narrow bed? Surely it is quite forgotten.

Think you that the little children who play beneath the shade of the old yew trees know? I tell you nay. Think you that the young men and maidens who come on Sunday afternoons and tell their love tales, seated idly on the moss-grown tombs, can answer? I tell you nay. Think you that the old man, who Sunday after Sunday, when the bell in yonder turret sounds its iron tongue, drags his slow footsteps up that little narrow path that skirts the grass-grown graves, towards GOD'S House, that he may listen yet once more to the last directions for the journey on which he hopes soon to set out, and from which none will return, ever any more, can tell you? Ah, yes! perhaps *he* knows, he is so very old. But he shakes his wise grey head till the few scanty locks that still cling lovingly about his wrinkled brow, sway gently to and fro, and he too answers, no.

It is a secret which none can tell, which none can find out. So many years have begun, continued, and ended, since the cold earth was hollowed out, and the seed sown by the great Sower, which shall one day burst forth in all the beauty of a radiant flower, fit for the garden of the Great King. And till then, the soft rain shall drop down, and the robins shall sing their hymns, and the little children shall play, and the sun shall shine, and all shall go on in the world around just as usual, and none shall moan or sigh over this one low green mound that all have forgotten, save the sad whispering winds whose dirge none can understand and none interpret,—yet of this be sure—that unknown grave is ever held in remembrance by Him Who was dead and is alive for evermore.

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Reviews and Notices.

Our readers will, we are sure, welcome with great satisfaction the appearance of a second edition of *Theodora Phranza*, by the late Rev. J. M. Neale, (Masters,) which first saw the light in our pages many years since. Dr. Neale's great ability as a writer is not a matter of question at this day, but the present volume is in our opinion, more valuable than any of his other tales, from its deep historical interest. The fall of Constantinople, although it was an event of the highest importance in the destiny of many nations, has nowhere we believe been treated with so much fulness of detail as in *Theodora Phranza*. Gibbon did not spare much more than twenty pages to the subject, but Dr. Neale's account extends beyond a hundred, and is as accurate and truthful as it is surpassingly interesting.

Another charming contribution to the "Churchman's Companion," *The Mystery Play of the Ten Virgins*, (Masters,) has just been brought out as a separate publication, with a Preface by the Archbishop of Dublin. It has been so recently in the hands of our readers, that we need not discant on its merits, but the preface gives a few more details of the death of Frederic, Landgrave of Thuringia, and grandson of the "Holy Elizabeth," which resulted from the overwhelming effect produced on him by the spectacle of this play; we learn also from the Archbishop, that Dr. Neale had intended to undertake the translation of it, and was prevented by his last sad illness: we feel sure, however, that he would have been well satisfied by the manner in which his task has been performed by the authoress to whom we are indebted for it.

Daily Bread, being Morning Meditations for a Year, by the late Rev. Richard Waldo Sibthorp, (Bemrose and Sons,) is a notable book for several reasons. The three hundred and sixty-five meditations which it contains, were completed by the author when he was eighty-six years of age, only a few months before his death on Maundy Thursday of the present year, and although he was a member of the Church of Rome, there is not a word from beginning to end which could convey a knowledge of the fact to the reader. For this reason, no doubt, it has been brought out by a church publisher, and is suitable for use by members of our communion. An interesting little memoir of the author is prefixed to the work, from which we learn that having been originally a low Churchman, he became a Roman Catholic only for a short time, and returned to his allegiance to the Church of England, until at a much later period he once more deserted her pale. This unsteadiness of religious principle would render him a very doubtful guide on questions of dogma, but these simple meditations, which contain nothing very original, are also quite free from any leaven that might be hurtful even to young persons. The frontispiece gives an admirable photographic likeness of the author.

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Under the strange title of *Priestcraft and Progress*, (Hodges,) the Rev. S. D. Headlam has published a volume of short sermons which will appear strange to many who read them. Nevertheless, they contain much excellent matter, calculated to break down prejudices, and indicate a true spirit of sympathy towards the working classes. The Clergy especially, we think, will read them with profit.

Lessons on Early Church History, reprinted from the "Church Sunday School Magazine," strike us as decidedly the best publication that has emanated from that active Society. They are written in a very interesting style, and do not pre-suppose the existence of too much knowledge in the reader. They are from the pen of the authoress of "Under the Southern Cross." We recommend them strongly.

A Contribution to the cause of Christian Unity, (Hayes,) by the Rev. S. W. O'Neil, one of the Cowley S. John Fathers, consists of sundry Articles which were published in India, where he has been a missionary. They indicate a breadth of view which will surprise some persons, and are written in a very perspicuous and telling manner. Among the best we think are "Ministries and Gifts," "The Word of God," "Extempore Prayer," "Rules and Principles," "Panaceas."

We fail to see that any great object is to be answered by an "English Presbyter's" Essay entitled *Miracle no Mystery*, (Nisbet.) At the same time he points out what is a real distinction, and everything which helps to clear the use of language is of value.

Correspondence.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of the Correspondents.*]

To the Editor of the Churchman's Companion.

Answers.

VESPER LIGHTS.

Sir,—There seems to be very little *authority* for Vesper Lights—and least of all for the number of six lights. Mr. J. D. Chambers in his "Divine Worship in the 13th, 14th, and 19th centuries," says, "These Lights are not Rites and Ceremonies, for (like those at the Mass) they are not mentioned or enjoined in any of the office books or their rubrics," consequently their authorization depends on usage, and the well-established fact that the early Church used lights, as S. Jerome in the fourth century says, "not to expel darkness, but as a sign of joy and as a type of Him Who is the true Light."

But as regards number, Mr. Chambers finds no mention of six. Two, four, and seven are the only numbers of which he discovers any record—the one last-mentioned, being of course derived from the seven-branched candlestick of the Jewish Temple, or from the Apocalyptic Vision of S. John.

The use of six lights seems to be simply

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a modern Roman custom, like the phrases "High and Low Mass," which Mr. Chambers says, only date from the seventeenth or eighteenth century.—Yours, &c., X. Y. Z.

P.S. It seems better not to use the two Altar Lights for any but Eucharistic purposes.

PRAYER FOR THE DEPARTED.

SIR,—Outside the west door of the Cathedral of S. Asaph is the Altar-Tomb of Bishop Isaac Barrow, and the inscription ends thus, "O vos transeuntes in Domum Domini, in Domum Orationis, orate pro conservo vestro ut inveniat misericordiam in die Domini." This it will be observed, directly interprets the language of S. Paul (in 2 S. Tim. i. 18) as a similar prayer. The date is 1680. —Yours, &c., M. A.

P.S. On the subject of Prayer for the Departed, it may not be amiss to quote the language of a late Bishop of S. Asaph (Dr. Vowler Short) in his "History of the Church of England." "To pray for the dead (he writes) was the dictate of human nature, and the practice of the early Church; and no reasonable Christian will blame Dr. Samuel Johnson for the cautious manner in which he mentions his mother in his prayers."—Ch. I. sect. 15.

[Another correspondent gives the same inscription on Bishop Barrow's Tomb, and adds,] "This learned prelate, distinguished as a theologian and mathematician of more than ordinary attainments, died June 24, 1680. Of him as a preacher King Charles II. said, 'Barrow was the most unfair, because he exhausted every subject upon which he discoursed.'"—Yours, &c., F. A. H. V.

FRENCH ESSAY AND CORRESPONDENCE SOCIETY.

SIR,—I think there is no such Society as ANATOLIA inquires after, but I should be pleased to join her in forming one. Should ANATOLIA like to do this, would she please write and send her address to Miss E. AUSTEN, Castle Hill, Walmer?

Queries.

ENGLISH OR ROMAN SEQUENCE OF COLOURS.

SIR,—What sufficient reasons can be given for the use of the Roman Sequence of colours in the Church of England, in place of the old English, or Sarum custom?

It is quite certain that the Roman Sequence was not used in this country before the Reformation, or indeed until after the revival of 1833. The Roman use is unauthorised and an exotic; the Sarum Sequence *has never been repealed.* The former is comparatively modern and Italian; the latter is ancient and national, much the more expressive of the two. Within our own days the grand old Gallican use has, owing to Jesuit influence and tyranny, been surrendered, and this with marked reluctance, to make way for the Italian and Ultramontane use in all points—matter and ritual. With all his faults Louis XIV. of France is worthy of the praise and gratitude of his countrymen for his resolute and successful efforts to maintain the Gallican Church in its integrity against the aggressions of Rome.—Yours, &c., F. A. H. VINEN.

"ALL HER STREETS SHALL SAY, ALLELUIA."

SIR,—Can you, or any of your correspondents tell me where to find the heading of the Hymn, 296 Ancient and Modern, "All her streets shall say, Alleluia?"—Yours, &c., SISTER JANET.

EXCHANGE OF BOOKS.

SIR,—I have several books I wish to exchange, and should be glad to hear from any one on the subject. Amongst others, The Monthly Packet, unbound, but in perfect condition, for 1875 and 1876. The Churchman's Companion, six months (from July) 1875, 1876, and

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1878; and Haydn's Bible Dictionary. Should like any of Carter's, Neale's, or Jelf's books. Please address, Miss HUTCHINSON, Plympton, S. Devon.

THE MAN BORN BLIND.

SIR,—I have been told that the singular question of the Disciples, "Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" implies a belief on their part in some pre-existent state in which the man could have sinned before he was born into this world. Perhaps some of your correspondents could tell me whether there is any foundation for this explanation of what is certainly a difficult passage.—Yours, &c., ORIENS.

"GAZE ONE MOMENT ON THE FACE."

SIR,—I should be grateful if one of your readers would kindly inform me from what author the following lines are taken:

"Gaze one moment on the Face Whose Beauty
Wakes the world's great hymn,
View it one unutterable moment,
Bent in love o'er him."

They were quoted by Bishop Lightfoot in his Consecration Sermon.—Yours, &c., QUERY.

SOCIETY FOR FOREIGN READING.

More Members wanted. For rules enclose a stamped envelope to Miss WESTALL, 3, Belmont Park, Lee, S.E.

ENGLISH CHURCHES ABROAD.

SIR,—Is it wrong to attend an English Church in Roman Catholic countries? I have lately come across people who say it is, on the plea that it is setting up altar against altar. I feel pretty certain they are wrong, but cannot argue the point. Can you or any of the readers of this magazine help me?—Yours, &c., ZANY.

THE LITANY OF THE VIRGIN.

SIR,—Having seen in Bayeux Cathedral a picture called "the Litany of the Virgin," I am anxious to know the meaning of the different signs, and would, if necessary, lend a photograph of the same, so that I might have it fully explained. I also wish to know the name of a book containing the lives of some of the numerous saints in Normandy and Brittany.—Yours, &c., E. K.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S CONFIRMATION MEMORIAL WINDOW IN S. MARY'S, SOUTHAMPTON—(*now erected.*)

Miss L. PHILLIMORE (*5*, Arlington Street, S. James's, S.W.) acknowledges with best thanks for the above: E. H. A., 3s.; per Mrs. Money, 6s. 5d.; Miss A. Jones, 10s.; Edwin and Mary W., 2s.: Rev. W. G. Wood, 2s. 6d.; E. A. C., 2s. 6d.; E. A. J., 2s. 6d. £78. only required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

Notices to Correspondents.

Zany. The Commentary by the Rev. J. H. Blunt is admirable, and will meet all your requirements,—two volumes have already appeared, and the third is expected to be published before the end of the year. The Bishop of Lincoln's Commentary is most valuable for those who understand Greek.

Accepted: "The Mouth of the Dee."

Declined with thanks: "A Few Words on the Psalms of David." (No address is given to which this MS. can be returned.)

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THE

Churchman's Companion.

PART CXX.] THIRD SERIES. [DECEMBER, 1879.

THEN AND NOW.

WAIFS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER X.

"Did she scorn me for my meanness, when I set my heart upon her?
There are ancient tombs engraven with the legends of her race:
Love is old, and love is noble, and can never bring dishonour,
Though the blood of knightly fathers runs to flush a maiden's face."

IT was within a year of the event last noted, our Harry's departure to his rest, that our house was once more bright with anticipations. Some changes had come, there was now no further doubt of the impropriation of those valley lilies of Ernest's.

Fée was engaged to be married. Emily and Laura had a schoolroom and a governess, and Geoffrey had just come home from his travels with the companion of them, Philip Vyvyan.

But Geoffrey's arrival was not first in our expectations. It was papa's from Southampton, with Minnie and her baby boy. For her the freshest flowers stood blooming in a pretty, not a splendid chamber near the sitting-room mamma gave up for her.

We were not told to a day when to expect them, therefore everything was prepared against the earliest possible period, and a great crowd of hopes was filling up my thoughts; the hope foremost was, that Minnie's presence might in some degree restore mamma's old self. That year of mourning had wrought a stronger change upon our mother than years of fragile health. I am sure she was submissive, nay thankful, for the way in which her long prayers for her boy's weal were answered, yet she was never the same afterwards, and our hopes, as I have said, were centred in Minnie's and the orphan babe's arrival to do wonders towards a reaction. If her fond sympathies could be once aroused,

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we felt that she would have new ground to go upon, and the keen anguish might melt into quickening affection. There were hopes and counterhopes, and a speculation about Philip Vyvyan.

We had not said a word of Fée's engagement to this latter: it had been a fact for less than a fortnight, so it was reserved to be told as the good news not necessary in this case to go from home to hear.

It was again summer: the dreaded anniversary had passed unmentioned, we had changed our mourning, all but mamma.

Geoffrey and our friend were first at home. Geoffrey looking thin and sunburnt, but in wonderfully improved spirits compared with last year before he went; and Philip, something even of a brighter nature than the simple lightheartedness Geoffrey brought back, toned Philip's spirits to a higher pitch.

He came to me the next morning after his arrival, in that old library that I still loved best of all the house, and in which he ever felt at home without a scruple. I was reading, he came to my window and said, "I think I heard you ask at dinner time to have Plutarch reached down. Which volume may I get for you?"

"Many thanks," I said, "I dare say Geoffrey won't remember. I think I'll begin again, the first volume, please."

The tall manly figure looked very natural, on the highest step, selecting among the old discarded lesson books of his and our young days. I gave an unintentional sigh to those days of auld lang syne. Philip brought me the book, he stayed by the window looking at me gravely, at last he said, "Your mother is very ill, Ciceley."

"Do you think so?" I replied, "Geoffrey sees little alteration except that her face is more beautiful."

Philip sat down opposite to me.

"Have you not thought about it yourself?" he asked, presently.

No one but Philip Vyvyan knew how to interrogate my inner thoughts and cares.

"We shall not keep her long," I whispered almost as if speaking only to myself, "I have known it ever since that dreadful day. It seems hard now that the troubles and worries of our childhood are just over, and we could be useful, while she might enjoy us all."

"Rest will be a better reward than sitting down to enjoy, in your mother's case, Ciceley," Philip answered. "Think what have been her labours, the great aim, the unswerving trust, the combat undaunted amidst bodily sickness and peculiarly discouraging circumstances."

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"I know you think our mother a martyr to the name of Beaumont," I replied. Philip made a half gesture of impatience.

"Nay," he said, solemnly, "but her mission is almost accomplished, the generations of her children shall rise up and call her blessed. She would wish to see some of you in a sphere to do like good." My heart beat quicker; was it this that had flung the pleasant hopeful sunshine over his face?

"Fée?" he said, half musingly, "it is almost a deed of daring to ask for the fairy of your home, the beneficent sprite of Beaumont."

"He won't be in a hurry: perhaps they won't marry till the spring," I answered.

"They! who?"

I did not understand that start.

"Fée is betrothed to Ernest Trevilian, the barrister; we kept the good news to surprise you. You have not heard it by the way?"

It would have been a thousand times happier for more than himself, if he had learned it before coming here; at least I thought so then and long after; I do not see that such opinion holds good now. My own unspoken hopes were crushed out of existence that evening, and Philip's secret, unconsciously betrayed, was safe with me. I do not think it could ever have been realised, and it was best that Fée should be unclouded by the knowledge of pain she could not put away. Poor Philip Vyvyan! How nervously he stood and put back the sprays of jasmine that were wont to have their way in summer, lining the sides of that window, and sending in their magnificent perfume. I could not see his face for some time. When he moved, he turned quite round and put his face into entire shadow.

"If you had guessed this, Ciceley? or, supposing I had come on my errand last summer?"

"We would have sent Geoffrey word, and spared your coming," I said, heartily.

"And, what if I had been before Trevilian?"

"O, Philip! I shall hurt you if I answer."

"You think, then,—nay tell me, Ciceley."

"She never thought of you in that way. I am her sister, and should know. Philip," I added, "are you not wrong even to think over what never can be, and I feel sure might never have been?"

He wrung my hand with a grateful grasp that hurt me in more ways than physically.

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"I am wrong," he said, "for one long year I have forgotten to myself, that I can never be to any of you but the tutor of your youth. I have my own pupil to thank for recalling me to duty."

I had it in my heart to say—no, not to say—but still the thought was there, a foolish vain thought, as if he could have compromised and been satisfied with the pity of one sister in place of the love of the other. "Don't wrong yourself with such unkind words, you know mamma, none of us, think so. We never learned the world's fashion of viewing such relations. Fée and Ernest have understood each other ever since we met abroad."

He stood silent a little while; perhaps tearing out the cherished dream with the force of duty.

"God bless them to each other," he said at length, "they are young alike, and alike in trust and prayer. He bless them in their service to Him, and in their love to each other."

There was no more said. He went from that old library convinced that pride had nothing to do with the hopelessness of his hopes; and that was all I cared to do towards consoling him.

Poor Philip! He stayed through another day keeping up manful mastery. He waited till papa came home, and I think the sight of Harry's child, a kiss upon the tender little cheek, sent him away happier. Geoffrey engaged to drive him to the station, and he asked me to come. I knew he was going to say something, because he left Geoffrey to the box seat and came behind to me. There was the broiling sun to account for this. For the first two miles no word was exchanged; then the outskirts of Beaumont were left behind. I asked him if he meant to stay at home with his mother and Julie.

"Julie is going to be married to one of the Vyvyans of Cornwall, and my mother I hope will then live with her."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, "why did you not tell me, that I might at least have sent her my love and congratulations?"

"You can entrust them to me now," he answered laughing. "I did not expect you to be interested in Julie's prospects. You have never seen her."

"For shame, Philip! she is your sister. These grand old Cornish Vyvyans too. How well they will suit your mother's taste."

"Provided they do not look upon her and me as unwelcome appendages to their great cousinships."

"What shall you do with yourself afterwards?" I asked.

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"I cannot tell. I have some notion of S. Omer for the winter, if the good brothers can find me a vacant cell, or perhaps I may have work of some kind in Rome, in the autumn."

"It is so horribly unhealthy there in the autumn; you do not mean to go and throw your life away."

Philip looked into my face in an instant, surprised at the tone.

"If I thought of anything so deliberately outrageous, I should scarcely confide it to you," he replied. "I have wished Fée all happiness, I have said my last good-bye to your mother, and to Beaumont; I kept the hard word to say the last to you. I dare say Geoffrey and I shall meet somehow again."

"Why should you not come to Beaumont when Fée has left us? Why not put in a little condition?"

"I might, if I were sure that one kind heart would keep its old place for me."

I could not promise that, because I dared not. He looked as if he half expected some assurance from me.

"You ought not to make a vow that you will not come again, Philip," I said, presently. "We shall be sorry to think about you with Julie married, and your home broken up; you have worked very hard to win back to worse than before you knew us."

Philip stopped my saying more. "It never can be worse, Ciceley, while you understand me. That should be enough, more than enough: nay it is a fair wind for parting."

"Prove it," I said, lightly, "prove it by coming to see us sometimes."

He jumped out to walk with Geoffrey up the only real hill our county boasted. I leaned back discomfited: there was no purpose in my coming yet, and we were scarcely two miles from the station.

When Philip resumed his seat I admonished him that in a quarter of an hour his train was due.

"Geoffrey tells me Trevilian is expected to return with you."

"What a pity he did not tell me so; Fée ought to have come instead of me."

"I asked you," he reminded me gently. "You will keep my foolish secret from your sister and Trevilian?"

"Of course I shall."

"Some of you besides Geoffrey will write to me now and then."

"Not if banishment is your word," I replied.

"I will come if I can be of use to any of you."

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"Remember," I said, "you are not wanted at Beaumont, for your usefulness; that was over when you first went away. There are different degrees of welcome for one's visitors."

"I suppose so; Lord Glen Beaumont and your two Ernests, for example. Yes, I must come some day, Ciceley; you will summon me, and if not, we shall understand each other. Now, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Philip."

"One word more. Harry's child. I am pledged to do my duty. Your mother made me promise this morning, she won't be here when he is old enough. It is right to tell *you*. Ciceley, I will come back to be useful. I shall count the years."

Geoffrey had taken Philip's ticket, seen his luggage labelled, and greeted Ernest, while these last words were saying. Let my tears be interpreted which way they might, they came with that farewell.

"You speak as if one life were all certainty, the other, that you could see its short utmost."

"Good-bye, Ciceley, do not dwell upon my words."

He shook hands, looked into my eyes a kind farewell, and fairly raced up to the platform and his place.

Geoffrey was companionised by Ernest on our homeward journey. I was not lonely, nor had I any right to be sad. Philip's last words might have made me so without the reservation, "do not dwell upon them."

Perhaps our mother had spoken to him her thoughts, her hopes, and fears about the future, the earthly future of the baby Beaumont, the future, drawing on to her an everlasting present. There was but one theme for my meditations, our mother was hastening home.

Chapter XI.

"——A sunbeam broke
Into the room; the babe awoke,
And from his cradle smiled!
Ah me! what kindling smiles met there,
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother, or her child!"

Thank God we had her safe, her and that other most precious legacy, Harry's wife and Harry's boy.

There was time for little thought out of the narrowed circle of the Priory, for many days. After a short lapse of ten years our nurseries

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echoed with their familiar sounds. Nurse came down several degrees from her sinecure dignity, even before her phantom-like horror was dismissed; but when the babe was made formally over to her charge, the black Ayah bespoken for a return berth, and safely out of the gates, poor nurse sat down and cried with joy, while Eunice would have sacrificed her late promotion for the privilege of being the under nurse to her young master's child. We did not put good Eunice to the proof, we believed her, but told her that her offices in our department were too valuably filled, we could not hear of retraction.

Our pretty little stranger sister must have had a great trial; not merely in the realisation or revival of their common anticipations, but in facing a great house full of stateliness that awed her, and of girls who made her feel and look almost childish, even in the overpowering witness of that dress and cap, that plain ring on the hand that looked as if it might grow larger some day without disadvantage. Sometimes I thought she was so young that she would soon outlive the loss: she used to speak of him so naturally to us; show us some of the treasures he had given her; and once she asked us to forgive her for apparently usurping his place in our home. These considerations and conclusions did not come at once. I had pictured Minnie to myself as invested as it were with a spirit of Harry, or perhaps a visible likeness, and I was disappointed. Not the first night though. One and all we stood round the doorway, or in the old porch, to welcome her in our different fashions. It was Fée who kissed her first, Geoffrey who drew her arm in his to take her to mamma. A procession spontaneous; papa with his orphan grandson in his arms, treading softly and slowly up the great stair, then the young mother moving like a shadow blacker in contrast with the white balustrade at Geoffrey's side. I passed them to open the door for papa, so that I alone saw the reverent way in which he laid his little burden upon mamma's knee, I saw the tears that among men of his race were rare, I heard my mother soothe him as he kissed her, with the words, "for Minnie's sake," just as Minnie entered. Her veil was thrown back, she moved the white handkerchief from her face that she had held there since the carriage stopped, then glided to mamma and threw herself upon her knees. There was one great stifled sob, and she pressed closer into the arm that held her child, that had cradled her child's father.

"Minnie, my darling, my child!"

I did not hear more; we left them to the comfort of each other's

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presence. We met weeping servants who waited in the hall to see her cross the gallery to her chamber, and Geoffrey begged them not to let her bring her sorrow to a household sorrowing, and they dispersed to put away their tears. Nevertheless, Geoffrey himself was sad enough that night.

The well-spring of our grief gushed forth anew with the presence of those tokens of our brother, sent to fill his place in the old home.

And thus, while mamma, papa, and Minnie were left together, I sent Philip Vyvyan to Geoffrey as soon as he had been long enough alone, and myself carried off poor Mary to her room.

I was never a skilful one to console or comfort; oftentimes when I have done the best my heart dictated, instead of quelling or calming grief I have sent it deeper into its channel, but that night in Mary's case, I succeeded against my usual rule, probably because her wild impetuous grief had an answering chord, though differently toned, in my own heart. Less from wilful unsubmissive sorrow, flowed my sister's tears, than from recollection, recollected sympathy. In time she was herself again, and let me read the second evening lesson, which was the twelfth chapter of S. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. She would not keep me till she was in bed, and when I wished her good night, she whispered, "When you say your prayers to-night, Cicely, say one for me."

The bell rang, and I went back to see if it was for tea, or prayers, or supper; on my way thinking of my two next sisters. Fée and her beautiful resignation to that Holy Will which she tacitly acknowledged in the disposition of all our joys and privileges, our cares and afflictions; Mary, and her passionate affections, her hard struggles against her own unconquered will, her sensible victory to-night; both sisters were an example and a study.

I went to Minnie's room and brought her down to tea. She put her arm appealingly into mine and walked through the gallery with her head bent down, her eyes upon the floor; she could not look on those pictured walls just then, and we went on in silence. I watched her when mamma introduced her to Philip, and I loved her for the natural way in which she included him in those who must be hers, because they were Harry's friends. We made Minnie smile more than once over our heavy tea. She enjoyed the luscious peaches, and compared notes between the English and Indian melons, and by-and-by asked mamma if she might have her birds brought in. I see her now, that very sylph-like little creature, bidding the servant draw a table to her side,

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and place the great cage upon it. She said perhaps she should not be excused, having already one all absorbing pet, for bringing so many others, troublesome and noisy. While she said this she put in her hand and brought out one after another, all emulous to be first, the gorgeous specimens of tropical beauty.

Fifteen had died on the voyage, and the rest had been an endless trouble, but "we always had them," she said, "and I thought I might bring some home."

The fact explained itself. She had no favourite faithful dog, no petted horse of Harry's, that she could bring over; her cage of sunny wings, of crimson breasts, white, azure, or golden heads, were all; their tame love for her told well for her taste, though her manner was as simple as a child's with such pets.

After tea we went to the drawing-room: before sitting down Minnie said, "I must go to my boy; Cicely, will you guide me? I am mystified with this labyrinth of galleries, and doors and passages."

"You will soon get used to the ins and outs," said Susan, wishing us good night before we left the room. I took her through the long suite, and past the King's chamber, to the nursery; she fairly sighed.

"Never mind," I said, "to-morrow we will initiate you; it is strictly geometrical."

"My instinct would direct me here," answered Minnie, laying her finger on her lip, and stepping softly into the nursery. She shook hands with Eunice, whose admiration had brought her and her work into her old quarters this evening, and kissed nurse as if she had been one of us, before she went to the crib where slept her little one.

"I hope he will not be a great trouble to you, nurse," she said sweetly.

"Nurse does not admit that word in her dominions," I remarked.

"May GOD bless him," nurse said, "I have reckoned the days till I should see him here."

"Mamma," how pretty Harry's mother's title sounded from Minnie; "Mamma told me you would take him when Judith goes."

Nurse curtseyed, and looked overwhelmingly grateful.

"These were the nurseries when they were children, I suppose?" Minnie said, sitting down in the old rocking chair, and still speaking

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low. The Ayah Judith was honouring the hall at supper, and Eunice departed to attend Susan's toilette.

"Yes, ma'am," nurse replied to Minnie's remark, "we had them all here in turn. It is two and twenty years last month, since there had to be an extra crib thought about; that's the one where little master lies now."

"Was Ciceley not born here?" inquired Minnie.

"I missed that honour, Minnie."

The little thing sighed mournfully, and rose to come away with me.

"I shall want to be welcome, nurse, whenever I feel inclined to visit you."

"To be sure, ma'am, and may be there is a difference in the management of a little delicate child that's come so far over the sea."

Minnie smiled a smile full of tender thoughts.

"I am going to rely entirely on mamma and you."

She went again to the cot, stooped over it and kissed her child, lifting up a long lock of brown hair, a few shades lighter than his father's, and putting it back from the white face, she whispered, "You shall see his eyes to-morrow, Ciceley. Nurse, good night. When Judith goes, I want him in my room at night, she won't hear of it; I hope you will consent."

That was nearly the end of her first evening with us: prayers in the Gothic room, said by Geoffrey, as had long been the custom, the simple chant and hymn, the attendance of our large household, the black woman taking her place, as a jealous right, close to Minnie, ended that day. I had no opportunity of talking to my mother, of hearing or telling passing thoughts, of knowing how she bore the excitement, the association from which we feared or hoped such imminent results. Fée and I sat up together long after the house was still with sleep, we sat and talked of Minnie, of the past, Harry's short bright life; of the future, Geoffrey and his present heir, the child of one almost dearer than a brother. We talked of shadows and superstitions, of sacrilege unrepudiated, and when we knelt down before we parted for the night, we said one prayer together, that the right way might be made plain, that on whichsoever these possessions should fall, he might have grace to do that which should be well pleasing; to blot out the transgressions of our name. We prayed not in our own feeble words. Our mother had given to each a copy of a prayer, written by one of the holiest of living men; fit words in which to clothe our petition, and accordant

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with an object so ardently desired. After that we kissed each other without saying more, a rule of childhood in great practical force when we were old enough either to leave it off, or to appreciate it. Alas for idle thoughts! our mother could not rule them; there are often idle words among sisters, among schoolgirls, among servants, even among grown up friends who purpose well, whose best devotions are marred and annulled by light worldly talk, by vanity of speech, after they have been with GOD, closed as it were the day in His presence, laid their hearts bare before Him, giving themselves soul and body into His holy keeping.

Thank GOD that habit our mother enforced has saved us in many instances, not us girls only, but Geoffrey also, and I doubt not Harry.

The morning after Minnie came, as I have said, Philip Vyvyan left Beaumont. Papa's invitations made his face look grave, and were scarcely or but indefinitely responded to. All my sisters made him some little presents; Geoffrey gave him a complete edition of The Fathers, papa and mamma some handsome jewellery for his sister, an opportune present, though he had not told us of her engagement.

Philip's gift to Fée, a marriage gift of course, though I questioned if destined on such terms at first, was a set of splendid photographs,—the earliest we had seen—of the first and highest famed pictures. They were divided into sacred and secular: the "Cenci," the "Sibyls," among the latter, the "Three Kings" from the exquisite marble at Milan, the "Madonna del San Sisto," the gems of the sacred six. They were all framed appropriately, had been executed for him on the spot, and were perfect. I convoyed Philip to the nursery, ostensibly to say good-bye to nurse; reservedly, to let him see Harry's boy, the little tender offspring of one he had loved so well and long with that peculiar love special to those who hold the responsibility of education in a high and conscientious relation. We, who held a different creed, who had been taught to think of his as in error on some vital points, how dear we were to him! I alone gave Philip nothing, but I kept his secret, I put that little one into his arms and saw the fair curls pressed to his cheek. I drove with him to the station, and was the last to whom he said "good-bye."

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Chapter XII.

"This is the place, stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past,
The forms that once have been.

The *Past* and *Present* here unite
Beneath time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side."

To what purpose have I recollected these waifs and strays of the records of our house? is it that the bitterness of the past may once more smite my heart, and weary those who read, and add another to the already overflowing tide of fiction, of depicted miseries? Nay, not thus, nor merely with the selfish love that lays open an old wound for the sake of general sympathy. I have shown our house to you as it was when it was ours, as it had been until then under the Beaumonts. Our earthly home, beautiful in every association, suggestive of holy times when such homes were fraught with prayer and full of charity; long since invested with a worldly character, marked with dread penalty that generations before us had borne, and never lifted a finger or a prayer to undo. You who read know well that there are such places, but I speak without reference. Probably it will be said that Harry's death in India where so many found their rest at that time is not peculiar to our house, that God's Providence did not make it a singular dispensation, and there was a son of Harry's. Fée was married and her lot blessed, and in time the gentle mother of our house went home to her reward, but what of this? it is all part of the ordinary circumstances of human economy, and when people sit down to write a book they are bound to go beyond these. My object has been truth of statement, not exaggeration. I have dwelt fondly on the passages of those early days when hearts were knit together by the first simple holy ties of home, that home so bounteous in the luxury of affection, so meagre in the store of priceless deeds, and saintly examples.

Yes, for those days are gone for ever; *now* the sweet and pleasant phases of life are not; *then* they were. The shadow of fourteen long years has passed over the dial of existence. The shadow with the sunshine, the laughter with the tears. In fourteen years the hand and law of time have seemed as absolute around us as elsewhere. Population increasing at the usual ratio, the needs of the Church

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developing, and rousing the spirit of her true children to give up their hearts and lives to her service. We had not looked on unmoved. Geoffrey's great manful act was in submission not merely to his mother's wish, but to the urging of his conscience. Beaumont ceased to be entailed in him.

When I knew that this had been the thought and object of my mother's hopes even at that time when we were in Germany, long before the twins' majority approached, I realised its importance, and the involved temporal sacrifice. What was temporal inconvenience when in the balance against a heavenly heirship! Happy was it for that pure mother that her tenure of life produced the results to which it had been devoted, that life of pain and suffering that people counted almost martyrdom, with whom would she have exchanged it? She was as one to whom a mission of great import was entrusted, she was faithful to her charge, and when it was fulfilled she lingered not. Through the prayers and example of one, many were made righteous; many who like those from whom they sprang clung in their sunken nature to the dust of death. What we might have been, had our mother been taken from us in our childhood, or in our early youth, I dare not guess. She stayed with us; spared to her children to lead them in the way their feet were set, their souls pledged at the Washing of Regeneration; to show them the path which their ancestors had trodden to eternal sorrow and despair, the path of sacrilege and many a grievously defiling sin; to show them the other way, with no visible allurement, nothing but personal sacrifice, comparative poverty, leading onward to an unfading crown of glory. She prayed for her sons through the years preceding early manhood, she lived to hope that one had found the goal, to see the other choose the undefiled way, to walk therein with all his heart, essaying to undo the wrong. To descend to minor details; Mary is wife of the Campville Ernest, now Chaplain to the Embassy at Palermo. His sister Katie lives with them in the place of children, and the waters have not yet lost their beneficial effects for her. Susan the heroic is still Susan Beaumont. The only son of the Lord Lieutenant proposed himself for her acceptance: Susan refused the honour from repugnance to the title to which he would succeed. To be Countess of Whenbury, Whenbury Abbey, was going deeper into desecration than to be Susan Beaumont of the Priory. He has not married, but is one of our best friends; watching Geoffrey's apparent innovations with a determination to act likewise when he comes into power. He has told me that

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Susan's reason for refusing to become his wife, which he managed to learn from our brother, taught him the responsibility of his position. Now their feeling for each other is based upon a mutual respect, a lasting holy love unknown among the passions of men and women whose standard is human not Divine.

My two youngest sisters are married, but not to any one I have here introduced, they have no children, and in the next generation there will be none of our branch of the name, unless Harry's boy chances to marry. This is one of the chief characteristics of our house, one of the few that must go down a little longer. Jamie Glen Beaumont and Janet have already half a score pretty equally divided; his father is still living, so that his patrimony is somewhat stinted; but Janet knows how to make two ends meet, and in those outlandish highlands a high state of luxury would be out of place. Susan and I go up to their beautiful Glen almost every autumn with papa; one or other of us to be sponsors very frequently, while papa who is entering only his sixtieth summer walks by the children's highland ponies, rows them lazily up and down the Glen Loch, and then hurries off to hear some learned cause with his friend the Lord Advocate in Edinburgh. My father does not talk to children as he used to talk to me. I love to see my father with children, carrying out a reverent spirit for them, and looking perhaps more like one who knew them as they are depicted, than he used to appear in the magnitude of his parental position at Beaumont. It is meet when the heat and toil of the noon of life wane downwards with the march of time, that something of the spirit cast off by the assumption of manhood's cares should be sought after amid the wreck. He who sought has found; on our father's brow there are yet no marks of age. His step is firm, his eye bright and undimmed; happy he who waited not such warnings, or rather humbled himself to meet them. Nothing can restore the past, nothing bring back the years full of the burden of affection when we were one large unsevered family, but He Who hath taken that hath given us more. A better hope, a store in paradise, a beginning of good works, an humble effort to set forth the work of penitence. And if the younger Geoffrey lives, that is Harry's boy, he may begin anew the Beaumont name, unstained with the possession of consecrated lands, unrenowned with aught save the ties of brotherhood, the best fame that can descend.

By this time you will have become familiar with our home: come thither once more with me for the last time, and be prepared for the

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revulsion. It is the end for which I have written; without it the sunniest picture of home scenes would but have shamed and disheartened me.

Now I can thank GOD for the power of reparation He has put into the hearts of my father and brother. We shall seek in vain the old haunts and nooks, but a bright and holy change has passed over them ungrudgingly. The great stately pile of buildings arrests the eye within many miles' circumference *now*, as it did *then;* the near approach dispels illusion. Tenderly and reverently the sacred work has been carried on—the work that has divided the great house at its centre—making that glorious old hall, with its antique carved work, its resplendent window, a fit ante-chapel. The original chapel, which I have often described to you, is now the chancel and sanctuary of a large noble Church; the Gothic chamber and cloisters being converted for the purpose, and all the northern wing on the other side. The vaults have been opened and examined, the tombs, found in two instances walled into the inner portions of the house, are removed as near to the original graveyard of the Priory as can be determined. The beautiful pleasaunce no longer exists: it was once GOD's garden, it is His again.

The King's chamber remains untouched in the portion of the house appointed for the residence of the Incumbent. All that could be done by two human hearts in their kindling love and deep contrition for their house, in expiation of its crimes, has been carried out. We, in our humble way, have aided them. Fée and Ernest gave the memorial windows to our mother and Harry; Mary and Ernest the holy vessels and the books; Emily and Laura and their husbands the screens; Minnie, who is now the richest in worldly goods among us, the reredos and altar pavement, and in the name of Geoffrey Edmund Beaumont, a splendid organ.

Thus the work progressed. Lord Whenbury gave us the beautiful bells that had been buried in the hopeless ruins of their Abbey. There was little left for Susan or myself to do towards the enrichment. The old font is retained in a unique little Baptistery; the great altar picture, and the massive altar candlesticks of gold inlaid, keep their wonted place, and strike all Beaumont eyes as the sole characteristics of the Priory chapel; they gave it much significance and beauty, and notwithstanding all the gorgeous apparelling they do so still. A reverence is about them. They have held their place more than three

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hundred years. Tradition, which has not spared stone or carving, niche or pavement, says nought of these. No rude hands have effaced their beauty, no unholy use has profaned them. The hand of time alone has added to their value, the neglect of two long silent centuries has been their negative abuse. Once more then is our Priory the Priory of S. Cecilia according to its foundation in A.D. 1114, a religious house. Twelve boys are educated there; preference being given to the younger of twin brothers, and this failing, to orphans. They are taught all the usual branches of the necessary instruction of this universal high-pressure age, music being the end and aim: the strict but most glorious ecclesiastical music of old standing pre-eminent, the "music of worship" rightly named. Though a free foundation, the grades are very varied, and as it is less a charity than a means of developing the power of art, there are but the restrictions I have mentioned, and besides these submission to the rules of the foundation, and a pledge to forward its object.

The little community is practically a happy one: the twelve vested choristers, standing twice daily in the courts of the LORD'S House, from the infant of seven to the full-voiced man of one-and-twenty. Fourteen years is the limit of residence, but those who are to be admitted to holy orders are exceptions: others become choir-masters in rural districts at the expense of the foundation, and some few have the further advantage of two years in the German and Italian schools.

Once in seven years there is an election. Two of the present twelve are blind; one, the twin son of a nobleman, promises great genius; the other is our old gamekeeper's grandson, blinded by playing with a powder-flask.

These lads are drawn together by their common sympathies, their deprivation, their gift, their aspirations to honour and glorify Almighty GOD in its use and possession.

And we have no real home now. All is given up to the service of GOD and to the benefit of English Churchmen. The Church is endowed, the little colony of gamekeeper, dairyman, woodman, blacksmith and steward's lodge are the nucleus of the rising hamlet within the park lands, and the fame of S. Cecilia's has spread north and south. Applications come two or three years before the election is due. In one case a man wrote on the day of his twin sons' birth to offer them both to S. Cecilia's. Geoffrey as Warden devotes almost his whole life to the work. There is a resident chaplain, who assists

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the incumbent, and three singing masters of high talent, and the true spirit for the work. Organ and other instrumental practice has the supervision of qualified English and foreign artists, but the basis in all branches is the same—the enlarging the medium of ecclesiastical music, the promotion of the nearest approach to angelic choirs praising GOD in choral chant and hymned devotions.

Our good old nurse is the infirmaress of the establishment, for sickness comes there and hushes the sweet tide of song, and death has been among the students, we may hope carrying them from a school of initiation to the perfecting of praise in the song that no man can learn —not man—but the redeemed in the Church triumphant.

Sometimes when we have been at Beaumont—we always go twice a year during the chaplain's and the masters' holidays—and have seen the machinery in full play—Geoffrey's unclouded face, papa's responsive smile and approbation, with Fée's children or young Geoffrey Edmund by my side, I have half whispered, "Oh that mamma had lived to see this." Once I was overheard and gently chidden.

"Nay, Ciceley, in Paradise they know His presence."

I clasped my father's hand and kissed him, and the tie has been drawn even closer since then.

CHAPTER XIII. CONCLUSION.

"Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks at last
To something nobler we attain."

MY task is nearly ended, for it is no easy one to blend the present with the past. One hope and promise of the future is fading fast, another rises and builds itself up upon the tomb of the first; and like the dying or the quickening of Hope, is the generation of the Beaumonts: as such I have shown it throughout our history. Now a brighter picture presents itself, and in the voluntary poverty of our family all its members are made rich; not only that the blot and stain are taken away and a Beaumont lives to see his grandchildren, but that a blessed Light is poured in amongst us, the unfading unfailing Light that many generations missed before us,—be it our prayer that none may do so who come after!

Surely we have learned the lesson duly: we who for so long had boasted ourselves in the multitude of riches. GOD be thanked that

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we waited not till the evil day came to restore unto GOD His own—a restoration not wholly rejected by the fruits it brings forth. Of personal or worldly sacrifice I speak not. My father and brother sat down to count the cost before they put their hands to the work; a work entailing the resignation of a princely home and wealth, and all the ostentation of position, for the assumption of insignificance, and the ridicule or pity of the world. Harry, as the younger son, had his mother's property chiefly settled upon him; and Minnie possesses the jointure of necessity settled on the widows of the Beaumonts; and if Geoffrey Edmund be spared to us, a few years hence he is to take Holy Orders; the first of his name to devote himself in the Priesthood to his Master's service. He may live to minister to the flock whose Church was founded at the expense and extinction of his home; we cannot tell; as Eunice often says to me he is very like dear Master Harry at the same age. But the enthusiasm from which good Eunice draws her conclusions is rekindled with an intenser character by the difference of circumstance. At fifteen the mind and bearing of the future man begins its development. Geoffrey Edmund promises well. One especial quality is veneration, which is a safeguard and a needed counteraction to the pervading spirit of the world. It is one of the portions that descended to him from our mother with a wonderful distinctness, which binds the orphan boy very closely about my father's heart.

There is one other of whom I would say a word or two before I take my leave, one who next to our mother was the human aid of my childhood—Philip Vyvyan. The dreams of girlhood are long long laid aside: now in the hopeful past my admiration, and untold affection blend at all points, and I seek not to distinguish them, nor to trace out with exactitude where childish appreciation merged into the deeper feeling of maidenhood. Yet if one dreams no longer the day-dreams of youth, it is pleasant to recall them, and Philip Vyvyan is blended with all the sunny past, with but little of the shadowy. Now and then vague and vain theories force themselves into my thoughts, and I wonder why there should be two of us lonely, in the strict sense of that word, wanting that mutual sympathy,—but I never nurse the theory, let it pass. I have never seen Philip since the summer of Fée's wedding, and of his spontaneous confession and disappointment; the others often have met him, I always seem to miss. When he comes to S. Cecilia's to stay with Geoffrey for two or three

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months it is when the college is in full term—a time of banishment to us.

He spent one winter with Mary and Ernest at Palermo in very indifferent health a few years since. To Mary, as to the rest, the old link with Philip is unbroken; they talk of him and hear of his welfare, and sympathise with his inner life—there is nothing of this for me. I who understand him best am alone misunderstood. He thinks I judge him hardly, and with the cold pride of the old Beaumonts, for lifting even his unspoken love so high as to my sister! I who only feared to go too far, fell short and was misconstrued.

I write not with repining nor with indignation. We with a difference of opinion on vital points are best as we are, now that the unfulfilled "then" reads with significance; there is no cause for murmur or complaint. That our way henceforth through life is to be a separate way I have an undefined feeling of certainty. I can say what few Englishwomen can, that I have lived to that "certain age," and never in my life received an offer of marriage!

In other countries, where society is differently constituted, and young girls volunteer into conventual life, it is no marvel, but here in England I am the exception to the age. Not meanly endowed with the average order of talents and Beaumont good looks, I yet take no pride in that knowledge. I set up my standard high and early, and unto it none approached unrepulsed, except him for whose sake the rest were distanced.

Now I am six and thirty. Minnie laughingly styles Susan and myself a pair of unexceptionable old maids. We have room in our unusurped hearts, and time upon our hands, for unlimited love and usefulness, which are pretty generally occupied. Sometimes I think that to us—unfettered by the ties that bind our sisters to their several homes—a fuller spirit and participation in the blessed change, has been granted. We have watched the transformation, held counsel with its agents, ourselves felt temporally the altered state of affairs, in a measure that could not have fallen to our sisters with all their kindly interest and anxiety.

My brother Geoffrey is I suppose so wholly occupied with his great undertaking, so wrapt in energy and endeavour to S. Cecilia's, that it is most improbable that he will ever give up all for a domestic home. His children are the little ones among the musical band, his younger brothers all the elder students; while Minnie and his namesake fill

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up the relative positions of our mother and Harry in the closer ties. They live very near the Priory in Campville parish, where many Beaumonts similarly circumstanced, have dwelt before them. Little Minnie is the "good lady" of the place, dispensing her means right liberally, and training her son to the practice of that wide charity which our LORD came down from Heaven to teach Christian men. We often spend a month with Minnie and Geoffrey, and I like to watch them together, and to feel that if dear Harry had lived his boy could not have done him greater credit than he does Minnie now.

I have now individualised all who held a prominent place in this little history at the risk of being somewhat prosaic. It is not my ambition to characterise results; they, if I have spoken plainly, resolve themselves. Our mother's lifelong prayer for her children and their house is answered in all human extent; the burden of sacrilege and its inevitable though varied penalty, is laid down and done away; and the blessing of our offended FATHER may be fearlessly invoked upon His repentant children.

May He so deign to receive and acknowledge all who in like case turn unto Him: a little sacrifice, and the restitution is accepted; a little yielding back that which is not our own, though long regarded as such, and tenfold is the spirit of peace increased.

Farewell, then, Beaumont Priory.

In the words which Geoffrey quotes to all who doubt of Mercy or of Pardon, I may close my page—words which greet you as you enter the hall of S. Cecilia's, as you pass into the porch of the Holy Sanctuary, as you kneel among the children of a heaven-inspired genius in their oratory at the "hours" of stated prayer—"If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me ye shall surely find Me."

COFFEE TAVERNS IN TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

(*Concluded from p.* 366.)

A LABOURING man often pays more dearly for articles of food than his richer neighbour, on account of the small quantities with which he is supplied. He has no store-room, and not enough ready money to make a large purchase. Yet tradesmen expect remuneration for paper and

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string, and for the time employed in weighing out and tying up parcels. A lady who pays 3*s.* per pound for twenty pounds of tea from London, sent to a village shop for an ounce or two, and paid at the rate of 7*s.* per pound—the price at which it was sold to the poor—for an inferior quality. The gallon of beer which costs a shilling at the brewery in a nine gallon cask, is charged at the rate of 1*s.* 4*d.* to the man who buys it in jugs at the public-house. As for milk,[1] a labouring man in the country often cannot buy it, as he cannot afford the quantity which makes it worth the trouble of sale to a farmer. But if the materials for coffee, tea and cocoa are bought in large quantities, these beverages can be sold for less than a working man could supply them for himself of the same quality, if only there is sufficient demand to make it worth while to cook much of them at once; and if coffee-houses are to succeed and offer counter attractions to the gin-palace, it is essential to provide refreshments on the lowest possible scale compatible with a reasonable profit. This is now done in large towns at a rate which makes them a great boon and a great economy to small householders, and if they are so managed as to remain self-supporting, and in no way on the footing of a charity, they will probably stand the test of time, and become permanent institutions.

In Liverpool, where we might expect an establishment to be founded on sound commercial principles, the shares in the first coffee-house were taken up for philanthropic motives, but it soon proved a profitable investment. In that town there were 20,000 people, many of them foreign sailors, employed in the ships or dockyards along the seven miles of docks, whose only place of refreshment on land was the public-house. When a British man-of-war came into the Mersey, it happened several times that the sailors who went on shore were robbed when drunk, or underwent a month's imprisonment in the gaol at Kirkdale for desertion,—that is, for exceeding their twenty-

[1] The need of milk to form the teeth and bones was shown in a case under the writer's notice. A child of five, who had lost her mother at her birth, and been brought up almost without it, was entirely toothless when admitted into a village school. A visitor began to give her every day a breakfast of as much bread and milk as she could take, and within a year she cut her teeth. In Norway where the peasants keep cows and live much on milk, the teeth of the peasantry are remarkably good; while the undue proportion of soft bones and bad teeth among the children in Glasgow, where milkless tea and bread and jam are widely substituted for the old milk and porridge diet, is well known.

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four hours' leave on shore, because they were too much intoxicated to find the way to their ship. But Liverpool has for years past possessed eminent philanthropists among her leading men, and the working classes have the example before them of total abstainers among her successful merchants. A few of these, with one or two of the clergy, established the "British Workman Public-house Company, Limited," with a capital of £20,000 in £1 shares, and the first coffee-house was opened in October, 1875. Four months afterwards, five had been opened, and the quarter's dividend was at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum; and a year later, eighteen had been opened, and there was the same satisfactory financial result. Liverpool now contains thirty-three coffee-houses, and those near the docks are largely used by sailors.

The success with which these establishments have been attended among the larger populations of Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham, is more encouraging than in several smaller towns; a fact not only to be accounted for by the larger number of customers, but because in a smaller community the influence of the publicans is more felt, and the labouring men are often encumbered with debts to the public-houses, and therefore dare not oppose the landlords. Also in a small village everybody knows where each workman goes, and he is apt to receive a nick-name from his former boon companions if he resorts to a coffee temperance house instead of to his old haunts. To meet this difficulty, a coffee-stall planted near the railway station, or in the market-place, if there is one, or at the entrance of the village, is a good beginning. Excursionists and strangers coming into the village buy from it, and set the example to the inhabitants; and when the coffee-stall has made its way, a coffee-house may follow. In towns where there are coffee-houses the smaller tradespeople often find it more economical to send for a cup of cocoa or coffee in the morning, particularly in the summer, than to light a fire early to boil the kettle for breakfast. In foreign countries where fuel is dearer than with us, this has long been a practice, and many families live in Paris without any kitchen, or means of cooking food, but send for all they eat or drink to the nearest crêmerie or restaurant.

At Shrewsbury a coffee-house is successfully combined with a refreshment and club-room, and answers pecuniarily, though it provides a dinner for 6*d.*—viz., a plate of beef, a roll, a cup of soup, and a slice of pudding or tart. A plate of mutton can be bought for 4*d.*,

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and a plate of hash for 3*d.*, and the usual scale of charges for coffee, cocoa, and tea. It was established by the enterprise of a private benefactor, not by a company, so although it may be now self-supporting, we cannot say if the outlay has been repaid.

Another at Eccleshall was also set on foot by a lady in March, 1878, and carried on under her superintendence. Her report, five months later, to an inquirer who was interested in a similar undertaking, was, that although the period since the opening had been the slack time of the year, it had paid its way well. The rent is £20 a year, there are four rooms,—one for bagatelle, one for a smoking-room, one for the coffee-room, and one for a club-room. The attendant and her husband, who is a bagatelle marker, are paid by their lodging being free. "The cause of the success of my house," she wrote, "so far is that everything supplied is of the best, and ready at a moment's notice. I make all the coffee and cocoa myself, and indeed superintend everything myself. I have plenty of games, and my friends send me London and local papers. I dare say my expenses will be £100 a year, but I cannot tell. I am sure it will be self-supporting."

At Market Drayton, in Shropshire, one of the neighbouring clergy, (the Rev. R. Johnstone, Curate of Moreton Say,) tried to form a company for the establishment of a coffee-house, combining a reading-room and workmen's lodgings. The capital was to consist of £1,000 in £1 shares, and it was hoped that workmen might become shareholders and promote its success; but it was looked upon as too hazardous a venture by the town in general, and the shares therefore not taken up. We can hardly be surprised at this timidity in a parish containing only 5,000 people, when we remember the doubts and fears with which even in London the first coffee-house was set on foot.

At Leamington the success of a coffee-stall near the Station, which in the first thirteen days (including a Bank holiday) took £12, encouraged the establishment of "The Leamington Coffee Tavern Company, Limited," with a capital of £2,000 in shares of £1 each. It founded a coffee-hall in 1878, lighter, more airy, and more commodious than any public-house in the town, and on the first Bank holiday, when excursionists flocked into Leamington, it received £20 in pence. The working classes are not the only people who find it a convenient place of resort, and the out-door trade is increasing. The interest paid to the shareholders is limited to five per cent., and any-

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thing above that is to be laid out in improvements, or on new coffee-halls. This is a very benevolent provision, and if carried out in the larger towns where coffee-halls have been more remunerative, those richer companies after supplying the needs of their own districts, might usefully employ their surplus in assisting to establish coffee-houses in other parts of the country where the projectors see a difficulty in setting them on foot.

One mode of founding a coffee tavern in a small village is to take an opportunity to buy up a well-known public-house, and let it to a tenant with the stipulation that he carries it on without the sale of intoxicating liquor, and with a perpetual supply of cheap coffee, cocoa, tea, ginger-beer, and refreshments. The surplus dividend of a remunerative coffee-house company in a large town could not be better employed than in such a purchase.

On the 19th of November, 1878, the first coffee-hall in Portsmouth was opened by the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., and the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper Temple. A portion of the premises of the John Pound's Memorial Schools, Oyster Street, were adapted for the purpose at the cost of £200, and the expense borne by private subscription, as an attempt to form a company in the town for the purpose fell through. This coffee-hall is united with a reading-room and library, and will probably be as highly appreciated by the sailor population as in Liverpool, although her sailors chiefly belong to a different service. Lord Shaftesbury observed on the occasion, that a large number of people do not know what good things milk and coffee are. He once had seventy or eighty men working for him in the winter, and being determined to give them no alcoholic drink, he sent them out a quantity of the best milk and coffee, and they all declared that "they had not conceived that the world could contain such thorough good stuff as he had given them."

This statement is sadly confirmed in a letter from Miss Nightingale to the Duke of Westminster, in which after showing that intemperate habits fill the hospitals, she says, "the excellent medical officer of a workhouse infirmary in which we nursed used to say to all such patients, 'Now, my good fellow, do drink coffee all the rest of your life.' Where are they to get it? Thousands and tens of thousands will, I am sure, bless the Coffee-house Association, especially if it could be made to include lodgings. What these men want is a place where they may have coffee, and read the newspapers, and play games

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(without temptations to gambling;) also a place where they can eat and have decent sleeping accommodation." In those London Coffee Palaces where this has been provided, such as the "Rose and Crown," Knightsbridge, and the "Tom Hughes," in S. Martin's Lane, the rooms are almost always occupied, and as the lodgers take their meals in the Coffee Palace, they increase its custom and draw their acquaintances to it.

Although in some places coffee taverns with plain whitewashed walls have been found to succeed, we think that a few pictures and inexpensive mirrors are well bestowed upon them. These are some of the attractions to the gin-palace, and experience shows that they are attractions. A musician might also be occasionally hired to play or sing outside, but that a little depends on the habits and tastes of the neighbourhood, as although sailors, particularly foreigners, enjoy music, it is not universally acceptable during a meal.

The addition of hot dinners to the other advantages of coffee taverns would require an extra attendant to cook them and wash up the plates, &c. At S. James's Hall, Leeds, 700 persons can be seated in the large dining hall, and as many have obtained admission in the day, every arrangement being made to supply them with a hot dinner; but this coffee tavern, owing to private philanthropy, is on a larger scale than it would be safe to attempt with the hope of a pecuniary profit, anywhere except in a great manufacturing town. But we are now speaking of smaller efforts in the same direction. A clean deal or marble table, regularly scoured, would be better for such dinners than tablecloths, as involving less expense, and would be more easily kept clean.

A writer on coffee taverns lately suggested that one or two should be established as an experiment, which should also sell intoxicating liquors, for the sake of attracting people who would be deterred from entering a purely Temperance establishment under the idea that it had been set up with a view to their reformation. But the objections to such a plan are obvious. Quiet and steadily-disposed people, particularly women, might avoid them, from the risk of meeting men if not absolutely intoxicated, still disagreeably excited by drinking. The smell of spirits is unwholesome, and very unpleasant to those who do not take them, and it would certainly pervade a coffee-hall, in which they were once allowed to be sold. We may see from the term "Licensed Victuallers" being still the legal name for public-house

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keepers, that this corporation was anciently intended to sell dinners and food in general to the public, but a "licensed victualler's" establishment has in many instances degenerated into a mere spirit shop, and so would coffee-halls when gin and whisky found a place in them. If workmen's temperance dining-rooms were established, not selling coffee, tea, or cocoa, there is some fear that in cold weather people might resort to the public-house for a glass of something warm to drink, and that the habit of frequenting such places might not be entirely broken through. But coffee taverns are intended to be to the working man what a London club is to the member of Parliament, and it would therefore be a most useful addition if dinners of hot meat and vegetables or hot suppers could be also supplied. The habits of the neighbourhood should be consulted for the precise hours at which these meals would be most attractive.

Experience has so far shown that the coffee-houses not combined with dining halls have paid higher dividends, but that the dinners at those houses where they are supplied have never lacked customers. The lodgings at S. James's Hall, Leeds, for sixpence a night and three shillings per week, like those in two of the London coffee-houses, are also always occupied, but this is not the case at the "Red Star," Poole, where sixpence a night and two-and-sixpence per week only is charged, and yet they are often empty. But Poole is a small town, and the working people generally residents, whereas in larger towns or places where there are likely to be migratory labourers, the difficulty of finding clean, respectable lodgings at a moderate price is well known.

In Germany mechanics' lodging-houses have been self-supporting institutions for the last five-and-twenty years, and the travelling mechanic is provided with a bed, breakfast, and supper at a low rate, but not often a dinner. Some of them contain a library and newspapers. Such establishments would never become popular in this country if special regulations, however reasonable, were attached to their use other than are in force at respectable hotels, but when joined to coffee-halls, where the lodgers can obtain all their meals and amusement, there is not the same need for stringent regulations as when the lodgers have to seek their meals elsewhere, and probably in a public-house.

The great danger to be apprehended in provincial coffee-halls is, that the quality of the provisions might deteriorate, and a want of

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care and cleanliness gradually creep in. When first opened the newness and cleanliness of everything makes the coffee-house very attractive, but that attraction can only be maintained by constant care and supervision, and if they are much taken up by private hands merely for the sake of profit, there is some little fear that they will often lack that supervision, and in time this might bring the whole system into disrepute. Even those in whose homes order and cleanliness are conspicuously absent, like to find them in public places, and we have heard complaints that in one coffee-hall a visitor was given a cup not properly washed, and in which the tea was cool; in another, that fragments of food and scraps of paper were allowed to lie on the floor. They must of necessity fluctuate in their receipts, for that is a condition of all commercial undertakings; but as a rule they have been so favourably received by the country, that there seems every reason to hope they have obtained a permanent footing in our larger English towns.

But the villages remain to be provided for. If a new expensive coffee-house were built and fitted up in a poor agricultural or nailing, or straw-plaiting, or lace-making district, where there had been nothing of the sort before, it would possibly attract many customers at first from its novelty; but the probability is that a stand would be made against it by the public-houses, and that at any rate if this were not the case, it could not repay the outlay. The country labourer's chief meal is usually his supper. His dinner often consists of bread and cheese, or bread and uncooked bacon, eaten somewhere about the roads and fields; and if he can afford it, supplemented by cider or beer. A cheap hot supper after working hours would probably be the only meal which his occupation would enable him to take at the coffee-house. Those who lived near it might breakfast there if it were opened at 5 a.m., and perhaps in time might be induced to test the refreshing powers of cold tea to be carried with them in a bottle to their work instead of beer. But the poorer and more remote the village, the cheaper would be the wages and rents, and the smaller would be the scale required for the experimental coffee-house. A cottage rented at £4 a year would contain at least a kitchen, a back kitchen, and two bedrooms, which would be enough for a couple without children, or for a woman of a steady age and a girl to assist her. The kitchen or front room should be turned into the bar, and if a porch could be added, or seats and tables placed outside in summer weather, excur-

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sionists would enjoy their tea out of doors. Pictures are attractive to working men, and the coloured engravings issued with the "Illustrated London News" might be pasted on the white-washed walls. A good fire, and seats beside it, several small deal tables, if marble ones could not be afforded, a deal counter or dresser, with newspapers; an urn for tea, coffee, and cocoa, costing £7, or separate and on a smaller scale for £4; or a stronger kind for £2 or £3 more; ginger-beer and lemonade for summer; with a supply of bread and cheese, small pies, sausages, roasted potatoes, bread and butter, buttered toast, bacon and tinned meat, milk and eggs, would not involve a large outlay, or a large current expense; and yet what a blessing to many a country village such a coffee-house would prove. It might save those inclined to be temperate from falling into temptation, and inculcate good habits in the village youths who every year go to recruit the town population. Even S. Catherine's coffee palace, Camden Town, only cost £380 to repair, to fit up, and to start. Several have been opened for £200, and such an unpretending beginning as the one just described might be set on foot with the rent paid for a year, for between £30 and £40, or even less.

In nearly every village we find a respectable spinster or widow, often the former schoolmistress, whose occupation is gone, owing to the new educational regulations having necessitated a certified teacher, and we see her struggling to obtain a bare maintenance by washing or sewing. To one of these a house with board and firing free, and a small percentage on the receipts of the coffee-house, would be thankfully accepted without further wages as a happy exchange from her previous work; probably many would be found to accept the post without the percentage on the receipts. In more accessible situations, and near large towns, the rent of such a cottage would be more; but the receipts would be greater. When this style of coffee-house had paid its way, and exhibited profits, then one on a larger scale might be attempted,—but above all it should have a bright fire in the winter, and be open early, and until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, even if it were closed in the middle of the day. Many village public-houses are kept entirely by a female, and they are some of the best-conducted; so we think that an elderly or middle-aged woman would do quite as well for the manager of the village coffee-house, as a man; and female labour is cheaper, and the maintenance of an elderly woman comparatively small. A few books on a shelf would form an

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additional inducement to frequent the coffee-house, for now that agricultural labourers can generally read, books are much sought after in country villages, and we have seen one penny per week paid cheerfully in a very poor parish for permission to take out books from an extremely dull old-fashioned library. Chambers' Journal, the Leisure Hour, the Parish Magazine, the Penny Post, the Dawn of Day (only a half-penny a month,) the Boys' Own Magazine, and many others; besides books of travels and adventure, Scott's Novels, Shakespeare, and Stories on English History are sure to be popular, and the Penny Illustrated Paper, the Pictorial World, or still better the Illustrated London News, of which the letter-press might safely be put in the hands of a child, with the local paper, would alone attract many an agriculturist. But we cannot dwell too much on the necessity of the attendant being clean, civil, and obliging; cordially welcoming every guest; for a slatternly, ill-tempered, rough-handed, ungracious manager, would endanger the prospects of the most flourishing coffee-house.

O JESUS—OUR EMMANUEL.

"Whosoever finds JESUS, finds a good treasure; yea, good above all goods."—THOMAS A KEMPIS. *Imitation of Christ.*

LONG—long ago—while watching o'er their flocks,
The Chaldean shepherds gazed above, and feared;
And fragrant was the ambient midnight air,
When multitudes of Angels bright appeared;—

From Heaven descending, interlaced with stars,
'Mid depths of light reflected o'er the plains—
Their songs exultant floating on the breeze,
Which wafted far away the holy strains.

"Good tidings now we bring," the Angels sang,
"For unto you this happy day is born,
The Promised SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST the LORD,
The Prince of Peace, the Glorious Star of Morn."

The world was sleeping, but th' awakened men,
To Bethlehem hastened, where the new-born Child
Was lowly cradled, and they worshipped Him,
The Son of Mary, Virgin Undefiled.

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Those tender Infant Hands held Power to grasp
The Universe, and ruled with boundless might;
Those Infant Eyes saw Glory unconceived,
By mortal hearts, and sealed from mortal sight.

O JESUS—our Emmanuel—Who didst deign
To dwell on earth, in sinless fleshly guise—
May Angels waft the Alleluian Hymns,
Which from our grateful hearts to Thee arise.

C. A. M. W.

THE SNOWY ISLAND.

WHAT is that, shining like a drift of snow through the mist and gloom of the northern seas? Sailing nearer and nearer, we come upon a sight of exceeding beauty; the drift of snow sparkles like a mountain of diamonds, it grows large and solid; it amazes us with its grandeur; we sail on to take a nearer view still, and we find ourselves under the shadows of a snowy land crowned by many a noble mountain; we see before us, one icy height jutting out into the chilling waters, it may be in the light of the rising sun. See! it is all in a blaze of gold! Look how it casts into deep shadow the steep sides of a sister mountain, dyed in the richest purple, while far in the distance against the azure sky rise glittering pyramids of dazzling white, each towering higher and higher like an amphitheatre of crystal!

Such scenery tempts us to drop the anchor and to land; we make our way on the beach. Where are we?

We have travelled to that island, "aged and clothed in snow-white pall," which we moderns call ICELAND; but which was called by the ancients, SNOWLAND. Who first gazed upon this phantom-land? Who first beheld those dazzling white peaks shining above the clouds which hover softly around them like floating wreaths?

Iceland has its ancient historians who can be trusted about as safely as our own chroniclers of old. Towards the middle of the eleventh century a man named Ari Thorgillson, was born among the mountains there; he was known as Ari Frode, which in Icelandic means, "Ari the Pius." Ari Frode, loving his fatherland, resolved to write its history, and we have a large volume of his, called the "Landnamâbok, or Book of Occupation;" in other words, the book which tells us who

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occupied Iceland in the olden time. Following the instructions of Ari Frode, we will fancy ourselves among the hardy mariners of bygone centuries; we will look with their eyes, and to the best of our ability we will see what they saw.

Who is that weather-beaten and fierce-looking wanderer, fighting with the heavy waves of the Northern Atlantic? It is the terrible Nadodd, the far-famed Norwegian pirate, whose "hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him." He is a wild seaman, this Nadodd; a man who flies now from the angry pursuit of his enemies. After long wanderings he finds himself before the land of many mountains and sparkling pinnacles. All is silent; he is alone. We think we hear him say:—"Here will I anchor and rest, here I am safe from my enemies." He leaps from his rough boat; he stumbles through miles of black lava, till he arrives at the foot of the white amphitheatre of mountains; he climbs one of the awful domes of snow, from the summit of which he gazes around. Nothing but ice, snow, and desolation! "This land," he exclaims, "shall be called SNOWLAND."

Bold as he was, Nadodd trembled at solitude. For awhile he drove away the horrors that seized him, by exploring the ghost-like land in which he had found refuge; at night he was rocked to sleep by the continuous sound of the plashing waters as they broke against the rocks; at dawn he would ascend new heights which he climbed by the help of slight crevices in the icy rocks, till arriving at great elevations he would pause. See how he shades his eyes from the light of the morning sun, while he looks forth far and wide, to see whether any green spot can be found! Still he ascends and ascends, till he loses sight of the beach; again he shades his eyes and searches for signs of life, of vegetation; but there are none, nothing to be seen but snowy peaks; he is walled in among a crowd of mountains. On he goes, higher and higher, till having reached a loftier peak than all, he takes a last gaze, and he sees for many miles around. And what does he see? Desolation still! How majestic is the solitude!

Nadodd has lighted upon an uninhabited island! What is that he espies far away? Are there not little fields of emerald green? And again, Are there not one or two silvery rivers, unfrozen, and glittering in the sunlight? Surely there must be fish sporting in those shining streams! It may be so; but Nadodd has had enough of the ghastly solitude. "I must fly this place," he would mutter, "even though

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into the presence of my enemies." He hastens to the beach; he re-embarks in his tempest-worn vessel; he sails away across the Atlantic southwards; he vanishes into the darkness of the past, and we hear his name no more.

Five years after Nadodd had bid farewell to the silent island, a Swede, named Gardar Svafarson, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and peaceable, was bound for Norway from the Orkney Isles, whither he had gone on a mission for his family. Gardar was tempest-tossed, he knew not whither. Was that *land* in sight, those three pinnacles of ice? Yes; he was close upon the island Nadodd had deserted. Gardar, believing himself the first who had come this way, resolved that the land before him should bear his name. He sailed about the pearly cliffs, and finding after many days that he had gone entirely round it, he called his new country the "Island of Gardar." Gardar stepped on shore, built a rude hut for himself, and dwelt on the "Island of Gardar" for one whole winter, after which he returned to his family in Norway.

Once at home again, he talked to his people of the strange land he had seen; neighbours flocked around him, and listened attentively, as he told of snow-mountains shooting forth flames and clouds of smoke; of boiling fountains; of gigantic glaciers, formed of green and transparent ice sparkling like jewels; of one vast desert of lava, pathless and horrible to behold, filling up the centre of the island; and of many more wonders. Some listened and believed: some shook their heads and were angry, thinking Gardar deceived them; some were entranced and affrighted by turns; but one among them said, "I will go and see this land for myself." This was Floki, a man without fear; and he persuaded two of his friends to go forth with him.

Floki is called in Icelandic histories, "Floki of the Ravens;" this is because he took with him in his small vessel some ravens, who were to show him the way to the unknown land for which he was bound. The Norwegians in those days were taught to honour a raven as something sacred. How could Floki, as he thought, prosper without some of these holy birds on board? So he took three with him. Had he not from earliest childhood reverenced two large unseen ravens, named Hugo and Mummin, of whom his nurses—yes, and his teachers too—had told him? Hugo and Mummin, he had been taught, were let loose by the god Odin, every morning at sunrise, that they might fly to and fro over the earth, returning every night to the terrible god of war, to whom they revealed the secrets they had gathered during their

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wanderings. Hugo signified *Thought*, and Mummin, *Memory;* but the child, Floki, as he listened to this fable, imagined two huge ravens flapping their dark wings as soon as the sun appeared, and flying forth at the command of Odin.

The day arrives for Floki and his friends to set out on their journey; the vessel is ready to start, the anchor is lifted, the sails are unfurled, and off they go, gliding over the waters till the vessel arrives first at the Faroe Isles, then at the Shetland Isles, where Floki anchored. Now for the sacred ravens! Floki let two fly; one flew out of sight, but was shortly afterwards found at Faroe; the second mounted swiftly towards the clouds, then alighted again on the deck. Floki, by no means discouraged, gently handled the third, and after stroking its glossy wings, as we may imagine, as if persuading the little pilot to guide him aright, let it fly, very eagerly watching as the bird described a circle or two around the vessel, and finally winged its way in a northern direction. "Spread the sails again, my friends, lift the anchor, follow after the holy bird!" Floki would cry.

Off they go, dancing over the waves; and if we are to believe Ari Frode, the raven proved a true and faithful guide, taking Floki to the desired land. Whether guided by the raven or not, it is certain that Floki and his friends did arrive at the *Snowland* of Nadodd, the *Island Gardar* of the blue-eyed Swede, and the *Iceland* of the present day.

Floki, rocked to sleep by the waves around his vessel, had doubtless dreamed, night after night, of the land to which he hastened. And now—was he disappointed? No, not at first; for there most certainly he saw before him the pearly mountains illuminated by the sunlight, and flashing forth here and there into gold and purple; at first sight his dreams had come true; but disappointment was in store for him.

After he had been on shore a few days he found that things were not exactly what he had anticipated, and thus it is with travellers up to the present day; we find what we had not looked for, and we miss what we thought to have. Floki had never, we may suppose, thought much about fishing in the new island: this he could have had without leaving Norway; now the first thing that attracted his attention, was the great number of fish shining in the clear waters of the quiet lakes; he was fond of fishing, and he spent hours in this employment, forgetting the hungry cattle he had brought with him, insomuch that they died one by one. As soon as Floki, growing weary of fishing, looked around and saw his dead and dying cattle, he fell into a state

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of depression, and wished himself in Norway again. As long as he was happy at the fishing-lakes, he had concerned himself but little about the cold; but in his new melancholy he became aware of the nipping frost, the biting wind, and the falling snow; he gloomily remarked besides, that all around there was nothing to be seen but desolation, and nothing to break the silence but the howling of the northern blast and the sad sound of the waves. The brave traveller began to confess that he was disappointed; and he called his friends to his side and told them he should return quickly to Norway. Would they come? The two friends obeyed their leader, but they left Snowland with a sigh. Floki mended the battered sails of his simple ship; he stored it with fish, and with whatever he could find in the way of other food. The three adventurers once more setting sail, after a stormy voyage landed safely on the shores of their own dear country.

Floki gave dismal accounts of what he had seen; and if it had not been for his friends who had discovered much that he had missed, perhaps nobody would have ventured near Iceland again. Hierolf and Thorolf his companions had roamed among the mountains and valleys, while Floki, lingering near the fish-lakes, was brooding over his disappointment. They had come upon little sunny fields of brightest green; very few of them it is true, but enough to cheer and encourage them in their long rambles; then too, they had seen glittering fountains and crystal caves; more than this, they had noticed many curiosities which enlivened them and set them looking for more; there were blue columns of smoke rising from amid the snow at the topmost peaks of the mountains; then again, they had seen the snowy heights "sparkling to the moon," and at dawn transfigured from white to rose-colour.

Aroused to admiration by such sights, the two friends were never weary of climbing pyramids of ice, of descending into dark valleys and wandering here and there on happy voyages of discovery. Hierolf and Thorolf, therefore, told a very different story from the gloomy one related by Floki. The brilliant and hopeful accounts of the two friends were handed down, we suppose from father to children, on and on, till after a generation or two, we read of people willing once more to try their fortunes in Iceland.

In 870, that is, more than a thousand years ago, a Norwegian voyager named Ingolf, landed on the shores of Iceland, and strolling about was so pleased with what he saw, that he resolved to take up his abode

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there. Full of plans, he returned to Norway to fetch his family, his servants, and all that he could call his own. Now Ingolf had a foster-brother named Hierlof, who was not of his household, but who had clung to him in the way of friendship ever since the days of their childhood. When Hierlof heard that Ingolf intended trying his fortunes in a distant land, he begged to go with him; nor did he draw back on learning that the companion of his childhood was about to venture even to the dread regions near the North Pole.

We can suppose how diligently Ingolf and his family must have worked to make ready for such a voyage, and how Hierlof would help in the packing. At last all was ready. Let us watch them stow away their possessions on board such a rough ship as we never see in these days. What are those two carved wooden columns which Ingolf touches with respectful care, as he hides them in the safest part of the vessel? They are beloved relics of that home to which he has bid farewell for ever.

To understand the home memories clinging around these wooden columns, we must consider how Ingolf had been accustomed to see them near the family fireside. In the banqueting hall of a Norwegian house, a large fire was kindled during the winter months in the very centre, the smoke finding its way out through openings in the roof, which also served for windows. Opposite the fire was a high seat, or kind of throne, raised on steps, and placed between two wooden columns, called the "sacred columns," which were generally carved with inscriptions and with images of Odin, Thor, and the other northern deities. This throne was occupied by the chieftain or head of the family, his most distinguished guest being placed on the other side of the fire. These then that Ingolf packed so carefully, were the wooden columns between which he had seen his father when presiding in the home banqueting-hall.

Ingolf and Hierlof were great friends; yet there was between them one important difference; it was this: Ingolf thought often of his gods, of a life after death, and of the unseen; he prayed to his gods, he sacrificed to them, and trusted to them for guidance. Hierlof, on the contrary, cared for none of these things. He never prayed, he spent no time in thinking, he cared only to enjoy himself in this life. Of what value to *him* were the pillars of the old house? He looked upon them as useless blocks of wood. But Ingolf treasured them as Floki treasured his ravens.

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As soon as the travellers came within sight of Iceland, Ingolf cast the sacred pillars into the sea, saying, "Wheresoever these are cast ashore, there will I build my house." This vow he kept, and following the guidance of the floating beams, as Floki had followed that of the raven, he fixed his new home at a part of Iceland which he named Reykiavik. Hierlof died soon after landing, but Ingolf lived and prospered.

It was in the year 874 that Ingolf landed with his numerous company, and from this year it is that we date the colonization of Iceland, the Millennial Jubilee of which was celebrated on August 1st, 1874, that is, exactly a thousand years after Ingolf had cast anchor for a second time underneath the shadows of the ice mountains, and had then shown to his people the land they had resolved to adopt for their own.

And at this point it is that the more trustworthy history of Iceland begins.

Meanwhile, the Norwegians at home were groaning under the severe rule of their king, Harold, the Fair-haired, or Harold Harfager, as he is generally called. There were some hundreds, however, who took secret counsel together and resolved to seek freedom in other lands. Were there not islands in the far north whither they could fly beyond the reach of their terrible king?

Thus it was that a few years after Ingolf and his people had settled themselves in Iceland, a small fleet of vessels might have been seen cutting through the icy waters of the northern seas, having for many days past braved the mighty waves of the Atlantic. On board were many fair-haired and blue-eyed Norwegians, men, women, and children, whole families having set off together, mostly bound for Iceland, the fame of Ingolf's good fortune having reached the home country.

In a little more than fifty years from that time the sea-coasts of Iceland were gradually peopled all round by those who fled from Norway; first, that they might escape from Harold Harfager, and afterwards because they heard brilliant stories of the far-off island. In the beginning the whole population seemed like one family, and very few quarrels arose; but after a time the people became so numerous, that it was found necessary to make laws.

The Norwegian refugees, or as we may now call them the Icelanders, looked around for a man to make the laws, and none was found so

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wise as Ulfliot. Ulfliot, now sixty years of age, undertook, at the request of his countrymen, a voyage to Norway, that he might study the laws of the mother-country. For three years he listened to the instructions of a learned Norwegian called Thorleif the Wise, and on his return to Iceland travelled throughout the island to notice the ways of the people, and to explain to them that laws were good for all; for many of the peasants were too simple to understand the use of law. When Ulfliot thought he had prepared the people to obey with cheerfulness and understanding, he called to his assistance a wise friend of his, named Grim Geitskor, and together with him, drew up an excellent code of laws, which at the next meeting of the wise men of Iceland was talked over, and in the end adopted by the whole assembly; for we find that it was already a custom among the Icelanders to hold a sort of parliament. And this parliament was called the Althing. It was the Althing that decided upon having laws made, and asked Ulfliot to make them.

After the laws were written out, the Althing met regularly every summer, and devoted sixteen days to considering the affairs of the country, to reading over the laws, altering them if necessary, and adding new laws if required. The wise men assembled in a green valley called Thingvalla, which place is still reverenced by the Icelanders as the ancient scene of their Althing. The valley is shut in between two steep and lofty precipices, with the sea roaring not far away. The word *Althing* comes from the Icelandic word *Thing* (Assembly,) thus *Thingvalla* means the Assembly-valley. The Althing is the oldest representative parliament in Europe, having existed as an institution for nearly nine hundred years. It no longer assembles in the beautiful green valley, which is deserted and silent now, but at Reykiavik, the capital.

Iceland had no king; it was a republic. It obeyed the laws passed by the Althing, which assembly was presided over by one man who was chosen as being considered the wisest of all. He was called the *Logsogumadr*, or publisher of the law, and was elected by the people for life. The Icelanders were in the habit of counting time by the periods during which the office of Logsogumadr was held by the different wise men elected, as we in England count by the reigns of our sovereigns.

For four hundred years Iceland prospered as a republic till disturbances arose, chiefly caused by the kings of Norway, who were un-

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friendly towards this island, peopled as it was by the descendants of those who had refused to submit to their predecessors. The Norwegian kings one after another resolved that Iceland should be conquered and made their own. This they were not able to manage till 1261, when Haco of Norway proved too strong for the brave islanders.

Iceland is under the Danish rule; the kings of Denmark allowing the Icelanders still to obey their Althing and follow their own time-honoured customs. In ancient days there stood among the rocks near the Icelandic mountains an enormous circle of stones, with one stone in the middle called the *blutstein*, or stone of blood; it was often called the "stone of fear," the circle being known as "the horrid circle of Bruno."

For nearly a hundred years after Hierlof and Ingolf arrived in Iceland, the people worshipped Thor the Thunderer, Odin the god of War, and the other northern deities. The first work of the freedom-loving Norwegians was to erect temples to these Norse gods. Some of the emigrants had brought away with them from Norway clods of earth, on which altars had stood; others, wood from the temples; and others, like Ingolf, the sacred columns from the home banqueting-hall. In those days, human sacrifices were slain; these terrible solemnities were performed within the "Horrid Circle," the victim dying upon the "Stone of Fear," or *blutstein*. But brighter things awaited the snowy island.

Thorwald Kodranson, an Icelander of those days, dearly loved the stormy ocean, and sought many a peril as he sailed in his rough bark: the perils that delighted *him*, caused ruin to others: he was a pirate fierce and bold, fearing neither his deities nor his fellow-men. In 981 he went forth on one of his voyages: he was bent on daring exploits of plunder: it so chanced that he found himself within sight of the Saxon shore; he landed; he roamed through rugged roads, and across forests of impenetrable shade in search of booty. One day he fell in with such a man as he had never seen before; this man's conversation strangely interested him. Thorwald's forest companion called himself Frederick, and was a missionary bishop of the Christian Church. Thorwald walked with him and listened long to his talk; he followed him about, unwilling to lose sight of him; he liked the man, and lingered with him even to his house, where Frederick made him very welcome.

Thorwald and Frederick, whose characters and pursuits were entirely

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opposite, and between whom therefore no sympathy would have been anticipated, had together many a long and earnest conversation. Thorwald began to feel that he was weary of a life of plunder; that it would bring him more happiness if he could forsake his dark and rugged ways, and cease being a horror to all who came in his path. Why not do good instead of evil? In the end the rough pirate asked for baptism, and persuaded Frederick to return with him to Iceland, that he might preach Christianity there; he wished also that his parents should be baptised by Bishop Frederick. To this, Frederick consented, and the two friends travelled over the island, the bishop talking to the people, and Thorwald interpreting.

Now Thorwald, although no longer a pirate, and although wishing to be gentle and kind, like Frederick, was still very wild. He was so angry with those who refused to listen to Frederick; those who treated Frederick with roughness, or with ridicule, that he would strike them to the ground, or worse. So rough and hasty was Thorwald that he got into trouble, and was obliged to fly from Iceland, taking Frederick with him, not before, however, some converts had been gained, and a church built in the northern part of the island.

Ari Frode says that news of Christianity had reached Iceland before the days of Bishop Frederick and his rash disciple; he tells us that in very ancient times some Christians from the British Isles landed on the snowy shores and remained there just long enough to leave some signs, such as an illuminated book or two, some bells, and lastly some rudely carved crucifixes.

Christianity did not spread throughout the island until many years after Frederick had left. We read that two of his converts, named Gissur and Hiallté, offended the people by writing satirical verses against Odin, Thor, and the rest of the Norse deities: they were exiled, but dared to return after many months, for the sake of trying to teach to their countrymen all they had learned from Frederick and Thorwald: some listened gladly and embraced the new faith, but others were angry. On one occasion Hiallté offered to lay down his life, if his countrymen desired it, as a proof that he was preaching to them what he felt to be true. The people saw that the two friends were in earnest, and their zeal made so deep an impression on the hearts of the Icelanders that after much discussion it was settled that "all Iceland should be baptised, and worship one GOD."

In 1556 the doctrines of Luther reached the island, and the forms

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and ceremonies of the Icelandic Church from that time have been Lutheran.

Iceland is no longer a land scarcely ever visited: it has now its crowds of people, its towns, its large public buildings, its pretty farms with meadows belonging to them; and more than this, Iceland has its learned men, its libraries, its learned societies, its hospitals, &c. There is a cathedral at Reykiavik, and many churches throughout the country; indeed the ancient island is now very much the same as other countries in Europe, though still curious in some respects.

Amid all the changes wrought by time, the grandeur and the terrors of Iceland's natural scenery remain the same: we still hear the thunder of volcanoes, the crash of the falling avalanche, the wailing of the northern blast, the incessant roar of the waves, and the softer music of the sparkling fountains.

Iceland is almost within the frozen regions of the North Pole, and yet even there, Fire asserts its dread power. Iceland has always been famed for its burning mountains—the most celebrated of which is Hecla, as well as its glaciers, avalanches, and snowy heights. In Iceland, moreover, there are the Geysers, or boiling fountains of clear water; also pools of scalding pitch, sulphur, and mud, wonderful and fearful to behold.

In the centre of the island there is still the desert of lava, of which Floki told the Norwegians. This gloomy region is called the Odada Hraum, or Horrible Lava; it is a desert covered with the lava of centuries, scattered among black rocks: around this black and desolate plain, rise the snow-white Yokuls, or ice-mountains, shutting it in so completely that none dare to penetrate its mysteries. There is some reason for supposing that in the very kernel or centre of Iceland, even within the Horrible Lava there is a small circle of green; a little fruitful region; for it is said that from time to time reindeer have been seen timidly peering forth from thence into the outer world; if so, surely they must have come from some hidden, verdant spot, all among the ancient lava. The loftiest of the Yokul mountains which sparkle across the midnight gloom of the Horrible Lava, is Oerafa Yokul, which towers up 6426 feet above the level of the sea, and is linked to a vast chain of pearly heights, covering 3000 square miles, the summits of which are perpetually clothed with thick snow.

Now let us fly from the Horrible Lava, cross the Yokuls, and climbing downwards, make our way to the dark-coloured beach, then let us

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sail off, leaving the frozen seas behind us. See! the lovely island sparkles and glimmers; it grows paler and still paler, till like a dream-picture, it vanishes while we yet gaze upon it; the sea begins to lose its leaden colour; it gradually becomes blue and silvery, as we glide on, till we find ourselves in sunlit waters. And now we forget the beautiful snows, the mighty avalanches, and the towering ice-mountains; for we are fast approaching the gentle white cliffs of our own dear England—that "precious stone set in the silver sea."

M. G. M.

RHYTHM OF S. THOMAS ON THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

(Adoro te devote, latens Deitas.)

DEVOUTLY I adore Thee, hidden Godhead, Thee,
Who deignest now beneath these elements to be;
Here contemplating Thee my heart with rapture filled,
Would wholly yield herself to do what Thou hast willed.

We cannot grasp Thee by the touch, or taste, or sight,
But with the hearing only apprehend aright;
Whatever said the SON of GOD that I believe,
Nought truer than His words of Truth can I receive.

There on the Cross lay hid Thy Deity alone,
Here too is Thy humanity to sight unknown;
Yet I, believing both, and owning my belief,
Do seek from Thee what sought the poor repentant thief.

Thy wounds, as Thomas saw of old, I do not see,
Yet Thee my LORD and GOD I still confess to be;
O make me more and more Thy true disciple here,
Teach me to trust in Thee, to hold Thee ever dear.

O sweet memorial of the death of CHRIST our LORD,
True Bread of Life, Who life to all men dost afford,
Grant that my soul may feed on Thee, and live, and grow,
And of Thy sweetness may by blest experience know.

O pious Pelican, O JESU, LORD and GOD,
Foul though I be, yet wash me in Thy cleansing Blood,
That precious Blood of which one single life-drop spilt,
Avails to cleanse a universe from all its guilt.

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JESU, Whom now I see by faith, though veiled to sight,
I pray that what I long for may be my delight,
That then beholding Thee no more beneath a veil,
I may rejoice as I Thy glorious Presence hail.

Hasketon Rectory. T. H. S.

NOTES ON THE PRIMITIVE LITURGIES.

BY DAVID BURNARD JONES.

(*Concluded from page* 380.)

XIII. (*continued.*) THE WESTERN LITURGIES.

§ 121. *The Preface.* At the end of the Secret, in the Roman and Milanese rites, the Priest says aloud, *Dominus Vobiscum*, and the usual response follows. The use of *Dominus Vobiscum*, instead of the threefold benediction, is one of many points of agreement between Rome and Alexandria. The formula, although found in the oldest edition of the Gelasian Sacramentary, in the Gregorian, and in the oldest Roman *Ordines*, is not mentioned by Amalarius (A.D. 827), Remigius (A.D. 888), or Micrologus (A.D. 1160); although it is by Florus (A.D. 840.) Mr. Scudamore thinks it was probably borrowed from Milan, and peculiar to a Pontifical Mass. It was more probably, if borrowed at all, adopted from Alexandria or Carthage.

The Mozarabic (which places the threefold benediction before the Kiss of Peace) has, alone among Liturgies, in this place the formula "Your ears to the LORD;" "We have them unto the LORD." If it were not for the risk of being thought fanciful, one would be inclined to connect the words with the "He that hath ears to hear," &c., of the Apocalypse.

The *Dominus Vobiscum* is retained in the Liturgy of 1549, the Nonjurors' Office, the later editions of the Scotch, (from 1743 onwards,) and in Bishop Seabury's Office. It is *not*, however, retained in the American.

The *Sursum Corda*, "Lift up your hearts," which is found with some slight verbal differences only, in all Liturgies but the Ethiopic, and Syro-Jacobite S. John Chrysostom and John of Antioch, follows the Mozarabic *Aures ad Dominum*, and the *Dominus Vobiscum* of the other Western rites. Its vast antiquity is proved by the language of S. Cyprian, A.D. 252: "The Priest, before the Prayer, prepares the

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minds of the brethren by a Preface, saying, 'Lift up your hearts;' that while the people answer, 'We lift them up unto the LORD;' they are admonished to think of the LORD only." S. Cyril of Jerusalem (347), S. Augustine, and S. Chrysostom also allude to the words.

The Sursum Corda, though not found in any Gallican *Missa*, (they only contain the variable prayers,) is referred to by S. Cæsarius of Arles (c. A.D. 542): "When the Priest says *Sursum Corda*, they respond fearlessly, *Habemus ad Dominum*."

The Mozarabic is peculiar in saying "Levamus (*vel* levemus) ad Dominum," We lift (or let us lift) them up unto the LORD,—the ordinary phrase being, "Habemus ad Dominum."

The Roman Canon is not now reckoned to begin here, but at the *Te igitur* later on. An edition of the Gelasian Sacramentary, however, has: "*Incipit Canon Actionis*. Sursum Corda."

The third versicle and its response are thus referred to by S. Augustine: "The Bishop, or Presbyter who offers . . . says, *Let us give thanks unto our Lord God*, because our heart is lifted up. Let us give thanks, because unless He gave the grace, our heart would be on earth. And ye saying, *It is meet and right so to do*, add your witness, that we give thanks to Him Who hath made us lift up our heart to where our Head is."

The Mozarabic formula is: "To our GOD and LORD JESUS CHRIST the SON of GOD, Who is in Heaven, let us render worthy praises and thanks."

The Priest now takes up the last response of the people as the opening words of the Preface or Illation. This, which in the East is invariable, in the Ephesine use varies with every great Festival. The Roman Missal also formerly possessed a large number of these, of which as many as two hundred and forty have been preserved, though it now uses only eleven. What the *original* Roman Use was, is not certainly known, but the Liturgy described by S. Justin Martyr, A.D. 139, in his First Apology, closely resembles that of the Apostolical Constitutions (the Clementine), a Greek Liturgy, to which indeed there appear to be not a few allusions in some of his other writings, a circumstance which seems to make for the theory, alluded to elsewhere, that the *Latin* rite originated in the third or fourth century, and was strongly influenced by the African, and perhaps the Spanish, rites. The Ephesine family, both Gallican and Spanish, certainly had varying Prefaces from a remote antiquity. An ancient Irish Missal, probably of the eighth century, the only

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one of that date preserved, has but one Preface for every day in the year, which was made to serve for the several seasons as they came round, by the insertion of their names. The present Mozarabic use has one hundred and fifty-six Illations; the Ambrosian is very rich in them; the Roman, as we said, has now eleven, though some Religious Orders are permitted to use a twelfth for their founder; our own number has been reduced from ten to five (those for Epiphany, Lent, Apostles, Holy Cross, and B. V. M. being rejected); upon which Mr. Scudamore well remarks, agreeing herein with Dr. Neale, that "it is much to be regretted that our Reformers, instead of leaving fewer than they found, did not recover out of the inexhaustible stores of Catholic antiquity a Preface suitable to every important Festival and Season. Bishop Wren," he adds, "when making suggestions for the last Revision, says, 'Now here wants a Proper Preface for the Presenting of CHRIST in the Temple, being among us so great a Festival.'"

The name *Præfatio* was probably applied to this portion of the Liturgy, "because it is an introduction to the Sacrificial part of the holy Office; whence in some Liturgies a Rubric marks here 'the commencement of the Oblation,' or 'the beginning of the Anaphora.'" From the circumstance probably that the Priest takes up and confirms or bears witness to (*contestatur*) the people's exclamation, "It is meet and right," it obtains its Gallican name of *Contestatio;* another Gallican name, *Immolatio*, it derives from its sacrificial character; while its Mozarabic title of *Illatio* either means the same thing, "the word being much used in Spain for a gift or offering," or, as Mr. Scudamore suggests, refers to the Great Entrance, which he thinks formerly took place just before. Bona and others give it an origin similar to the Gallican term *Contestatio:* "Because the Priest *infers* from the words of the Faithful that it is truly meet and right to give thanks," &c.

Of the Mozarabic Illations, Dr. Neale says: "Almost all are fine, many are of first-rate excellence; and we scarcely know where a preacher, wishing to treat any particular subject, could find it more fully, more pointedly, more neatly, more beautifully treated, than in the Mozarabic Illatio."

An extant Gallican Preface is "with great probability assigned to the Church at Lyons, when suffering under Aurelius in the year 177." A Mozarabic Preface for the Nativity "asserts its great antiquity by

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the statement that on Christmas Day, 'no long time before . . . . CHRIST JESUS had been born.'" The Gallican Preface is that of the Missa No. V. of some fragments of eleven Gallican Masses discovered at Karlsruhe by the Librarian, Herr Mone, and known as the Missale Richenovense. The following is the marginal note in Neale and Forbes's *Gallican Liturgies:*

"This Missa appears to be one of the earliest now extant. It is clear that it was composed in a time of violent persecution; 'nullæ quidem nobis adhuc cytharæ personant,' ['as yet we have no lyres that resound;'] 'quos ungulæ pœna non invenit,' ['whom the tortures of the hook cannot reach;'] &c. The Liturgy is, almost certainly, of the south of France, and its extreme antiquity appears also from the hypothetical way in which it alludes to the presence of Angels in the Holy Eucharist; 'qui adesse nobis *possent*,' ['who may probably be present with us when,' &c.] The fourth century would have spoken with far greater certainty on the subject.

"Therefore, a (1) violent, and (2) very early persecution (3) in the south of France, naturally leads our thoughts to that of Lyons, A.D. 177, which sent the Bishop S. Pothinus and so many martyrs to glory. Mone is very anxious to fix its date at that epoch, and compares with it, not unsuccessfully, the celebrated letter of the Church of Lyons to those of Asia."

The words "and our bounden duty" which our Preface adds after "meet and right," are not in any other Western Missal. Our own pre-Reformation Uses agree with the Roman and Sac. Gel. in saying "It is truly meet and right, just and salutary." But the Greek and Syriac S. James have, "It is verily meet and right, fitting *and a bounden duty*." These words, we believe, are found in no other Liturgy, while on the other hand they *are* found in that Jewish Passover prayer which we have already quoted as the probable origin of the language of the Liturgy. This fact, we think, deserves attention.

The ending "Therefore with angels and archangels," &c., is one of four which occur in the Sarum and present Roman.

§ 122. *The Sanctus.* The Sanctus, or Ter-Sanctus, of course follows. It is called in the first *Ordo Romanus*, and elsewhere, the *Angelical Hymn;* in the Milanese Liturgy the *Hymnus Trishagius;* in S. Mark the *Triumphal Trisagion*, its usual Eastern title being the *Triumphal Hymn*. Until very recently the term *Trisagion* was as commonly applied to this Hymn as to the *Hagios ho Theos* of the

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Pro-Anaphora. The reader will have observed that it is by no means unusual for the same name to be applied to different things, and we shall presently meet with another instance in the *Super Populum*. Of course Ter-Sanctus and Trisagion both mean the same thing, but it is more convenient to restrict the use of each term to a particular hymn.

Prior to 1552, the English form of the Sanctus, agreeing with the Roman, was as follows:[1] "Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD GOD of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the Highest. Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the LORD. Hosanna in the highest." The Mozarabic has: "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed," &c.; and this is also the reading in the Nestorian rites, according to Dr. Badger's version, agreeing with the Malabar. The expression "LORD *God*" is common to the Syrian, Nestorian, Armenian, Ethiopic, and Western rites, but is omitted in the Greek and Coptic, which agree with Isa. vi. 3. S. Cyril of Jerusalem only gives the words "Holy, holy, holy, LORD of Sabaoth," from which it has been thought that the hymn originally consisted of these words. Two Western MSS. also end at "Sabaoth," but a still older MS. has the fuller formula. The use of the Hosanna and Benedictus in this place is older than A.D. 430, as is proved by its occurrence in the Nestorian[2] rites. It occurs also in S. James (Greek and Syriac), S. Chrysostom, S. Basil, the Armenian, and Coptic S. Gregory. S. Mark, the two Coptic rites of S. Basil and S. Cyril, and the Ethiopic Canon, omit it. So does the Clementine, which has "Blessed for evermore. Amen." But this last rite has, just before Communion, a very full response to the *Sancta Sanctis*, and of this the Benedictus and Hosanna form part. It is found in a seventh century MS. of the Gelasian Sacramentary, alluded to in the second *Ordo Romanus* (but not in the first,) is in an early ninth century Gregorian Sacramentary, Amalarius (c. A.D. 827) comments on it, and it is mentioned by S. Isidore of Seville, A.D. 610. As it is omitted in three ancient MSS. (one of the Gregorian Sacramentary, one of the Church of Poictiers of the sixth century, and the Anglican Missal of Leofric) it has been thought that Rome borrowed

[1] Except that in 1549 "Glory be to Thee, O LORD, in the highest" was substituted for the second "Hosanna."

[2] According to Dr. Badger's version, and the Malabar rite, which here differs from the Roman, and therefore has not been tampered with. Renaudot omits the Hosanna and Benedictus.

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it from Spain. It is perhaps not out of place to remark that the mere omission of it from MSS. does not of itself prove non-usage, since it is not uncommon for the first words only of such formulæ to be given.

The reference of the Hosannas is clearly to the coming of CHRIST in the Sacrament, as they formerly referred to His entry into Jerusalem.

§ 123. *The Post-Sanctus.* In the Gallican and Mozarabic Missals the Sanctus is followed by a *Collectio Post-Sanctus*, varying with the day, but answering precisely in scope to the *Prayer of the Triumphal Hymn*, which is found in every Eastern Liturgy, even those Syro-Jacobite ones which omit the Sanctus itself. Its norm is "a thanksgiving to GOD for His holiness, and love to man, as exemplified in the whole economy of grace; and more especially in the conception, birth, life, actions, and sufferings of our LORD; and thus the institution of the Holy Eucharist is introduced with 'Who, in the same night in which He was betrayed.'"

The Western forms are shorter, as a rule, than the Eastern, or at least than the great rites, though the length varies in different rites; the Gallican are usually shorter than the Mozarabic. That for the Circumcision is as follows: "Truly holy, truly blessed is our LORD JESUS CHRIST Thy SON, Who came to seek and to save that which was lost. For He the day before He suffered," &c. That for Christmas has "Remaining in heaven, seen in earth. For," &c. The Mozarabic for the same day is: "Truly holy . . . JESUS CHRIST, Who came from heaven that He might dwell upon earth: He was made flesh, that He might dwell amongst us—CHRIST the LORD and eternal Redeemer." That for Pentecost agrees with the Eastern rites in mentioning the Holy Trinity: "Truly holy is GOD the FATHER, holy the Only-Begotten SON, holy also the one Spirit of Both . . . the verity of this anointing, that ancient divines set forth with transitory figures, by which priests, and prophets, and kings were constituted, representing aforehand the image of the One True King, and Prophet, and Priest, JESUS CHRIST the LORD and eternal Redeemer."

With these last six words the Mozarabic Post-Sanctus always ends. Formerly, it proceeded, like the Gallican, to the Words of Institution, "Who the day before He suffered," but now a new sentence commences: "Be present, be present, JESUS, good High Priest," and the word *pridie* nowhere occurs, though the following Prayer is still called the *Post-Pridie*.

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The Roman Missal has now no *Post-Sanctus*, properly so called, by which to connect the Sanctus with the Commemoration of Institution. Instead of this, it commences abruptly with the *Te igitur, clementissime Pater*, and proceeds, after a short prayer for acceptance of the gifts, to the Prayer for the Living and Commemoration of the Saints, after which it prays that the Oblation may be made to us the Body and Blood of CHRIST, "Who, the day before He suffered, took bread," thus introducing the words of Institution.

§ 124. *The Canon of the Mass.* The Canon has also been called "the Prayer." Thus S. Gregory says, "We say the LORD'S Prayer soon after the Prayer, because," &c. It was also called the *Secret*, a name which was also applied to the secret prayers before the Preface, and to which alone it is now given. Peter Damian probably calls it the second Secret, Durandus "the Greater Secret." The lesser Secret was sometimes called *Secretela*. A ninth century constitution, which says: "Let not the Priests begin the *Te igitur* until the Angelic Hymn is ended," is headed "That the *Secret* be not begun," &c. Another name is *Actio*, because, according to Walafrid Strabo, (A.D. 842,) "by it is made the most holy Mystery of the LORD'S Body and Blood;" or, as Honorius of Autun (c. A.D. 1112) suggests; "in it the cause of the people is pleaded (*agitur*) with GOD." The paragraph beginning *Communicantes* is still headed *Infra actionem*.

The name Canon is restricted by some to the actual Words of Institution; on the other hand an early ninth century MS. of the Gelasian Sacramentary has the words, "Incipit Canon Actionis" before the *Sursum Corda*.

The practice of saying the Canon secretly is as old as the ninth, perhaps even the eighth century. The second Ordo Romanus says that after the Hosannas of the Sanctus, the Bishop "rises alone, and enters *silently* on the Canon." The first *Ordo* (c. A.D. 730) has the same direction, but without the word *silently*. The practice was certainly an innovation, "writer after writer telling us that 'in ancient times the Canon was said openly and in a loud voice' even while they defended the change as expedient, or perhaps necessary. There is no trace of silence here in the early Latin Fathers, or in the most ancient writers on Ritual, S. Germanus of Paris and S. Isidore of Seville; while on the other hand there are many traces of the fact that the Consecration was heard by the people. It was the custom for all to respond *Amen* at the end of the prayer, which they could not have done unless they had heard

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it."[1] Cæsarius of Arles, A.D. 542, says, "The Consecration of the Body or Blood of CHRIST thou canst nowhere *hear* or see, save in the House of GOD." The custom of responding Amen died out in the tenth or eleventh century. In the Greek Church the Priest still recites the words of Institution aloud, although the rest of the Prayer is said silently.

We have said that the Roman rite commences afresh at the *Te igitur*, the connection between which and the Preface would seem to be as follows: "It is meet and right, just and salutary, to give thanks to Thee, which we therefore do in union with Angels and Archangels, &c.; and having offered Thee meet homage, we *therefore* beseech Thee to accept these gifts which we offer Thee," &c.

Of the Intercession which follows we observe: (1) That it is "without exception the most meagre and perfunctory in the world;" (2) That its petitions are simply extracts, almost word for word, from the Good Friday Prayers; (3) That some of these last are word for word with certain clauses of the Great Intercession in the Liturgy of S. Mark, and that they must have been derived thence, or from Africa, since (4) Optatus of Milevi, A.D. 386, an African writer, says, "Ye speak of offering for the Church scattered throughout the world," the very words of the Good Friday Prayers.

The paragraph *Memento* is followed in one MS. of the Gelasian Sacramentary by the Commemoration of the Departed (*Memento etiam,*) which is repeated in slightly different language after the *Supplices*, the position which it now occupies. Dr. Neale thinks the former was its original position.

From the paragraph *Quam Oblationem* our Invocation, ("Hear us, O merciful FATHER") was at first derived, the words *ut fiat nobis* being literally translated, and an Invocation of the HOLY GHOST added, in the 1549 Office: "Hear us, O merciful FATHER, we beseech Thee, and with Thy HOLY SPIRIT and Word vouchsafe to bl+ess and sanc+tify these Thy creatures of bread and wine, *that they may be unto us* the Body and Blood of Thy most dearly beloved SON JESUS CHRIST. Who in the same night," &c. Until 1764 this was the language of the Scotch Office, our present formula being added. It now runs, "that they may become the Body and Blood of Thy SON JESUS CHRIST."

The Crosses in the Prayer were omitted in 1552, and have not yet

[1] Scudamore, *Notitia Eucharistica*, p. 565.

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been restored. The Nonjurors transferred them to the words *Body* and *Blood*, and a version of the Scotch Book of 1764, ascribed to Bp. Alexander of Dunkeld (1743—1776) does the same. In the Roman Missal twenty-five Crosses are made during the Canon, and some later on.

The words "Who in the same night" may be another instance of Greek influence on our rite. The Roman, Gallican, and Ambrosian have "Who the day before," (*Qui pridie.*) Originally the Mozarabic probably agreed with them, since the following prayer is called *Post-Pridie*, but at present instead of this, it begins a fresh sentence after *Eternal Redeemer:* "Dominus Noster Jesus Christus *in qua nocte tradebatur*," &c. As there is some resemblance at this point between this rite and our own, it has been thought that our Reformers borrowed from it (the Office was published in 1500); but they may have copied the Greek rites (which generally have this expression) or borrowed directly from 1 Cor. xi. 25.

Before the words "took bread," the oldest Milanese MS. has "lying down in the midst of His disciples." This is a trace of the connexion between Italy and Alexandria, since the clause occurs in the Liturgy of S. Mark.

At the words "took bread" and "took the cup" it was the mediæval custom to elevate slightly the Bread and the Cup. Sarum, Bangor, and York order it at the *Qui pridie*, at the words "gave thanks," and again at "take and drink." The expressions "holy and venerable hands" and "with His eyes lifted up to heaven" are found, or their equivalents, in most Liturgies. S. John says that our LORD "lifted up His eyes" before the Discourse which probably followed the Consecration of the Cup.

"It is probable," Mr. Scudamore writes, "that there was once in the West, a widely spread, though not universal, custom of breaking the Host slightly at the words *He brake it.*" He cites the Missal of Rheims (about 1550,) while others, (e.g. Chartres, Langres, Essôme, Coutances, Troyes,) direct the Priest to simulate the breaking. An English Manual of the fourteenth century has "Here let the sign of a fraction be made." John de Burgo discountenanced the practice, and a Missal published in the reign of Mary forbids it. The Sarum and York Missals order "Here touch the Host." The only other rite which directs it is the Coptic S. Basil.

The Elevation which accompanies the Words of Institution in the

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Mozarabic rite is an addition of Cardinal Ximenes. The true Mozarabic Elevation comes later on. The Roman Elevation at this place is also modern,[1] the older use placing it at the words *omnis honor et gloria*, at the close of the Canon, where the Lesser Elevation now takes place.

The *Unde et Memores* exactly answers to the Great Oblation of the Eastern rites. Our own has omitted the reference to the Passion, &c., and placed the Oblation itself at the beginning of the Oblatory Thanksgiving. The Scotch and American have restored it to its ancient position. And this leads us to mention what is perhaps the only authoritative recognition of Elevation in any Post-Reformation Anglican Communion-Office. At the words WHICH WE NOW OFFER UNTO THEE in Bp. Alexander's version of the Scotch Office of 1764, "there is a marginal direction '**eleva*,' intimating that the Gifts were to be lifted up."[2]

The last clause of the *Supra Quæ propitio* is ascribed to S. Leo. On the controversy respecting the rest of the paragraph we cannot dwell. We have already pointed out that some phrases both of this and of the *Supplices Te rogamus* are derived from the Liturgy of S. Mark. The following from the Clementine may be compared with the *Jube hæc:* "That the good GOD will receive it, through the mediation of His CHRIST, at His heavenly altar." And S. Irenæus: "There is an altar in heaven, whither our prayers and *oblations* are directed."

It has been thought that the *Per Quem* originally belonged, not to the Canon, but to the Benediction of Fruits, &c., which took place here. The Canon is certainly very disjointed and fragmentary, and shows marks of transposition, &c., so that the theory is not improbable, while the reasons urged, taken in connexion with the inappropriateness of the language used, render it all but certain. But compare the ending common to every Mozarabic *Post-Pridie*.

Before the words "all honour and glory" the Priest makes the Lesser Elevation. The first *Ordo* mentions an Elevation at the words *Per ipsum*, with which the language of S. Hrabanus Maurus (A.D. 856) seems to agree. This answers to the Eastern Elevation at the *Sancta Sanctis*.

§ 125. *The Post-Pridie, Elevation, and Fraction.* The Words of Institution are followed, in the Gallican rite, by a Collect *Post-Mysterium;* or *Post-Secreta*, varying with the day, and containing, more or

[1] Mr. Scudamore places it as late as "about the middle of the twelfth century."
[2] Hall's Fragmenta Liturgica, vol. v. p. 221.

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less clearly, the Great Oblation and Invocation[1] of the HOLY GHOST. The Mozarabic has the same thing under the name of *Post-Pridie*. The ancient Milanese is said, on the authority of two MSS., to have had no formal Oblation.

The Post-Pridie is followed by the *Antiphona ad confractionem panis*, the Elevation, and the Creed, during which the fraction of the Host into nine portions takes place. Each portion commemorates some mystery of Redemption, and seven of them are arranged in the form of a cross. The Gallican had probably the same rite, and a similar Antiphon. The Milanese places the Fraction and Commixture between the Canon and the LORD'S Prayer, and sings the *Confractorium* during it. The Roman rite has LORD'S Prayer, Embolismus, Fraction, *Pax Domini*, Commixture, Agnus Dei; the Sarum places the last before the Commixture.

§ 126. *The Lord's Prayer and Pax.* All the rites introduce the LORD'S Prayer by a short Preface, which, in the Gallican and Mozarabic (once or twice in the Milanese) varies with the day, and is called *Ante* (Moz. *Ad*) *Orationem Dominicam*. It is disputed whether S. Gregory inserted the LORD'S Prayer here, or merely changed its position. In Spain the Council of Toledo (A.D. 633) ordered it to be said daily, not as some did, on Sundays only. An existing *Ante Orationem* appears to have been composed "prior to the establishment of the Christian Faith as the religion of the country." The Embolismus does not appear in the oldest Milanese MSS. In the Gallican it varies with the day.

After the *Agnus Dei* and the Prayer *Domine Jesu Christe*, the Roman rite has the *Pax*, then two more Collects, and the Communion. Every other liturgical family (except the African), has the Kiss of Peace before the Consecration, and it is not clear that the Roman did not originally agree, but was altered under African influence, the last traces of the earlier use being suppressed by Innocent I. The Milanese still, after the Gospel, has the phrase *Have peace*.

§ 127. *The Sancta Sanctis and Episcopal Benediction.* In the Mozarabic rite the Priest, after the Embolismus, proceeds to the *Sancta Sanctis*. This is now connected with the Commixture, as it is also in those French Missals which retain it, more than one reading *Sancta cum Sanctis*. Some think that the *Trecanum*, mentioned by S. Germanus, was the response *One holy Father, &c.*, though it is not now in

[1] There are traces of this in the Milanese rite.

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the Mozarabic. The Elevation has been transferred in the Mozarabic to the end of the Post-Pridie, in the Gallican to the Words of Institution, or to the LORD'S Prayer, as at Lyons.

After the Commixture the Deacon exclaims *Bow yourselves for the Benediction*, and the Priest gives a Blessing, varying with the day, and usually in three clauses. The Gallican confined it to the Bishop, as did the Roman, which had the Benediction, in a Pontifical Mass, as late as the time of Leo X., inserting them between the Embolismus and the *Pax Domini*. They are not found in the Sarum Missal, but one is found in the Sarum Manual of 1554. They correspond to the Eastern *Prayer of Inclination*.

§ 128. *The Communio, Post-Communio, and Super Populum*. The Benediction is followed, in the Mozarabic, by the *Antiphona ad accedentes*, answering to the Roman *Communio* and the Greek *Koinonikon*. That in common use is the *Gustate et Videte* (Ps. xxxiv. 8,) which is also found at this part of the rite in Greek S. James, and is mentioned by S. Cyril and S. Ambrose. The Clementine and Syriac S. James have the whole Psalm.[1] There is no evidence as to the Gallican use. The Milanese *Transitorium* (so called because the Priest passes in front of the Altar to lay the Missal on another part of it,) is sometimes merely a translation from some Greek troparion, or an extract from S. Ambrose. An ancient Ordo directs "Let them communicate the people while the Choir (*schola*) sing the *Agnus Dei* and *Communio*." Micrologus, 1160, says that to the *Communio* "a Psalm, with *Gloria Patri* is to be added on, if necessary. But you must know that the said Antiphon always has the same Psalm with the Introit, if it have not its own from which it seems taken." S. Augustine mentions that in his time a custom began at Carthage of singing hymns at the Altar at this point.

After the *Communio*, and the *Dominus Vobiscum*, the Roman rite has a Collect *Post-Communio*, the Gregorian name of which is *Ad complendum*. In the Gallican we find a *Collectio* (or *Præfatio*,) *post Eucharistiam* or *Post-Communionem* followed by a *Collectio* or *Consummatio Missæ*. The Mozarabic has an *Antifona post Communionem* (but commonly called *Communio*,) and an *Oratio post Communionem*. The Antifona is invariable, except in Lent.

With the *Ad complendum* (and perhaps the *Ite, Missa est*) the Roman rite appears to have ended, except on special occasions and in Lent,

[1] The Greek has the whole Psalm at the Fraction.

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when an *Oratio super populum* (Gregorian, *Ad populum*) followed. This is still retained in Lent. The *Placeat Tibi*, *Benedicat vos* and Final Gospel, are later than the tenth century. The *Benedicat vos* did not find its way into England. The *Super populum* is preceded by an exhortation from the Deacon, "Bow your heads unto the LORD." From this circumstance Mr. Scudamore connects the prayer with the final *Prayer of Inclination* in Eastern rites.

The Mozarabic rite properly ends as follows, though some prayers are now added. After the *Oratio post Communionem*, the *Dominus Vobiscum* is given, and the Priest says from the midst of the Altar: "Our Solemnities are completed in the name of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. May our prayer be accepted with peace. ℟. Thanks be unto GOD." The Milanese is: "May GOD bless and hear us. Amen. Let us go forth in peace. ℟. In the name of CHRIST. Let us bless the LORD. ℟. Thanks be unto GOD."

We cannot conclude this series of papers without offering a few remarks upon a subject which seems once more to be coming to the front—Revision of the Book of Common Prayer, at least so far as the Communion Office is concerned.

The cry for revision comes from various quarters, and, of course, is raised on different grounds. The Evangelical thinks that a system which he abominates, can be destroyed by the omission of certain passages or expressions, or by such changes as the substitution of the word "Presbyter" for "Priest." Never was there a greater mistake. To effect that which he desires, it would be necessary not merely to cut away a few supposed excrescences, but to take the very life and soul out of it, in fact, to destroy it. Nothing short of this is of the slightest use. The Prayer Book is soaked through and through with Sacerdotalism, as intelligent Dissenters saw long ago, and as nothing but the existence of a traditional gloss, strengthened by ignorance of the meaning and history of theological or liturgical language, prevents the Low Churchman from seeing. Mutilated as it was in 1552, and as, though in a less degree, it is still, it has only to be compared with the services put out by Puritans and Protestants at different times, or e.g., with the "Ordinance" at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, to see that it has, and is, that which marks it off as different, not in degree, but in kind—as different, in fact, as a Missal is from a Puritan Directory. The Communion Office is, what long ago Puritans

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called it, "the English Mass," *and nothing, short of absolute destruction, can make it anything else.*

This, and some kindred points, the High Churchman thoroughly understands, and his anxiety for revision is accordingly far less keen. It is not a matter of life and death to him. He wants nothing beyond restoration of certain points which the Church has never repudiated, but which were, as he believes, unwisely removed, owing to what was authoritatively declared to be "the curiosity of mistakers, rather than any worthy cause." That for "the curiosity of mistakers" he should be robbed of his lawful inheritance he thinks neither generous nor just, and for their restoration he believes he has the better right, in that he, and his fathers before him, have ever given of their very best, whether in things material or things spiritual, for the honour of his Church.

Nor is this his only argument. The Church ever puts forward the early Church as her pattern. She is nothing if not—after making all necessary allowances—primitive. But, in the expression of certain matters, her Liturgy is weakest where her model is strongest. If she be true to herself, she *must* look to and amend this.

One word, in conclusion, to High Churchmen. To advocate the revival of an obsolete rite, (the Office of 1549,) when one nearly identical, but in arrangement far superior—the most ancient Liturgies being the test—is at hand and, by implication, at least, approved by the Church, (whose Bishops had some share, if only a passive one, in its actual compilation)—does seem unwise. We earnestly hope that in the event of a Revision, the basis, at least, of the revised rite will be the SCOTTISH COMMUNION OFFICE.

FESTIVAL OF S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

S. JOHN XXI. 20.

A COVERT from the tempest,
A refuge from the heat,
Through all the rolling ages
Most wonderful, most sweet,
Where all the heavy-laden
May coming find their rest—
Compassionate Redeemer,
It is upon Thy Breast!

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Here Love can come and softly
Her tenderest cares bestow;
Here Hope in expectation
For once her fulness know:
And Faith in adoration
Reality find best;
A trine of holy virtues
Reclining on Thy Breast!

And Patience knows that station
Where GOD'S forbearance lies!
There Penitence abideth,
Strange love in her sad eyes;
And GOD'S surpassing pity
For mortal men doth rest;
A trine of holy mercies
Reclining on Thy Breast!

And we like Him Thou lovedst
Would there discover rest—
The sweetness in abiding
On Thy eternal Breast,
Where all the love of heaven,
And sympathy of earth,
Together have their cradle,
Their ending, and their birth.

M.

A VOICE OF ADVENT.

"Behold, thy King cometh!"

"BEHOLD, thy King cometh!" I heard these words in the twilight before the sunrise. The words were not said to me, but as it were a Voice passed down the street of a town and made the sound ring clear at every door. Then I looked around me to view the place where I stood, and I began to see in the light of the coming day houses of every size—some large buildings, ornamented without, and able to hold many within; some plain in appearance, but of strong material and with signs of careful repair where this had been needed: others were small and low, with narrow doors that might have escaped the notice of a careless eye, and these, though often alike in size, differed

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greatly in appearance, some being far gone in decay, while others looked as well kept as their larger neighbours, and the flowers on the walls and in the windows told something of the tenants within. Again, there were other buildings that seemed less intended for homes than for the accumulation of all sorts of wares that were piled up within and darkened the windows, while in others I could already hear a sound as of the weaver's loom, or the carpenter's saw, or the smith's anvil.

I heard the Voice pass through this street, and following it I found myself in another. Here a garden, well enclosed, skirted the street on one hand, and between the branches of the trees I saw a stately building that seemed as if it well might be the abode for one of royal birth. And I noticed that the Voice made at some doors a loud call, as if it would rouse one within from sleep or forgetfulness, and at others it sank into a tender sound that no mortal tone could perfectly repeat.

Now as the sun rose higher I heard on all sides echoes of the Voice far feebler in tone and yet familiar to my ear, as the tones of fellow-men, while the Voice from which all took their utterance was unearthly, and mighty in its faintest whisper. Soon I heard the sound of footsteps far and near, and I saw men with earnest eyes and in haste going from door to door, often pausing for an answer and gaining none, and yet returning again and again with unwearying patience. And I questioned one who told me that he and the rest of that band were called the ministers of the King and "stewards of His mysteries," and their work was to make known His Advent or Coming, and to prepare His way before Him in every dwelling; for wheresoever a door was opened and a lodging prepared, there He had promised to enter in. Then I said, "Surely the King will find all doors open, all ready to receive One Who shows such condescending love." And the man answered me sadly by reading out of a book, which he said the King had caused to be written for our learning, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." And again, "she laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." Then I said, "I will go with you and see if any give ear to your message." And he said, "Come with me, but know also that the greater Voice is the Voice of the King Himself, and it is He Who unseen stands at the door and knocks."

Almost immediately a door was opened wide, and we were allowed

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to enter. All within was to my eye well ordered and bright, and sweet with the scent of perfume that seemed to have been just scattered on the air. I supposed that the face of the messenger would show a glad approval, but his gaze rested on a curtain that hung at the far end of the room, and screened a portion of it, and then turned upon the woman who had welcomed us to her dwelling. As her eye caught his she shrank from him with mingled shame and aversion.

Then a message was given to her, "The LORD will bring to light the hidden things of darkness and will make manifest the counsels of the heart." And as we passed out the messenger told me that once a strong wind had lifted that curtain for a moment and that behind it he had beheld filthy rags and mildewed walls, and loathsome creatures that are bred of darkness and decay. "And will the King," I said, "take note of all parts of the house where He enters?" He answered, "He will, for He is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Then we entered another dwelling, not spacious but scrupulously clean, and all revealed to view without disguise. Indeed the man who dwelt there seemed desirous that the brightening light should enter and search his dwelling, and drew back a small portion of a shutter lest any rays should fail to gain admittance. His look was eager as he turned to hear the message that was brought to him, but his face darkened as he heard the words, "GOD resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." Then I saw that his eyes were wellnigh always fixed upon a mirror of small size that hung upon the wall, so small that I might not have heeded it had not a beam of light struck upon it, but so curved in form that wherever the owner moved it reflected his whole form and all his actions. And after we had departed the messenger said, "That is the mirror of self-approval; it must be broken before the King will enter that dwelling."

Then we approached one of those buildings where all sorts of goods were to be found; some of them brought from distant countries, and among them books of all ages and tongues crowding even an ample space, so that it was with difficulty the door was partly opened at the voice of the messenger. But no welcoming voice greeted us. "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," said a man's voice within. Then the messenger replied sorrowfully, "Thou knowest not that thou art poor, and blind, and

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naked. As many as I love I rebuke, be zealous therefore and repent."

Yet the door closed before us, and as I turned away I said, "Were there not costly things within that house meet for a King's notice and acceptance?" He replied, "They were not given to the King's service, there was no guest-chamber ready. Nay, as of old in the inn, *there was no room for Him there.* And I fear," he added, "it may be even so in this dwelling." We stood before a beautiful building whose arched doorway was inlaid with coloured stones. The warning hand knocked long without an answer, yet we heard through an upper window a voice singing, and for awhile I thought it a holy hymn of praise, so ardently was it uplifted and so pure was the melody. In the pauses a voice from another dwelling echoed the strain in a higher octave. Then the messenger raised his voice and cried aloud, "Behold thy King cometh," but none came to the door to hearken, and the answering voices neither faltered nor paused. So he stooped and wrote upon the threshold, "Then will I cause to cease from the cities and from the streets the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride." And again he said, "the building is spacious and the entrance wide, and yet there is no room." But I asked, "Must the King alone be welcome in the dwelling and no other be a guest there?" He replied, "Where He enters He must reign, and then He Himself will fill the house, and thither He often brings the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and when all is done as He has commanded, *yet there is room.*"

Then we passed by an open door, and within we saw a room empty, swept and garnished, but none seemed astir within until the messenger cried, "Let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light."

"The door is open," I said, "and all things within appeared ready for one expected." "True," answered the messenger, "and once it was far different. I have stood at that door when it was shut, and no light of day passed through the barred windows, and where you have seen the chamber swept and adorned, I have known that all that was foul and evil held its sway. One messenger and another visited the door and heard within but the mocking laughter of the spirit of evil that had there found an abode. Then there came an hour when the very earth seemed to tremble beneath that dwelling, its walls were

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rent, the light entered, and as it seemed ready to fall in ruins, the evil one fled forth. You may see how much has been restored, and strengthened, and beautified, but if he who dwells within be not as a strong man watching to keep his house, the evil one will return and others with him, and the last state of that man will be worse than the first."

After this we entered a narrow street, and as the messenger's footsteps were heard on the way, there came a cry for help from one unseen who seemed in bitter need. So he laid his hand upon the door, but he could not open it, and listening he heard the words, "I am so fast in prison that I cannot get forth."

Then he answered, "All things are possible to him that believeth," and the voice within replied, "LORD, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!" And at these words he laid his hand again upon the door, and the bolts gave way, and he entered the dwelling. I would not follow, for I heard the sound of weeping, and went onward a little space, and when I returned again light and warmth had entered there, and through the opened windows the wind was blowing as it listed.

Then we passed onwards and knocked at the door of a lowly abode, and it was opened by one whose smile seemed as the very sunlight itself, and all within was of a fair brightness to our eyes; even the white hair on the aged head of the man who stood before us seemed a part of the purity in which he dwelt. We sat there long talking of the King, and the messenger's heart was full of gladness. Yet I noticed that the old man spoke often as if he esteemed the room far otherwise than we, and doubted if it were fit for the King's presence. And I saw on the further wall a picture as of the hall of some gorgeous palace, hung with scarlet and filled with statues resembling the idols that the heathen of old worshipped. And in the midst was a throne where a young man sat in pride.

And as I looked, I heard the message given to the old man, who bowed his head in meekness and gratitude, "The sacrifice of GOD is a troubled spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O GOD, shalt Thou not despise."

After he had bidden him farewell, the messenger told me that the picture showed the dwelling of former years into which the King would not enter, and that the form upon the throne was the man himself, and around were the images of the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life.

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But many years ago that dwelling had been utterly broken down, and by degrees another had been built, even that lowly one that we had entered, and he read to me these words, "Make you a new heart and a new spirit;" and again, "If thou return to the Almighty thou shalt be built up."

Then I said, "Here is a fine dwelling, the steps of the gateway are of pure white marble and the trees within are putting forth fruit." We passed within the gate, through a garden walled around, where flowers blossomed and the voice of doves and the ripple of fountains were heard, and from the chambers of the house there came the sound of singing. Presently a maiden came to greet us, and as she drew nearer we heard the words of her song, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

And I rejoiced to see that all things within as well as without were pure, and lovely, and of good report, and I could see the gleam of gold and of goodly pearls in the Master's guest-chamber. And the maiden was clothed in white. While we tarried there she listened gladly to the messenger's words, and before he left she took an instrument of music in her hands and asked his aid to tune one of its notes, and she showed him a plant that seemed drooping, and also bade him see how some stones in the boundary wall that had become loosened had been replaced, and that a broken bolt in the gateway had been repaired. For the message to her was, "Behold I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Close beside this house was one of the same building and adornment, only that I saw more variety of instruments of music, and books, and pictures in greater number. A young woman too received us, but with an earnest brow that seemed beyond her years, and I heard her tell the messenger how she had visited many other dwellings, and how she was ever watching lest any should knock at her dwelling unregarded, and lest the King Himself might say hereafter, "I was a stranger and ye took Me not in," and how she had often gone forth in vain, and watched in vain; but her eye brightened, and her voice became calm as she heard the words, "Charity never faileth," and "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto GOD."

Then we passed within another gateway where there were bales of goods and bags of corn ready, as it seemed, to be carried away, and there were already the print of footsteps on the sandy path and about

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the door, but they had not passed over the threshold. When the door was opened to us it grated on its hinges, and the windows were curtained against the sunshine, and the fire was spent on the hearth. Yet the man who met us spoke courteously to the messenger, and would have filled his hands with gold to carry to other houses, but his countenance fell when he heard the message that was appointed for him, "Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

A little further on we entered a door where a young man of sweet and grave countenance came readily to meet us, and here again we saw all that could adorn, and books of all tongues, and vessels of precious metals, but upon each I read the words, "Holiness to the LORD!" And I noted how all the corridors and chambers led the way to one centre, and there, though at a distance, I could see the likeness of One Crucified, and from above the sunlight entered and filled that central place with an unvarying radiance. Then I heard the message whispered softly as we passed out, "Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way, and walk in the law of the LORD; blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and seek Him with their whole heart."

And now I saw the shadows lengthening in the streets, and I heard the messenger say, "I must work my work while it is day, the night cometh."

Then I said, "Oh, my friend! will the day go by, and the LORD the King not come?"

And he answered, "This again is a mystery. He comes every day wherever there is a heart ready for Him. He comes in the likeness of His first advent, meek and lowly as a little child, unseen and unknown save to the heart that receives Him, and to the few who know the signs of His presence, for wheresoever He makes His abode, there is a star shedding its holy radiance about that dwelling. And yet He ever cometh, and the faithful are ever looking for Him, and we never cease our cry, 'The day of the LORD is at hand!' The days come and go for each of us, and one generation after another passes away saying the same words, 'Behold thy King cometh!'"

Then I asked, "Will He indeed come as a King?"

And he answered in the words of the book that he held, "On His head shall be many crowns, and on His vesture a name written, King of Kings, and LORD of Lords. Every eye shall see Him, and as the lightning, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. And then,"

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continued the messenger, "shall the secrets of all hearts be revealed, and the foundation of many a lowly dwelling shall be seen to be laid in fair colours, the windows of agates, and the gates of carbuncles; and then that which seemed to be gold, but had never been tried in the fire, shall melt away, and the building that had been raised with untempered mortar shall fall into ruin at the sound of His feet. But my time grows shorter, I must hasten onward." And so he passed away from me.

Darkness soon after came upon me, and I could hardly perceive the dwellings around me, and I knew not how the hours went by, till suddenly I was aware that One stood beside me, the light that He held showed me His face and form,—the face of "a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief," the form of One on Whom had been "laid the iniquity of us all." The love that never faileth was in His earnest gaze, but the light that revealed Him to me seemed to pierce the innermost recesses of my heart. Then I fell at His feet, saying, "LORD, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof." And He answered, "To-day I must abide at thy house."

Then I beheld the morning breaking over the hills.

E. H. W.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HARK! what music fills the sky!
"Glory be to GOD on high,"
Angels sing and hosts reply, Alleluia.

To the sons of men is given
GOD'S dear SON, best gift of heaven,
Pledge of grace and sin forgiven. Alleluia.

Righteousness and peace embrace,
For the Prince of Peace doth place
His right Hand on Adam's race. Alleluia.

Would ye see the wondrous sign?
In a manger doth recline
The true heir of David's line. Alleluia.

Here behold the promised Seed,
Mighty GOD, yet man indeed,
Born as Paschal Lamb to bleed. Alleluia.

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Born to die, and yet to be
Source of Immortality,
Mystery! oh mystery! Alleluia.

Everlasting Father Thou,
Wonderful, Thy Name is now,
Counsellor, to Thee we bow. Alleluia.

Mortals join the heavenly strain,
CHRIST is born, o'er you to reign,
Take ye up the glad refrain. Alleluia.

We Thy cradle bow before,
GOD with us for evermore,
Son of Man, we Thee adore. Alleluia.

Thee we own as LORD and King,
And as tribute meet we bring
Sweeter songs than Angels sing. Alleluia.

Glory is our endless theme,
Unto Him Who did redeem,
King of kings, and LORD supreme. Alleluia.

Falling on the crystal floor,
Men the Son of Man adore,
Nearest to Him evermore. Alleluia.

Their glad anthem fills the sky,
Glory to Thee, LORD most high,
Angel hosts Amen reply. Alleluia.

E. W.

A WINTER STORY.

IT is the story of an old Christmas-tide that I am about to tell. On the Eve of the Epiphany, two hundred years ago, Sir Hugh Noel was keeping the feast at his own old house at Allerton. He had ridden there the night before, and would go away again on the morrow, for the days of feasting and merry-making were over in England, and her sons must think of sterner things for awhile. So the leal cavalier came home for three days, because he knew that long before the next year's festival, he might be dead on some stricken field, and strangers in the house of his fathers.

Little Marjory Noel, with eyes so like those other eyes long closed, and soft dark curls, sat by him and held his hand. She could remember

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merrier Christmases, when the wassail bowl was brought, and mummers danced in the hall, but that might not be now. On that January night the poor and old ate and drank at Allerton, but there were no other guests, only her brother Amyas in his long cassock, with pale thoughtful face, and Guy Davenant.

Guy, whom she remembered long ago, and whom she had not seen since she was a little tiny child—he was an orphan now, and Sir Hugh's godson, and was growing up to be a brave and gracious cavalier.

To-morrow he and her father would go away, and Marjory and Amyas would be left to take care of each other.

By-and-by the guests finished their meal, and all stood up while Amyas said the grace. Then Sir Hugh spoke a kind and grave farewell to each, and Marjory listened thoughtfully. Afterwards her father and Amyas fell to talking together, and she and Guy were left to amuse one another. They went away hand in hand, to the other fireplace in the hall, and sat by the bright blaze talking. Guy had many things to tell, and he liked to watch the changeful light in Marjory's eyes, and to think how soft they were. He talked as if she were a woman, and she listened and answered as a child.

"Are you sorry we are going so soon, Marjory?" he said, and then was grieved, for the quick tears came into her eyes.

"Sorry! ah yes, how can I help it?" she said, "you and father both going! and no one knows when you will be back; and the dreadful war," and little Marjory's voice faltered.

"But there is glory to be won, and honour, and renown," said Guy, proudly, "think of us, Marjory, doing our devoir bravely, like the knights of old."

"Did they do theirs bravely, always?" asked Marjory.

"Always, if they were true; only the false knights failed in the time of need. I shall not fail, little Marjory."

"How do you know that?" said Amyas' voice behind them. There was a smile on his face as he sat down on the other side of the wide hearth. "You are very sure, Guy, but the time of need has not yet come for you."

"You do not think I shall prove false?" said Guy, a little angrily.

"I cannot tell; neither can you," said Amyas, "but there is a knighthood whereof you may be a member, to which even I, who can win no spurs such as you aspire to, may haply attain. Even little Marjory, here, may be a champion."

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Guy looked half puzzled, but Marjory said softly,

"I think I understand."

Amyas smiled down at her as he went on.

"It was the Order which was established among men sixteen hundred years ago, and those knights who would follow their Founder, must learn to suffer and not only to do."

"That must needs be a hard lesson," said Guy, thoughtfully, with a shade on his bright young face.

"Said I that it was otherwise?" said Amyas, "it is mayhap the hardest of all, yet is it most needful. Guy," he continued, "you are going, it may be to earthly glory, or, it may be, to defeat; yet remember that this knighthood whereto we all are elected, is yours; and if it be a heritage of sorrow, yet there can be no shame, but hereafter everlasting perfection."

Just then his father called Amyas, but the others sat still, pondering.

It was the morrow, the feast of the Epiphany, bitter cold and stormy, when Sir Hugh and Guy Davenant rode away. Once again they all had knelt together in the ancient church, and together received Communion and Absolution. To Marjory it seemed that there was a strange connection between Amyas' words last night and the Collect for the day:

"Grant that we, which know Thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of Thy glorious Godhead."

Before he went, Guy spoke his farewell to Marjory, alone.

"Marjory," he said, "it may be as Amyas said, that I shall never win honour and renown such as I thought of, but I may still be worthy of that better chivalry. Pray for me, dear heart, that it may be so."

"Surely," answered Marjory, through her tears, "I will pray daily."

"Little Marjory," he went on, "I know not when we may meet again. Let me be your knight, I will be a very true one, dear."

"I know you will be," she said, wistfully, but half understanding him, and yet with a strange, sweet consciousness at her heart; and so they parted.

It was summer time, and Marjory knelt in her accustomed place when evensong was sung. She and Amyas were sad and anxious, for no news had come from the Royal army for a long and weary time, and their hearts were very sore. Yet as Amyas stood in his place, with the many-coloured lights from the western window painted with the

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Transfiguration, falling on his face, it seemed as if he had laid down all care and suffering in the holy place, and that his soul went up with the words of peace, into the Heaven of Heavens itself.

There was a trampling of hoofs outside, soon some one came quietly up the aisle, and knelt by Marjory. Her face flushed and then grew very pale as she saw Guy Davenant. Only six months, but the young face looked years older. Haggard and weary, the long curls tangled and dusty, he was withal altered with no evanescent change. And he was alone.

Then came the benediction, and the worshippers went out, one by one, looking wistfully at the new comer as they departed. Guy and Marjory stood with clasped hands, looking into each other's face.

"Have you come alone?" was her first question.

Though he did not answer, something in his face sent a chill into her heart, and as Amyas came from the vestry and joined them, she turned piteously to him.

"I must not stay," said Guy, faltering, "but I have to tell you—"

"Evil news, mayhap," said Amyas, putting out his hand to Marjory, "there can be no better place than this to hear it. My father—?"

"There has been another fight, and he is killed; Marjory, Amyas, I would have saved him if I could."

"I know it, Guy," said Amyas, his voice breaking, but Marjory was weeping passionately.

There was a space of bitter grief and lamentation, and then the three, two of them newly orphaned, knelt together in the dim chancel in the helplessness of their sorrow and unspoken prayer. Long they talked together that night, for Guy Davenant must be gone at daybreak. All that bitter story of a lost field, away at Long Marston, and the blow which had left them desolate, was told.

"Marjory," said Amyas, after a long silence, in which the first burst of sorrow had subsided; "do you remember that last evening that *he* was with us, we spoke of glory, and renown, and fame? How much of these has our father won, or, winning them, what salve are they to our sore sorrow? It is the glory on the other side that we must think of; the renown won, not by him, but by Another before him."

"He was a brave and true knight and cavalier," said Guy, looking up.

"I know and believe it," said Amyas, a little proudly, "but I also know that he has passed to that more perfect order; so that whether his grave is on the field or in our own church at Allerton, his Leader

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knows, and it is of small moment. That must be our best consolation, little sister," he added, laying his hand on hers. "May CHRIST bring us to the same rest hereafter."

A year has passed away, and Marjory is no longer at Allerton. Amyas has sent her to Lichfield, to the safe keeping of a certain old lady cousin, but he is still at home and labouring, though he cannot tell how long he may be left in peace. So, though he sorely misses her, he believes it better that his sister should not be with him. And Guy Davenant? Neither has seen him for a year now; he has been away, marching, fighting, bearing himself in all things as a true and loyal soldier, and to both those hearts he is very dear.

Little Marjory Noel at Lichfield leads a quiet, shadowy life. She came there nearly two years after the famous siege, but to find its traces everywhere. Part of the Cathedral, with the great spire, lies in ruins, yet still the Priests sing daily the service of the Church, and daily Marjory is in her place, listening to the olden words, which never seemed so dear to her till now.

There is but a small garrison in Lichfield, for many have gone away to the king, with the governor, Richard Bagot, who will find his death-wound with many another, on Naseby field. For on the 14th of June, in the year of redemption 1645, is fought that terrible fight; and gentle blood, which has flowed so freely for three years over the length and breadth of England, pours forth its crimson tide on that lonely field in vain.

Tidings have come to Lichfield of that day of blood and tears, and like many others, Marjory Noel brings an aching heart into the Cathedral to-day. For is not Guy Davenant with the Royal army, and may he not—may he not be lying dead yonder in Northamptonshire? It is but a year ago that he brought the news of Marston, and this evening may give her as bitter tidings. The words of the psalm ring in her ears as if with a foretaste of sorrow:

"He delivered their power into captivity, and their beauty into the enemy's hand.

"He gave His people over also unto the sword, and was wroth with His inheritance."

The tears are streaming down her face as the notes die away, but as the service goes on a sense of comfort steals over her.

"Fulfil now, O LORD, the desires and petitions of Thy servants as may be most expedient for them."

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Surely, surely it will be expedient for her that her earnest petition should be fulfilled, surely Guy will come back to her. Marjory is very young, and her heart is still buoyant, as with the holy words in her mind, she goes out from the Cathedral, to find people eagerly pressing on to the gates of the Close, and to hear that the king is entering Lichfield with his troops. She feels one joyous thrill through all her pulses, and then hurries homeward, to kneel and pray once more, hardly daring to think.

Meanwhile the cavalcade is passing outside. It is a ruined and defeated army that is entering Lichfield, yet there remains a show of pomp and bravery even now; waving plumes and burnished armour, though so many of the wearers are sore wounded, make a goodly pageant as, with flutter of pennon and ring of bridle, they pass on, and in the midst of the few who still remain to him, stately and of a royal presence even yet, rides the king. Yet, in that grave, lofty face, round which the dark curls are already turning grey, there is a look that brings tears to women's eyes as they watch, a shadow as of the dark future of Westminster Hall and the block before Whitehall, to which little more than three short years will bring him.

The audience in the Episcopal Palace is over at last, and Guy Davenant is free to see Marjory, for he is indeed alive and well, though he has won but few honours yet, because none can be gained in a sinking cause. Yet he is slowly learning the lessons of life, and they may one day show their fruits.

Dark as are the clouds around them, he and Marjory are young enough to forget them for a little while, and be happy in each other. But the next morning brings new sorrow, for they must part again, so with fresh promises but with sinking hearts they say farewell. Will they ever meet more?

"Little Marjory, I will yet win a deathless name," are Guy's last words.

Months passed, and the holy Christmas-tide had come and gone. Disaster after disaster, defeat after defeat had marked the dreary autumn as far as the Royal cause was concerned. One fortress after another fell into the hands of the Parliament, and hope was all but gone.

Marjory listening with a weary heart, to the evil tidings that came continually, could only strive to possess her soul in patience. One wild January night there came a messenger in hot haste from Allerton.

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Rebel soldiers were there, and Amyas was very ill; she must needs come at once.

In the grey dawn of the winter morning, Marjory rode out from Lichfield, in obedience to the summons. It was already afternoon when she reached home, and with a start of indignation reined up at the gates. A soldier in buff coat and bandoliers, was pacing backwards and forwards in front of the entrance, while through the open door of the Church on her left came a confused babel of voices, and the ominous sound of rude blows. She understood it at once. It was what had happened in many a quiet village already. Churches desecrated, the clergy persecuted and thrust out; surely this was the beginning of the end.

And Amyas! a terrible fear came over her as she dismounted. The sentinel would have opposed her entrance, but her grief seemed to endue her with fresh courage.

"I am his sister," she said, simply, though the hot blood flamed into her face, and her head was held up, "I *must* enter."

And moved, perhaps, by some impulse of pity, he let her pass.

Once more she was in the dear old home, all was confusion; the rooms had apparently been ransacked either for arms or treasure, and in the library, Amyas' precious books were scattered over the floor. The writings of Hooker, Sherlock, Sanderson, and many a saintly doctor of the early Carolian times, lay soiled, torn, and destroyed.

But Marjory had room but for one thought. She was not even terrified at the rough faces and armed figures that she met in the hall. They, on their part, took little notice of the slight pale girl, and she hurried on, up to Amyas' room, then paused trembling with her hand on the latch. Her nurse, the nurse of both, came to her, and drawing her gently away, told her the story. Amyas was alive, and that was enough for the present.

He had long been ill, growing gradually weaker, but he would not send for Marjory.

"She is safer there," he said. So he went on, never relaxing in his labours, though worn to a very shadow. Rumours came from time to time of the terrible doings in other parishes, and he knew well that the end was coming, but it was to find him at his post.

One Sunday morning as he passed to the Altar, and began the Celebration, came the long expected blow. A troop of cavalry entered the village, and at once took possession of the Church. All was terror and

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excitement. Some of the congregation endeavoured to escape, while others, the younger and bolder, stood their ground as if they would fain defend the place they loved so well, and Amyas stood still before the Altar, the words of consecration checked on his lips, pale and calm. But he was not to be left so. The officer in command, who was moreover, a preacher of note in his own eyes, at once advanced, and ascending the steps, would have laid his hand on the holy vessels. But Amyas placed himself before them, and with a mighty effort for one so feeble, thrust the soldier backwards down the steps. One or two of the congregation started forward, and would have hurried the young Priest from the Church, but it was too late. Another soldier had advanced and struck him, one bitter blow; and he was so frail and weak. Amyas lay senseless and motionless on the Altar steps, and when the villagers lifted him up, and carried him reverently to his home, they felt that a terrible tragedy had befallen them.

This was the story that Marjory heard with bitter, unutterable grief, and then she went into the quiet room.

There he lay, Amyas, her only brother, with the shadow of death upon his face. She knew it directly, as she knelt by the bedside with a bursting heart.

He opened his eyes as she did so, and smiled, the old kindly smile which had never failed her yet.

"Marjory, dear little sister, I am glad you have come," he said, as he laid his faint hand on hers; but she could only bow her head and weep.

"Do not grieve overmuch, dear," he went on in the same low tone, "though I am laying down my cross, and you have to bear yours awhile longer. Carry it manfully, little heart, and its weight will be the less, and in the end, life everlasting."

"Amyas, Amyas," sobbed his sister, passionately, "that you should suffer for the cause! that these wicked—"

"Behold we count them happy which endure," he whispered, "if I have borne anything for CHRIST'S Church, it is His doing. Marjory," he went on, after a long pause, "two years ago at this season we were all together. Do you remember of what we then talked, Guy, and you, and I? and when he brought us those sorrowful tidings from Marston? Our father laid down his arms eighteen months ago, and is at rest. Do you grudge me my knighthood, little sister? I have passed a long, long vigil of arms, and I am weary. I think our LORD will spare you and Guy to each other, Marjory," he added, though his voice grew

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weaker, "but not yet. Remember, manifold sorrows may lie before you, bear them patiently."

He was silent for a long space, and his sister watched by him, hardly daring to breathe. They were not disturbed. Downstairs Marjory could hear voices and laughter far into the night, but no one save her nurse came near them.

Hour after hour passed, bearing with them farther from life, the parting soul. As day was breaking, and the first cold ray stole into the silent room, Amyas spoke again.

"What is to-day, Marjory?" he whispered.

With a pang of tender recollection, she told him that it was the Feast of the Epiphany.

A strange, soft light came over his face, and he tried to raise his powerless hands. She understood him, and crossed them on his breast. A few words, so faint that she could with difficulty distinguish them, he spoke, "Grant that we, which know Thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of Thy glorious Godhead," and so slept.

He was buried in the ancient Church, where his forefathers slept for centuries, but the Service of the Church could not be read over his resting place. Only Marjory and a few servants and villagers stood by the grave, and a wan winter sun shone through the broken lights of the window of the Transfiguration into the defaced and desolate Church.

Marjory is at Lichfield again, and four years have passed away. She has never seen Guy Davenant since the return from Naseby, and he is well-nigh all that is left to her now. How he has borne himself in these four years she cannot tell. She has heard of him from time to time as a brave and gallant soldier, but that is all. Those last words of one so beloved, are treasured in her heart, and she does not know if Guy has learnt that lesson which they have taught her. For Marjory, in her colourless, anxious life, has been learning that which will bring forth fruit hereafter. In these weary years she has had to bear suspense and fear, and has had no refuge save prayer, but she has found it an all-sufficient one.

It is winter time again, and the Eve of the Epiphany. Marjory can no longer go to the Cathedral, for the voices of the Priests are silent, and the prayers, so dear to many weary and sorrow-laden hearts, must be used in secret now. The snow is falling heavily as the evening draws on, and Marjory at her window can picture it covering roof and

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tree at Allerton, and the great, lonely moor at Long Marston, with its pure mantle. Two of her earthly treasures have departed, and the third, will he ever return to her in this world? As Amyas' last words come into her mind, she feels almost tempted to pray that "the fruition" which he sought, may soon be hers, but she checks herself as the wish is formed. As she turns to leave her room, a message from her cousin bids her descend, for a stranger is come, and asks for her. As she enters the room below, he comes to meet her.

No stranger, Marjory Noel, but Guy Davenant himself; after all these sorrowful years, after prayers, after watchings, at last.

"Marjory," said Guy, that evening, "years ago I thought and hoped to win honours that I might lay them at your feet; but Amyas was right. Because I sought after earthly renown, it escaped me. Now, I am landless and ruined, and all the fame I may once have had is gone from me. He was the true knight after all."

"And he has received the crown of everlasting life," said Marjory, softly, "he indeed followed no light of this world, but by the leading of the Star, has passed into the light of the Eternal Day."

YOLANDE.

Reviews and Notices.

Church matters seem to be reaching a very interesting stage in the United States. Hitherto the American Church has almost entirely depended on England for theological literature. But now she is beginning to take her share in the work of Catholic revival. Among the foremost of its champions is the Rev. F. C. Ewer; who was accordingly invited by some of the leading Churches of Newark, New Jersey, holding different shades of opinions, to address them on "Catholicity in its relationship to Protestantism." This accordingly he did in Six Conferences, which are now published by Putnam and Son, of New York. The Addresses are very bold and vigorous, as well as original, and they will prove a great intellectual treat to any who will be at the pains to procure them. At the end of the volume is an excellent sermon on the Oxford Movement, preached also by request, at Newport in Rhode Island.

The Beautiful Face, a Tale, by Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell, (Masters.) Very fortunate will that young person be who receives this most attractive book as a Christmas present; charmingly bound and illustrated, its contents will be found very much above the average of stories for children—so much so indeed that their elders could not fail to derive much pleasure from reading it. The writer must be known to many of our readers by her sacred verses

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which have appeared in various publications, and her poetic genius gives a certain refinement and picturesqueness to her prose writings which greatly enhance their merit. The scene of the present tale is laid in an English Forest in the olden times, when school boards had never been heard of and schools in the present acceptation of the word might be said to have had no existence. Edmund, Bertha, and May, three admirably described peasant children, who live with a very ill-tempered grandmother in a woodland cottage, derive their first knowledge of a divine revelation from a picture of a Beautiful Face surmounted by a Crown of Thorns which they see in the hut of an anchoret living alone in the forest. Here is the description of their first sight of the old man and his little oratory; Bertha is taking care of her sleeping sister under a tree, while her brother looks after the pigs under his care:

"Some little time Bertha sat watching her fat charge, when Edmund made his appearance with his finger on his lips, and his eyes staring out of his head with astonishment.

"'Bertha, Bertha, come with me, I've seen something so curious.'

"'What is it?'

"'Something as still as death, it does not move, I nearly touched it, but I was afraid.'

"'Is it a wild beast?' said Bertha, shrinking fearfully towards the place where her little sister lay.

"'No, but I think it is an image, come and see, it is not far off; leave May, cover her up with leaves, we shall be back again very soon.'

"Hand in hand the children crept away, and followed a rough pathway they had never trod before. It led first through two mossy banks, perhaps in old world days the channel of a river, and then wound in and out of a glade of beech trees, and then further on into a deep thicket, and then they heard a little rush of water. They soon came out upon a green patch of grass and saw a waterfall splashing away so prettily in the sunlight, and very near it was a wooden hut of logs and wattles roughly put together, and a little thread of blue smoke was ascending from a hole in the roof. But something else riveted the eyes of the children, what was it? The figure of a human being seated before the door of the little cottage, and still as death the figure seemed. A large brown book was on its knees all curiously written and painted, a staff was leaning against the chair, and the figure's dress was long and of dark grey, with a hood on the shoulders and a rope tied round the waist. All this the children saw as they peeped curiously, but the figure never stirred.

"'Is it alive?' said Edmund.

"'Go and touch it,' said his sister.

"They stood and watched. At last they gained courage, and quietly and softly going close to the object of their curiosity, they felt the flowing gown and pulled the cord that hung down by its side. The head was raised from the absorbing book, and the children were startled, for *it* was alive! The hermit looked upon them with a sweet soft smile, and his blue eyes were full of love. His head was bald at the top, but his white hair hung down at the sides of his face, and a long white beard added to the gravity of his appearance.

"'Dear children,' he said, and his voice was kind and sweet, 'have you lost your

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way in the woods? or have you come to ask an old man to help you? It is but little I can do now, but sometimes I am of use to old people and children.'

* * * * * * *

"They went into the rough little cabin, not much larger or better built than their own home, and there was still less in it. A wooden bench, a chest, a water jug, a shelf with a platter and a cup, a case of books, and in one corner a rough mat used for a bed, were all the room contained. But it was not without a certain air of comfort, for a small fire sparkled away in the middle of the room, causing the thin line of smoke which rose above the thatch, and some milk was warming on the fire, the old hermit's only luxury.

"'And do you live here all alone with nothing to play with?' asked Bertha, with large round pitying eyes.

"'Not quite alone,' said the hermit thoughtfully, 'but perhaps you would think so, my child. Come a little further, for you have not yet seen all the treasures of my castle,' and he opened a door at the further end of the room, and stepped into the only other apartment which the simple residence contained. Edmund and Bertha had never seen anything like it before. There was hardly anything in it, and yet they felt an awe and an interest hitherto unknown to them. There were no chairs nor tables, but right in front of them stood a small altar, and over that little altar there was a painting, a rough rude painting of a face.

"'Who is that man?' asked Bertha, attracted by the sweet gravity, the wondrous power of the tearful eyes and the marred visage.

"'The Man of sorrows,' said the hermit, and his eyes too filled with tears.

"'And tell us, who was He?'

"'One who bore blows and insults, and when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered He threatened not.'

"'Oh, do tell us about Him,' said the children.

"They had not long to wait. Sweetly and carefully the old man unwound for them the golden thread of the ever-golden story, and the baptized but uninstructed children listened with answering hearts and glistening eyes.

"'Oh, tell it us once more, tell it us once again,' they cried, 'tell us the part again about His blessing little children.'

"'Dear children, have you never heard it before?'

"'Never, never, Granny had too much to do to tell us; but most likely she does not know it herself, if she did she could never have kept such good news all to herself.'

"The hermit taught them the first words of the Creed, and then he taught them a little prayer, very very short, for he wanted them to have something all ready for use. It was just this, 'LORD JESUS, take care of the little children Thou hast blest.'"—Pp. 11—15.

The history which follows is extremely interesting, but we must refer our readers to the book itself for the children's delightful adventures in the castles of the good Baron of Merrywood and the wicked Lord of Ravenscliff. The hermit is a lovely character, and although the Beautiful Face teaches lessons in deep truths by its silent eloquence, the book is full of most quaint humour and thoroughly amusing from first to last. We commend the three terrible old women Dumps, Grumps, and Scrumps, especially to the notice of our readers.

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Another most beautiful gift-book comes out very seasonably in the shape of a splendid edition of Mrs. Alexander's *Moral Songs*, (Masters.) The thirty-six well known poems which it contains are illustrated by no less than eighty-six exquisite engravings designed by various artists of established reputation, and arranged by J. D. Cooper. With every accessory of tasteful binding in olive green and gold, and the perfection of type, and paper, &c., it is altogether one of the most elegant books we have seen for a long time. We hope that many good children will have their Christmas brightened by its possession.

A Life Record, or the Godparent's Gift-book, (Rivingtons,) is intended to be given by sponsors to their godchildren, as a means of preserving in them a continual remembrance of their baptism and all it entails of duties and privileges. A blank space is left for each month of their possible years up to the Scriptural age of threescore years and ten, and the pages for each year are headed by an appropriate text and verse of poetry. A record of spiritual progress can be conveniently kept by this arrangement.

The Attitude of Society to the Stage is the title of a Paper read by Mr. J. Davis before "The Church and Stage Guild." (Masters.) It is written in a very vigorous style, and shows considerable acquaintance both with the history and literature of England. We fully appreciate the objects of this new Society, but no one, it seems to us, has traced the decline of the stage to its true source. The reason why persons do not care for the genuine drama in these days is because they can read the same pictures of life at home in the shilling novel or the penny serial. There is really no distinction between the play and the modern novel or poem, and thus many of our most popular dramas are adaptations from Dickens or Charles Reade. More generally the managers of theatres are obliged to trust to spectacular adornment, or to the introduction of ballet-dancing, as in the revival of Byron's "Sardanapalus." The most successful ventures are those of single comedians as Mr. Toole and Mr. Corney Grain, and in a lower grade, Mr. Vance, in which singing forms an important element of amusement. In none of these respects, of course, can the novel enter into competition with the theatre, and so the theatre succeeds. But in such performances it cannot be said that there is high art, or moral purpose. Still it is well to show sympathy with all who cater for the amusement of the public, and something no doubt may be done towards elevating the general standard of moral and social life among them.

We strongly recommend *Church Teaching for the Church's Year* (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) by the Rev. John Watson. In all essential points it seems quite orthodox, while its great merit is that it gives copious simple illustrations, such as would be useful to a young catechist who finds it difficult to make his weekly catechisings interesting. In a new edition it would be well to distinguish between "Holy Week" (the last week in Lent) and "Passion Week" (the week preceding it,) when the Epistle first sounds the note of the LORD'S Passion.

Another very useful book on Church Doctrine, but not, like the former, in

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the catechetical form, is a Tract by the Rev. H. L. Graham, *Christ's Kingdom upon Earth—where is it? A Few Plain Words on the Church*, (Masters.) It is divided into chapters, and altogether is very complete, and well adapted for circulation in parishes.

We are glad to see the Church in various ways taking up more earnestly the care of the Sick. *Medical Missions, with Suggestions and Prayers for the use of Sick Persons and others*, (Masters,) is a short pamphlet, much to be commended.

Daily Gleanings of the Saintly Life, (Rivingtons,) compiled by C. M. S., with Preface by the Rev. M. T. Sadler, consist of one page for each day, of prose and poetry, and it is their specialty that they are drawn from the writings of those who during the last forty-five years have "made the practical and experimental theology of the Church of England more deep and real than at any former period." They will be welcome to a very large class of readers.

The Rev. D. J. White, Vicar of West Butterwick, Rotheram, has published ten excellent Penny Tracts on the Principal Doctrines of the Church. They may be had from the author, or from Williamson, the printer, at Lincoln.

We are not surprised that *In the Choir and Out of the Choir* (Masters) has come to a second edition. It is a spirited tale, and will be suggestive in many ways both to men and boys who are privileged to sing in Church Choirs.

The Rev. T. Hargraves has published a useful *Catechism on the Services and Ritual of the Church of England*, (Mowbray.) It seems quite trustworthy, and, as the title implies, it contains a good deal of information which is not found in mere Catechisms on the Prayer Book.

The Rev. W. H. Cleaver's *Plain Sermons on the Sacrament of the Altar* (Masters) must be well known, as they have now reached a fourth edition; and they will be a guarantee for a companion volume, *Six Plain Sermons on Penitence*, which are likely we think to gain a similar acceptance.

Listening and Learning on Calvary (Griffith and Farran) is the title of Seven Addresses on the Words from the Cross, by the Rev. T. Grey Collier, Senior Curate of Richmond, Surrey. They were delivered at the Three Hours Service on Good Friday, and are full of good thoughts well expressed.

Correspondence.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of the Correspondents.*]

To the Editor of the Churchman's Companion.

Answers.

LAY MISSION.

SIR,—I should be glad to hear from any persons willing to help in a Lay Mission in a poor part of the West End, close to the Edgware Road Station, Metropolitan Railway. I should be also glad of any gifts to brighten the room.—Yours, &c., CHAS. S. RICHARDSON, *55*, Lanark Villas, W., Missioner in Charge, S. Barnabas Mission.

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"ALL HER STREETS SHALL SAY, ALLELUIA."

SIR,—The words "All her streets shall say, Alleluia" are to be found in Tobit xiii. 18. It is a pity that this book is no longer read in our daily services. Mrs. Mackarness has lately revived an interest in the story by her "Pearls Restrung," a book which I have found much admired by those who use our Lending Library. It is also well to notice that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has lately reduced the price of the Apocrypha, when bound up with the various sizes of Bibles. This shows a greater demand for a complete Bible, and should encourage Churchmen always to ask for an unmutilated Bible.—Yours, &c., H. D.

[R. E. S., Agatha, M. S., and H. C. C. give the same answer.—ED. C. C.]

ENGLISH CHURCHES ABROAD.

SIR,—Your correspondent ZANY has surely received very unsound advice in being told that it is wrong to attend English Churches abroad. The Church Catholic is in the sight of GOD one and the same throughout the world, and her divisions are solely due to the imperfection of human nature. It cannot possibly be wrong therefore to join by preference in the worship which is conducted according to our own customs and in our own language.—Yours, &c., ORIENS.

ENGLISH OR ROMAN SEQUENCE OF COLOURS.

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent F. A. H. VINEN, I would assure him that many sympathise with him in his regret that the Sarum Use as to the Sequence of colours had not been adopted from the first,—but now when for so many years the Roman sequence has been universally employed, there would not only be much inconvenience in attempting any change, but considerable risk that a very undesirable controversy would arise on the subject. His letter however will be of use in pointing out to those who may not have thought of it, that although, inadvertently no doubt, we have taken our present use from a foreign source, the Church of England has her own proper customs in this respect as well as in all others.—Yours, &c., M. D. A.

EXCHANGE OF BOOKS.

SIR,—I wish to exchange "The Monthly Packet," unbound, from January, 1875, to June, 1877; also "Haydn's Bible Dictionary," in monthly parts; also "The Church Portrait Journal" from October, 1876, to June, 1879, the numbers of the latter for 1878 are in a bound volume. Books of a good Church tone wanted in exchange. Address, Miss HUTCHINSON, Plympton S. Mary, S. Devon.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S CONFIRMATION MEMORIAL WINDOW IN S. MARY'S, SOUTHAMPTON—(*now erected.*)

Miss L. PHILLIMORE (5, Arlington Street, S. James's, S.W.) acknowledges with best thanks for the above: E. M. and H. M., 3s.; L., 2s.; In Memoriam, (Banbury,) 2s. 6d.; Anon., (Winchester,) 1s.; Yattendon, 5s.; A. H., 5s.; Anon., (Plymouth,) 2s. 6d. £77 still required. It is greatly wished to clear off this debt. Further offerings gladly received as above.

Notices to Correspondents.

Accepted: "Cleanse me from my sin."

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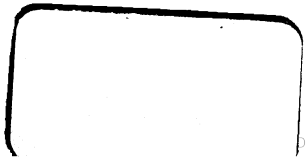
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